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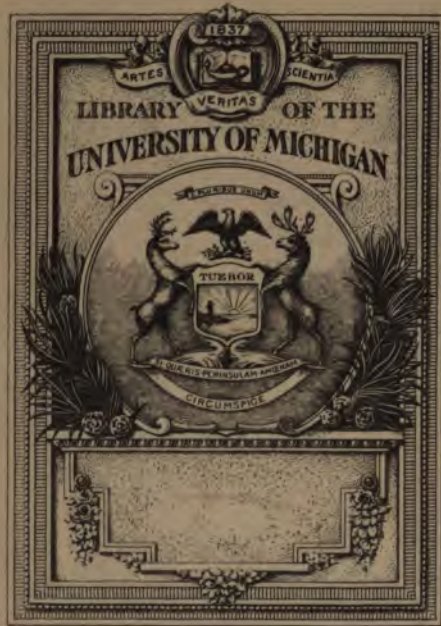
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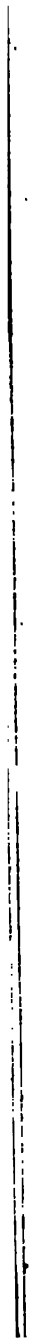
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THIS FOURTH VOLUME OF A WORK, WHICH, IN A HUMBLE WAY,
ATTEMPTS TO STIMULATE ITS READERS TO PATRIOTISM, RELIGION,
AND MORALITY, IS DEDICATED

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

HORATIO,

LORD NELSON,

THE SCOURGE OF FRANCE, AND THE DESTROYER OF
ITS FLEET;

WHO, UNITING INEXTINGUISHABLE COURAGE WITH CONSUMMATE
SKILL, EXTERMINATED THE GALLIC CROCODILE AT THE MOUTH
OF THE NILE; DISSIPATED THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT, AND HELPED
TO RESCUE THAT COUNTRY FROM THE BITTEREST OF ALL ITS
VISITATIONS; FROM DARKNESS, DEATH, AND LOATHSOME REPTILES;
FROM THE COLONIZATION OF ATHEISTS AND THE LEGISLATION OF
MARAUDERS; FROM FLUNDER IN THE MASK OF DEVOTION, AND
INFIDELITY UNDER THE VIZARD OF FANATICISM.

THAT HE MAY LONG LIVE TO ENJOY THE BLISS OF HAVING
CONTRIBUTED TO SUCH IMPORTANT EVENTS, IS THE EARNEST
PRAYER OF

HIS LORDSHIP'S

WARM ADMIRER,

AND OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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Engl.
Albion
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ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER, KING of Macedon, the conqueror of Darius, and subverter of the Persian empire, a prince of strong passions, but possessing eminently the good qualities which often accompany them, generosity, greatness of mind, and a nice sense of honor.

Yet with all his heroism, all his success, and all his virtues, he hath been the common-place-butt of the cynic, the satirist, and the divine; a popular latin poet in a fluent line, which is in the mouth of every school boy, tells us, that *one* world was not sufficient for the youth of Pellæ; the accomplished son of Philip hath also been ranked, in a memorable stanza, with

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Charles the twelfth, the savage king of Sweden; and a modern writer, in an ingenious periodic work, hath not scrupled to draw a degrading comparison between the Macedonian hero and Bagshot, a murderer and a highwayman.

Yet, neither the coarse invective of the essayist, nor the declamatory virulence of the poet, will bear the test of historic criticism, nor the scrutiny of moral justice.

It is not possible, nor is it my wish to defend the riotous intemperance, and luxurious excesses of the conqueror, although the generally received opinion of his wantonly burning Persepolis, is contradicted

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by

by respectable evidence; and every good man must detest his murdering a faithful friend, grey headed in the service of his family, an associate in all his toils, and in one instance, the actual preserver of his life; it was indeed no proof of the old man's wisdom, to accuse of ingratitude, a sovereign remarkable for princely munificence; it was folly, if not madness to attempt to preach to a young soldier, in his cups.

But with respect to the conduct of Alexander, towards Greece and Persia, had he acted in any other way but precisely as he did, and which places his abilities as an independent king and a great captain, in the most exalted point of view, he would inevitably have been crushed; in *that* case. I agree with a late writer, he would have left his name and example, to point a moral, and to turn a tale.

The Persians had for several ages hung like a dark cloud, over the Grecian Republics, proving themselves on every occasion, their open or insidious enemies; fomenting discontent, corrupting their citi-

zens, and watching every opportunity of negligence, weakness, or insurrection, to conquer and destroy them.

Under such circumstances the effort of any single state, to resist the GREAT KING, would have been absurd and vain, and Alexander, long before he turned his arms against the Persians, had to counteract the corrupt acts of his antagonist, who by gold and by misrepresentation, had secured a powerful party, and many allies among the Greeks.

It is also a well authenticated fact, that, at the moment of Alexander's marching into Persia, Darius was collecting troops from different quarters, and had resolved on invading Greece.

To guard against perfidy by every means in his power; to anticipate an enemy, who trusted rather to the gold he had lavished, than to the discipline and courage of his forces, was fair, according to every principle of justice, policy and self-preservation; it was an act of filial duty as well as patriotism in Alexander, had been warmly recom-

recommended to Philip, fifty years before, by Isocrates; and there is good reason for supposing, that a perusal of the famous panegyric of that writer, added to a strong conviction of the truths it contained, had determined the young king on his Persian enterprise.

The subject of this article hath also been blamed for not restoring the neighbouring Republics to that liberty, of which they had been deprived by his father, who has been handed down to posterity as a tyrant, by the thunder and lightning of Demosthenes.

Some allowance must be made to the pride and prejudices of a youthful monarch, we also must remember what the education and opinions of princes were in those days; power and extensive territories, particularly if procured by the sword or by hereditary descent, they considered as much their property, as a private man regards his landed estate; besides, such a step would only have been putting new arms into the hands of an enemy, for his own destruction, as the

most violent democratic citizens in every state, were notoriously in the pay of the Persian.

But the most equitable mode of deciding upon, or even properly estimating the merits of Alexander, will be to imagine, only for a moment, what would have taken place, had Darius proved victorious; if it is possible to suppose that a tinsel train of women, and men, like women, whose numbers and cumbersome magnificence render'd them unable to act with vigor or celerity, if it is possible to suppose that *such* an army could resist or overcome the impenetrable Macedonian phalanx; the whole of the civilized world would have been delivered over to plunder, violation and devastation; the most horrid cruelties would have been exercised on old age, women, and children; for cowards are always proportionately merciless and unfeeling; the Grecian peninsula, once the seat of learning, arts and science, would, as in modern times, have been paralysed by the iron sceptre of lust, barbarity and superstition.

But what was the conduct of the son of Philip, after defeating a foe who had aimed at his destruction? he sympathized with the sorrows of the vanquished, endeavoured by every means in his power to soften victory by kindness, treated his captives, particularly his female captives, with the most delicate and distant respect; beheld with the averted eye of a philosopher and a man of feeling, the most beautiful and bewitching of forms, and, if Darius could have learned from adversity, the wholesome lessons of discretion and moderation, the conqueror would have replaced him in splendor and independence, on the throne of his ancestors; in a word, but for wine, vanity, and venal beauty, those rocks so ruinous, but decked and disguised by imagination, with roses and myrtle, and on which our fame and fortune are so often shipwrecked; but for these, Alexander would have been the first of conquerors, and the first of men.

His giving Campaspe to the painter, Apelles, who

became desperately in love with that beautiful woman, in consequence of painting her picture, has been mentioned as a strong instance of friendship and self-denial; but if the circumstances of dress and attitude, in which he chose to have his fair favorite drawn, are to be depended on, I cannot think that the sacrifice cost Alexander many sighs or much regret; it is not possible that he could either have respected or loved a woman, whom he thus wantonly exposed and degraded.

A MERPOOL, JOHN, a learned writer, of the seventeenth century, a partizan for the system of Des Cartes, and a strong instance of the force of self-delusion.

In his book, to which he gave the title of *Cartesius Mosaisans*, written in good Latin, he endeavours to prove that the opinions of the modern philosopher, were neither more nor less than a rational and orthodox illustration of the Mosaic account of the creation, as delivered in the first chapter of the book of Genesis;

Genesis; he insists that principles at once supported by sound argument, and scriptural analogy, must be founded on truth and the nature of things.

His parallels, his comparisons, and the metaphysical subtilty he displays, I have neither inclination or ability to enter into or explain, though I confess some of his reasonings appeared to support doctrines exactly opposite to those which he wished to maintain; and he is mentioned in this place, as one of the numerous instances of a man of abilities, who having once advanced a favorite position, bends facts of all sorts to his own purpose, and converts evidence from all quarters, however unpromising and contradictory, to the establishment of the principles he avows.

ANNIUS, JOHN, a Dominican Friar, of the fifteenth century, a learned man and an impostor, who excited considerable attention at that period, by pretending to have discovered the works of many antient authors,

which had been generally considered as lost.

The title of his book is, *Antiquitatum variarum volumina xvii. a venerando sacrae theologiae, et praedicatorii ordinis professore, Johanne Annio*: and such was his credit, or such his assurance, that he did not condescend to give any detail of the circumstances, by which these remains of antiquity came into his possession, merely saying, in a short epistle addressed to his brother, which is not prefixed to, but in the latter part of the copy before me, that he brought them with him from Mantua.

There is nothing in the work he published, but what any well-read dextrous man, might have easily produced; and besides this internal evidence, there were strong collateral circumstances, which rendered his being a literary deceiver, extremely probable; he had endeavoured to persuade the inhabitants of Viterbo, the place of his birth, that it was originally an Egyptian colony, and at least two thousand years more antient than Rome itself;

itself; to confirm his assertions, he produced several inscriptions, with every appearance of antiquity, in form, letter, and abbreviation, dug out of the environs of that town, which it was afterwards proved, he had himself previously deposited in the earth.

Annius was master of the sacred palace, during the pontificate of Roderigo Borgia Lenzoli, who exalted but disgraced the Papal chair, under the name of Alexander the sixth. He was patronized by Paulus de Campo Fulgoso, a Roman Cardinal, and other eminent persons; and the general answer given by his abettors, to those who doubted the authenticity of his pieces was, that it was impossible for an obscure individual, so humbly endowed, to fabricate that, which was equal to the noblest remains of the Augustan age; an argument used in modern times by the defenders of Chatterton; and that his fragments are equal to the noblest remains of the Augustan age, is easier said than proved.

His book has been often printed; at Rome in 1498; at Venice and at Antwerp in 1552; that which I am now perusing, has not any place mentioned in the title page, but must have been published at Paris, from a short address prefixed to it, by the learned printer Jodocus Badius, to Gulielmus Parvus, Petit, or Little, afterwards Bishop of Troys, and dated 1512.

In this short, but curious preliminary piece, Badius observes that God thought two *great lights* sufficient for the heavens, but that he has scattered *many bright luminaries* on the face of the earth; of these the most refulgent is Thomas Aquinas, a second Phœbus; among the secondary planets, Annius, of Viterbo, ought not to be forgotten.

This printer was rallied by one of his countrymen, for making books and getting children, in the following epitaph:

Here lies Jodocus Badius, father of many children, printer of many books, but these were more numerous than his offspring; he commenced author early, but married

married when he was an old man.

ANTIENT AND LATER TIMES.

Nothing places in a stronger point of view the superiority of the present day, in domestic comfort and enjoyment, than the accounts which have been occasionally handed down to us, of entertainments given in days of old; they decide in favor of those minute rules of decorum and propriety, enjoined by all who keep good company; while philosophers and pedants affect to laugh at and despise them.

A curious narrative is extant, of a marriage feast, given by a wealthy young man of Athens, during the reign of Trajan.

To this entertainment, the writer who tells the story, and a great number of both sexes were invited; in duly selecting their party, the new-married couple appear to have erred, a very material point, which the giver of a modern dinner, who is ambitious of the fame of elegant hospitality studies with nicety, as far more important than

the choice of her dishes. "Give me a bill of your company," said Swift to the treasurer Harley, who had sent the Dean a card, and was talking of his bill of fare.

Invitations had been sent in the present instance, to persons of different sects, ages and denominations, friends and foes; neither expence nor labour was spared, to fill the room with the best company, as they were then considered, and to cover the tables with the most dainty viands, and the choicest wines.

The guests were assembled; I will not describe their *reclining*, and the disputes for precedency, which occasioned some delay; I will not enlarge on the modern mode of *sitting down* to table, and the comforts of a chair, so preferable in every respect to their awkward mode of *lying sideways*.

They had not long taken their places, before a noisy and impudent cynic, throwing open the door, rudely marched in; the master of the house, aware of the restive nature of the beast, endeavoured

endeavoured to sooth his furliness by gentle language, made him welcome, and said it was friendly thus to drop in, without the formality of an invitation, and asked him to *lie down* at the table.

“Do you think I am so effeminate,” replied the brute, “that I cannot satisfy my appetite as I stand? if I feel inclined to eat, I can take my dinner as I walk, or if I chuse, I can lie on the ground, which was thought soft enough to sleep on by Hercules, and other heroes of antiquity;” he at last condescended to take with his fingers out of the dishes, any thing that struck his fancy, as he stalked up and down the room; inveighing between his mouthfulls, against the extravagance and gluttony of the age.

Under a mistaken idea of keeping him quiet, the servants were directed to serve him plentifully with the strongest wine, which as it mounted into his head, rendered him outrageous and troublesome; the majority of the company also began to be merry; songs, jokes, *recitations* and droll

stories, kept the table in a roar.

Buffoons were also introduced, who by the preposterous singularity of their dress, words, and actions, occasioned considerable laughter; the cynic provoked that the general attention should be occupied by any one but himself assaulted them, and entirely stripping himself, insisted that on their fighting with him; tempted by the odds of two to one, observing the intoxicated state of the fans-culottes philosopher and encouraged by the burst of applause which echoed from every part of the room, they accepted his challenge, closed in with and gave him a compleat drubbing; in the agonie of drunkenness, pain, and disappointment, the intruder sunk on the floor where he remained for a short time quiet.

A young man, unannounced, now rushed into the room, and read or delivered in a loud and angry tone, a most offensive, insulting message to the company present, from a neighbour, whom the bridegroom had not though
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proper to invite; he began with lamenting "that the master of the feast should have so little taste and discernment, as to prefer so many worthless characters to him, who had passed his life in the bosom of temperance and philosophy; he trusted he would not think that the disappointment of a dainty palate, had at all stimulated him to take the present step, he was far from wishing to disturb the harmony of a wedding, but he could not help thinking that after he had paid so much attention to him, and for so many years, it was rather hard he should give the preference to men, in every respect his inferiors; he then accused the majority of the persons present, of various crimes, and concluded by saying, that if by way of making his peace, he should feel inclined to send him a ham, a plate of venison, or a basket of sweet cakes, he had instructed the bearer of his message, *not to accept of them!*"

The insinuations and charges conveyed by the messenger of the hungry

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philosopher, being many of them of a most infamous kind, would not have been quietly listened to by men in any situation, or under any circumstances; their effect on the guests, inflamed with wine, is easily imagined; it was with difficulty that he avoided a broken head; a massy goblet, which narrowly missed him as he hurried out, was the first signal for war; disappointed by the object of their vengeance escaping, they quarrelled with each other, and proceeding from reproaches to blows, the women screamed, and the feast became a scene of uproar, outrage and confusion; the combatants with some difficulty at length were separated, but not till they had disfigured the faces and torn the cloaths of each other; in an unseemly, bloody, and nauseous condition, they were at last conveyed to their homes.

No well-bred and polite circle in the present times, could be exposed to such indecorous intrusions; materials so dissonant and incompatible with convivial harmony, would not have been brought together by

Mrs.

10 ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION.

Mrs. ***** or Lady ***** the messenger would have the door shut in his face, by a dextrous porter, and the cynic, if it can be conceived that such a character could now exist, would be horse-whipped, and thrown out of window.

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION.

He who has been half his life an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze-o'-th' hand, or a race-ground-oath; or he, who vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long plighted to some much loved fair, is waiting, watching, or wishing for the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; persons of such a description, may perhaps be interested or amused by the following little narrative, founded on fact, and in the memory of some of my readers.

The incumbent of a valuable living in a western county, had for some years awakened the hopes, and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next

presentation was vested; the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors.

The tranquil pleasures of the common room had very lately been animated or interrupted by a well authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seiz'd with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of this contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting non-chalance for which it had been lately remarkable.

The pears, the port wine, and the chestnuts, being quickly dispatched, Avidio hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had lain for several weeks unfinished, he filled the

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ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION. 11

unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years courtship) of the near approach of that time, when a competent independence would put it in his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter, more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage house, which though not a modern building, was substantial, and in excellent repair; thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular, to which he observed so many of the clergy are culpably inattentive.

The letter was sent to the post, and after a third rubber at the warden's, who observed that he never saw Mr. ***** so facetious, a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed, in the calm tranquillity of long

delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Avidio waited several posts, without receiving further intelligence, and passed an interval, which the moment doubt interposed, was unpleasant and irritating, he filled up the interval as well as he was able, in settling his accounts as burfar, getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books, which as the distance was considerable, he resolved to *read* before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife, to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of, by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks, a space of time, as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from enquiry; after being repeatedly assured by his college associates, that the incumbent *must* be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and

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being *positively certain* of it himself, he took pen in hand; but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write, on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimuli of love and money; in a desperate and indecorous moment he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the parish, not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead, but informing him that the college had received no intelligence of it, a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and if possible, *by return of post*, the day and hour on which he departed; if contrary to all expectation and probability he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send, without delay, a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its ap-

parent effects on his constitution, with any other circumstances he might judge at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastic subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was at the moment, entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eyes over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and with their permission, replied to it himself in the following manner:

Stalbridge, Nov. 1, 1736.

Sir,

My clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter, directed to him.

My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking,

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION. 13

thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

From this complaint, I am perfectly recovered, by the blessing of God, and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church, and at funerals, in the church-yard, which is about three hundred yards from my house; the report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint in my bowels, about three weeks ago, but which did not confine me.

As to the present state of my health, my appetite, digestion and sleep, are good, and in some respects better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and I thank God, I can read the smallest print by candle-light, nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the stone, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease are in my constitution.

Although I entered on my eighty-first year, the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I

feel from old age, is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge, and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me. I am, Sir, your unknown humble servant,

ROBERT WRIGHT.

P. S. My clerk's name is Robert Dowding, your letter cost him four-pence, to the foot post who brings it from Sherborne.

Such an epistle, from so good and exemplary a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and except in the present instance, did not appear to be deficient in feeling, and propriety of conduct.

The purpose of this article will be fully and effectually answered, if fellows of colleges, and expectants of fat livings, valuable sinecures,

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finecures, and rich rever-
fions, may happily be taught
to check the indecorous
ardor of eager hope ; lest
they meet with the rebuff
given by an old Notting-
hamshire vicar, whose health
was more robust, and man-
ners less courteous than
those of the Dorsetshire
clergyman.

This tefty old gentleman,
after recovering from a
short illness, was exaspe-
rated by insidious oft-re-
peated, and selfish enquiries
after his health ; and in the
heat of irritation ordered a
placard, with the following
words, to be affixed to the
chapel door of the college,
to which the vicarage be-
longed.

To the Fellows of *****

College :

Gentlemen,

In answer to the very
civil and very intelligible
enquiries, which you have
of late so assiduously made
into the state of my health,
I have the pleasure to in-
form you, that I never was
better in my life, and as I
have made up my mind on
the folly of dying, to please
other people, I am resolved
to live as long as I am able,
for my own sake.

To prevent your being
at any unnecessary trouble
and expence in future, on
this subject, I have directed
my apothecary to give you
a line, in case there should
be any probability of a va-
cancy. And am, your hum-
ble servant,

**** *

A laughable story was
circulated, during the ad-
ministration of the old Duke
of Newcastle, and retailed
to the public in various
forms ; this nobleman with
many good points, and de-
scribed by a popular co-
temporary poet, as almost
eaten up by his zeal for
the house of Hanover, was
remarkable for being pro-
fuse of his promises on all
occasions, and valued him-
self particularly, on being
able to anticipate the words
or the wants of the various
persons who attended his
levees, before they uttered
a word ; this weakness
sometimes led him into
ridiculous mistakes and ab-
furd embarrassments, but,
it was his tendency to lavish
promises, which gave oc-
casion for the anecdote I
am going to relate.

At the election of a cer-
tain borough in Cornwall,
where

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION. 15

where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, by *well-applied arguments*, by the force of urgent perseverance, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury, gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter, where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke *for his kindness*, and

told him "that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render Government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his Grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my Lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or day, sleeping or walking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly,

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rectly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a wish or a design of seeing his new acquaintance 'till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive; the supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London, by the rapid but dangerous conveyance of a mail coach, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which all Europe,

and Great Britain was more particularly concerned:

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid: wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger, with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs, the moment of his arrival.

His Grace was found asleep; for with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied "yes, and in

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION. 17

in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman" cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise; "how punctual his Grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honest, and mean as well as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;" repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burges of***** was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my Lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before

yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a *power of doctors' stuff*; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid, in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his Grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed side, the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my Lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election at*****"

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave

gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of apposite circumstances; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

This little narrative, which well told, and in the hands of a modern artist, would make no bad scene in a modern farce; concludes with an observation, which Mr. Reeves would probably condemn as democratic.

“Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honorable*, he made him an exciseman.”

ARCAGATHUS, a surgeon of Rome, in the sixth century, from the foundation of that city; a man of diligence and sagacity, who appears from the few memorials remaining, to have studied with zeal, and to have practised with success.

But despising the prejudices of his fellow-citizens,

inattentive alike to feeling and decorum, he dissected animals alive, and tried a variety of experiments with so much cruelty, and was so inordinately attached to the use of the knife, and the actual cautery, in his practice, that he became a marked man, and obnoxious to the people, who, as is generally the case in such instances, imitating the very crime for which they punished him, stoned the anatomist to death.

Modern times have not been without examples of demonstrators and *their attendants*, exposing themselves to the resentments of those, whose feelings they had outraged; but it may be considered as one of the varieties of human caprice, that a people sprung from a band of outlaws and robbers, who deduced their origin from, and still continued to, support themselves by rape, plunder, and subjugation, should thus in a fit of selfish compassion, sacrifice a useful and meritorious individual, and forget in their fury, that the pains he took, and the odium he incurred, was in search of a species of

of

of knowledge, from which his cotemporaries and their descendants would probably reap the most important advantages.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with that remote period, to know all the circumstances of this unpropitious transaction, but we have strong reasons for concluding, that the influence of the priesthood and the college of Augurs was paramount; that they regarded with suspicion and indignation, a bold adventurer, who rashly presumed to interfere with matters, which formed exclusively an important branch of their religious and prophetic office, inspecting the vitals of animals, and deducing from them, under the direction of the civil magistrate, good or bad omens, for or against undertaking any public enterprise.

Arcagathus, like other men of genius, scientific research, and fertile project, was probably deficient in cunning and worldly prudence; he looked down with contempt on the follies and absurdities of the common people; and scorn-

ing in one jot or one tittle to accommodate himself to their idle notions, took no pains to conceal his sentiments; he regarded, with a philosopher's eye, all actions as alike indifferent, provided the end they had in view was good, a mistake which has led so many worthy and useful characters to seclusion, unpopularity, and destruction.

His enemies taking advantage of his gross neglect of propriety and decorum, thus turned the insensate fury of the mob against one of their greatest benefactors; a species of democratic suicide, not unfrequent: those who nobly devote their time and talents to the public service, should endeavour to communicate to the sterling bullion of real merit and good design, the mint-mark of general approbation and expediency, to give currency to the precious metals they possess.

Anatomists, comparative anatomists, surgeons, physicians, and a long train of triers of experiments on animals, with air pumps, electrical and other machines, will also peruse this

short article with advantage, if it brings to their recollection an incontrovertible, and oft-repeated truth, but a truth which cannot be too often or too strongly inculcated; that animated nature was evidently given by our all-wise and bountiful Creator, for moderate use, and rational enjoyment, but that nothing but some very palpable and important advantage can authorize us to inflict agonies on a worm, or protract the existence of any animal or reptile, in tortures; a particular, in which, with all his excellencies, the late John Hunter was shamefully guilty.

In the instance of Arcagathus, the Roman people appear to have sacrificed their interests to their prejudices, and in the honest warmth of their feelings, to have forgotten, that it was for their comfort and welfare, that the philosopher trimmed his midnight lamp.

AUBRICT, or Aubriot, Hugo, a native of Dijon, and provost or mayor of Paris, in the reign of Charles the fifth; a stern

corrector of abuses, hated and feared by the dissipated and the vicious, for his wholesome severities.

The members of the University of Paris, of that age, are described as injuring the rising generation, by a total relaxation of discipline, and corrupting them by a depraved example; expelling, and otherwise punishing the most notorious and obstinate offenders, reprimanding others; this excellent magistrate, converted, a public nuisance, a noisome nest of indolence and profligacy, into a useful seminary of education, for which it was originally instituted.

The expelled members, their families, friends and connections, uniting with the numerous enemies, his vigorous conduct as a public functionary, had created, formed a strong party against him; and it was discovered by the keen eye of malignity, or fabricated by revenge, that he professed, or believed, certain doctrines, not exactly conformable to the orthodox opinions of the time and country in which he lived.

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He was called before a tribunal appointed for the purpose, found guilty of *Judaism* and heresy, and if his oppressors had not been fearful of exasperating the great body of the people, who were warmly attached to their provost, would inevitably have been burnt alive.

He was disgraced, and committed to prison; yet as a reformer and an injured man, his designs appear to have been good, his zeal moderate, and his resentment against his persecutors, not implacable; during an insurrection of the citizens of Paris, they released him from prison, and would have sacrificed the most exalted persons in church and state, had he chosen to influence their counsels, or direct their vengeance; prudently fleeing from civil tumults, he repaired to a distant province, passing the remainder of his life in literary retirement; and Hugo is one of the rare instances of a reformer, who did not perish by the hands of the party, whose grievances he had redressed, or by those

whose malversation he had controuled.

While mayor of Paris, he is said to have laid the first stone of the state prison, generally known by the name of the Bastille; which execrated and overthrown to its lowest foundations, by the Gallic republicans, as a strong hold of despotism, and the charnel house of liberty and the human species, though I know not why it was more so than any other prison of the French metropolis, was afterwards mentioned with tenderness and regret, by Mr. Burke, as one of the king's castles.

The enemies of the provost meant to shew their hatred, but in fact pronounced an emphatic panegyric on him, by calling all who pretended to differ from commonly received notions, or who affected to be better or wiser than their neighbours, Hugonots; and it is worthy of remark, that after three centuries, the obnoxious term was applied to an oppressed and exasperated sect, who professed opinions, and agitated subjects, neither thought of,

or

or known, at the remote period when Hugo lived,

AUDIBLE APPLAUSE in places of worship.

Having, in a former volume, mentioned the Bishops Burnet and Sprat, an anecdote was related of their hearers humming approbation, which one of them received with complacency; but occasion was taken to reprobate the practice.

Yet to applaud a favourite preacher, by voice as well as gesture, was frequently practised at an early period in the Christian church.

Vigilantius, though afterwards a backslider and a heretic, could not suppress the raptures he felt on hearing St. Jerome; he leaped suddenly from his seat, and applauded both with hands and feet, exclaiming at the same time with a loud voice, Excellent Father! Holy Man! Orthodox Divine!

It is also related on good authority, that when St. Chrysostom delivered his sermons, it was common for the congregation to

wave their handkerchiefs and hats, and at a certain time they cried aloud, "Thou art a Preacher sent from God, the Thirteenth Apostle of Christ, the Glory and Honor of the Priesthood."

Gregory Nazianzen once boasted, that *his* words moved the people, as the waves of the sea are raised by the wind.

The correct taste of the present age has banished this indecent custom from our churches; if clapping were allowed, it would be unfair to forbid hissing, and thus the temple of the Almighty would be converted into a play-house, a bear-garden, or a ***** of *****.

AURICULAR CONFESSION, a preposterous corruption of the Catholic church; a venal superstructure, impiously attached to religion by avarice, ambition, or worse passions, and obstinately defended by a friend, whom in other respects I admire for his candour and his good sense; he insists that it is authorized by and
strictly

strictly consonant to the practice of the primitive church.

Will he allow any weight to the opinions of St. Chrysofom, St. Basil, St. Hilary, and St. Ambrose? does the time in which they lived reach the acme of traditional and primitive authority? I think he once whispered a reluctant yes. These venerable and worthy characters, with all their faults; for when is, and when will *man* be without faults? would have blushed at the absurdities attributed to them.

I can support the following emphatic and explicit words, by parallel passages from each of them: "Accuse not thyself unto others, but reveal thy way unto the Lord, not with thy tongue but a contrite heart; so shalt thou obtain mercy.

"Let the judgment thou passest, and thy self-condemnation be without any witness; LET GOD ONLY SEE THEE CONFESS: Discover not thy sins unto man, but to the Lord of heaven and earth, who will not reproach but heal; who is thy God, thy physician, and thy friend.

"No man shall see or hear thee confess; but inwardly and with thy heart shalt thou pour forth sighs and tears to the Lord."

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, or as Sir William Jones always termed him, Octavian, for he never could patiently hear him called Augustus; considering it as a prostitution of that imperial epithet, to apply it to one, who he insisted was the wickedest and meanest of mankind.

I am accused by a friendly critic, "of speaking too favourably, in a former volume, of this Roman emperor, who proved himself, on many occasions, a perfidious and bloody tyrant;" yet I appeal to my readers, whether the short mention I made of him was not sufficiently severe; "Augustus with all his apparent moderation, was of a disposition cruel and unrelenting."

I agree that Octavian was in many respects a rascal, but he possessed in an extraordinary degree, coolness, judgment, and penetration, which he made a cover for his rascality; the times

times too in which he lived, and the characters by whom he was surrounded, deserved to be governed by a rascal; the experiment of governing them by a pleasant, sensible, generous, open-hearted, and I really believe well-meaning man, had been tried, and him they assassinated; those who abuse lenity and moderation, cannot be surprized at, nor have they a right to complain of being ruled by a rod of iron.

A prince of a more reserved and artful cast, but less splendid, succeeded to Julius, and at length obtained absolute power, by a cautious observance of the forms of the constitution, by a system of dissimulation, and by many dishonorable arts, which ought never to be mentioned without the strongest disapprobation; but a character of a different texture would not have wielded the sceptre an hour, in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed.

I admire the abilities, I lament the fate of Cicero; to have loved him who had taken up arms against the dictator, and who spoke

in terms of the warmest panegyric, of his murderers, would perhaps have been an exertion of virtue and forgiveness, beyond the reach of a Pagan; to have embraced the bitter and implacable enemy of his family, would have been magnanimous and heroic; but the diadem finds and leaves us men, with all the infirmities of our nature, it cannot, LIKE THE CROWN OF THORNS, eradicate pride, revenge, envy and selfishness from our hearts.

Although I hope that I should not, in the circumstances of Augustus, have imbrued my hands in the blood of the Roman orator, I certainly never could have trusted a man, who had betrayed such versatility of principle; I would have sentenced him, by a mild species of banishment, to Baice or to Tufculum, with his books, his family and his fortune untouched, or have dispatched him a second time to the distant province of Cilicia, as an honorable exile.

An exclamation honorable to two of his favorites, is said to have burst forth from Augustus, in the anguish

guish of his domestic distresses; "If Mæcenas and Agrippa had been living, these misfortunes would never have happened."

BALZAC, a French writer, in the early part of the seventeenth century, the friend of Voiture, the favorite and correspondent of Cardinal Richlieu, the Duke D'Esperson, and Cardinal de la Villette; as a public agent of the last, he resided at Rome in 1621, and part of the following year.

As a letter-writer, he was in his day, very much admired, and, what I can scarcely believe, even in a Frenchman, is said by an enemy, to have taken off his hat whenever his letters were mentioned.

After making large allowances for constitutional and national vanity, extravaganza, and the faux-brilliant, equally natural to Balzac and Buonaparte, it cannot be denied that his letters contain many fine turns and witty passages; yet notwithstanding the assertion of his preface-writer, Motte Aigron, (Troyes

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1634, 12^{mo}. excellent type) I am convinced, that the idea of publishing was uppermost in the thoughts of Balzac, at the moment he wrote them; he is perpetually on the look-out for good things, and sometimes goes evidently out of his way, in search of them.

They exhibit evident proofs of literary labour, and the toil of invention, and are very different from letters which one friend writes to another, in the chit-chat easy intercourse of familiar correspondence; he echoes the court cant of that period, against the Hugonots, and a piece of Jesuitism, unworthy of a literary character, and unpardonable in an honest man, occurs in the fifteenth letter to the Duke D'Esperson, page 92, edition ut supra.

"The fall of Heresy is decreed by heaven, as certain as the day of judgment, and to oppose its suppression, is to resist the will of God. It cannot be very difficult for a great prince, to *find* or to *make* them guilty; indeed every species of deception is justifiable,

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tifiable, if it ultimately tends to the everlasting happiness of those we deceive.

“Do we ask a madman, whether he chuses a strait waistcoat? Would a father, who saw his son sinking in a rapid stream, suffer him to be drowned, rather than drag him out by the hair of his head?”

A sentiment of Balzac's, which follows this doctrine, in the same letter, will be its best refutation; “No consideration can alter the nature of things; no circumstance or situation, can make that right, which is of itself base and unjust.”

In his twentieth letter, written from Rome, to the Cardinal de la Villette, he acknowledges the receipt of a remittance, and after some very extravagant acknowledgments, proceeds to inform his patron, how he spends the cash he furnishes him with; this little narrative is evidently written by a man, who understood and valued luxuries he describes; the description makes a modern author, in his thatched cottage, or on a first floor, look about him; but the lively Frenchman cannot

suppress the conceit and extravaganza, which I have marked in Italics.

“In this broiling month (July) I make use of every precaution in my power, to guard against heat; *I fatigue four servants with constantly fanning my apartment; they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea.*

“My wine is plunged in snow and ice, 'till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I cannot cross the street without a coach.

“Other people are content with smelling flowers; I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia Felix, and I am so lavish of rose water, and essence of jessamine, that *I almost swim in it*; while others devour gross and substantial food, I subsist almost wholly on birds fed on sugar; jellies, and fruit, are my principal diet.”

The conclusion is a severe satire on himself or his

his patron, for paying a man so extravagantly for being idle: "These are the whole of the services I perform, such are the duties of my office."

His twenty - first letter, written in the following December, may be considered as a practical sermon on the last; it was written, during the pangs of a severe fit of the gout, probably produced by his luxurious indolence; he compares this cruel disease, to the wild beasts of Africa, and the monsters of the deep; and describing the weak state his complaint has reduced him to, observes, "I am now become so valiant and courageous, that if a troop of horse pursued me, I would not run away; and so proud, that if the Pope visited me, I should not wait on him to the door."

Persons better read in the history of that period, than the editor, may perhaps be able to discover who it is that Balzac describes, in the following words: "The loveliest princess in Italy, is married, and doomed to pass her days, and alas her

nights, with a monster; a bull's neck, a face so overcharged with blood, that you expect him to sink down every moment in an apoplexy; teeth so black, that it would be as easy to whiten an Ethiopian; a nose and a paunch, of so enormous a projection, that in addition to the moral impediments, they are almost a physical bar to the tender passion; there is not a part or a spot in his whole frame, but what is altogether offensive, obscene, and intolerable; in a word, he is an antidote to love;" and his supposing it possible for a pretty woman to love him, is a sin against nature and common sense.

The following is a short sketch of some eminent Italian Personage, at the Court of Rome, I suspect of the Pope himself, and is applicable to numbers at the present moment.

"There has not been since the death of Nero, a prince who has made a better buffoon; he composes verses, sets them to music, recites Ariosto, and possesses a correct taste in painting, sculpture, and virtù, and is skilful in every

every art, science, and trade, *except his own*; he has lately settled a pension of a thousand crowns a year on an author, who has written a learned and elaborate dissertation to prove, that his generous patron is lineally descended from Julius Cæsar."

I could almost swear, that the following description existed only in the romantic imagination of Balzac; it is not that there is any impossibility in what he mentions, but it wants the internal evidence of matter of fact; his pension was regularly paid, and to write pleasant letters, was the only return he could make: there are reasons for which an English reader must pardon my quoting part of it in French.

"I do not pretend to say, my house is either so elegant or so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman pass for tolerably handsome; the trees, which are of a kind, that they are covered

with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle doves and pheasants; wherever I walk, I tread on tulips and anemonies, which I have had planted among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer, in a comparison, with their Italian Friends:— unless his olfactory nerves had been strangely benumbed by the gout, I should guess that the disgusting odour of the tulips, would have convinced him that he was not in Arabia Felix.

"Il n'y a personne qui ne fasse l'amour librement; je vois de l'herbe couchée par terre a tous cotes, et des epics renvergez par les bergers et bergereffes; de quelque part que je tourne en cette agreable solitude, je trouve un riviere, qui devoit avoir autant de reputation que le Tage, et dans laquelle les animaux qui vont boire voyent le ciel; cette belle eau aime tellement ce petit pays, qu'elle se divise en mille branches et fait un infinite d'isles et de destours, a fin de s'amuser d'avantage: in the same letter he observes, that Monsieur de Thou would have written better, had he written

written less; a reflection which never presented itself to me, when perusing the works of that excellent author, and good man.

Having occasion to mention, that a truce had taken place with the Hugonots, the loyalty and religious zeal of Balzac again burst forth; "I will not take the liberty to anticipate his Majesty's gracious intentions, but he may rest assured, that nothing can ever soften the disposition, or change the nature of a Heretic; however he may be flattered or soothed, and whatever he may say or swear, a Hugonot will always be rebellious against a Catholic sovereign.

"From the first rise of these dangerous opinions, to the present hour, they have always more or less defied the public authority, of whatever country they have lived in; the cautionary towns have ever been the focus of sedition and rebellion; let us only suppose, for the sake of arguing, that the king's subjects of the *true religion* were, in a similar way, to demand fortresses and towns, and in proportion to their num-

bers; little more would remain for our master to reign over, but his palaces and royal demesnes.

In his forty-second letter, written at Rome, during the disturbances and intrigues which agitated the college of Cardinals, previous to the election of Alexander Ludovisio, who afterwards assumed the title of Gregory the fifteenth, Balzac is satirical, lively, and pleasant. "Listen, and I will relate strange things; one of the candidates for the triple crown, keeps in constant pay, six astrologers, to consult the stars, on the probability of his success; another takes money of two parties, and coolly votes for a third; others are suddenly afflicted with the most dangerous complaints, and can scarcely rise from their chairs, in the hope of being chosen, on account of the probability of another election speedily taking place; it is often found, that a cardinal, of a puny constitution, sinking under age and infirmity, makes a robust and long-lived Pope; in a word, I see on every side, finesse, fraud, simulation, and

and diffimulation ; good faith, moral purity, disinterestedness, and simplicity of heart, are wholly banished from the conclave."

The forty-ninth letter is written to his mistress, during a severe illness, and under the irritating impressions of jealousy ; he talks of the violence of his rage, till he fancies his rant is sublime : " If my hand wielded but for one hour, the thunderbolt of Jove," says this outrageous and angry lover, " there should not a palace or a tower stand entire, on the surface of the globe."

The fifty-second letter is addressed to a person, who appears to have made a small mistake ; to have taken a prostitute for a saint.

" Il faut que je vous detrompez : sçavez donc que la vieille que vous avez prise pour une sainte, a perdu tout souvenir de sa virginite ; la premiere fois qu'elle sortit du logis elle treva ses gans et son pucelage.

" Apres cela sa beauté se formant avec l'age, elle fut regarde des yeux de tout Italie, et vendit cin-

quante fois a la cour, ce qu'elle avoit perdu a l'ecole ; elle acquit par experience grand science en son metier ; elle scuit ; s'il y a plus de goute a un circoncis qu'a un chretien ; elle connoit les appetites des Indiens et des Moscovites : apres avoir pratique soixante ans et n'ayant plus rien a perdre, elle veut vous faire croire qu'elle se reforme ; elle fait son possible de corrompre la chastete de chaque femme dans la ville ; je la connois bien, elle est aussi eloignee de sa conversion, que de sa jeunesse."

" Un Italien appelloit bon ange, un diable qui avoit gueri sa fièvre," caught my eye, in running over Balzac's book, but I cannot recollect the letter, or on what occasion it is applied.

In his fiftieth letter, addressed to a lady, who appears to have acted with becoming reserve and precaution, he says, " It is only losing his time, that it would be as easy to set fire to ice, as to soften her rocky heart ; that every hour

hour she lives, diminishes her beauty, and steals a grace from her cheeks." She might have answered, "that there was the more reason for her abstaining from any thing which would grieve her, to reflect on, when personal attractions were vanished."

Balzac proceeds to tell her that "he has lately been conversing with a stranger, who has traversed almost every region of the globe, and surveyed the various wonders in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; but among all the strange things he saw, he vows he never yet met with a pretty old woman:" he concludes with the common-place epicurean doctrine: "Take warning, therefore, Clorinda; and if you wish to enjoy a nosegay, let it be gathered before the roses are faded."

Clorinda should instantly have replied, "I am ready to accompany you into the flower-garden, whenever you please; if you will previously take a certain step, which alone can protect me from guilt, infamy and want."

Women, in such situations, are too scrupulously nice; were I a female of any tolerable attractions, or the father of a family, with marriageable girls about my house, I would have no equivocal dangles, with their horses and servants, eating my dinners, swallowing my wine, waisting my hay and corn, talking nonsense to my daughters, and after all protesting, that they were no more than common acquaintance, that they should feel themselves extremely happy, if it was in their power to marry, &c. &c.

I would not suffer so despicable a farce to be acted one week under my roof; speak out, or depart, should be my motto; I would not submit, for a moment, to that most abject state of vassalage; and what man, of an independent mind, could or would consent, that a modern roaring, three-bottle man, should have the run of his house, disturb his family, insult his children, and risque their peace of mind, in the hope, that at some distant period, a worthless fellow,

fellow, without constitution, fortune, or sense, will condescend to make the darling of a father's heart, miserable for life.

BARNARD, Sir JOHN, a citizen of London, an honest man, and member for that city in six parliaments.

“He is the only man,” said Sir Robert Walpole, speaking of this worthy character, who was at the time Lord Mayor; “he is the only man in the house whom I find it difficult to answer or refute; it is not that there is any remarkable depth, novelty, or acuteness, in his speeches, but so much integrity and good design appears in whatever he says, that he interests every one who hears him in his favor, and secures the approbation of all parties.

When Mr. ***** rises in his place, we admire his eloquence and classic language, but are convinced that a pension and a red ribbon is all he aims at; when a certain gallant colonel addresses the speaker, we expect, and generally are gratified with some fa-

cetious and witty effusion; a regiment of horse, or Pendennis castle, would stop his mouth in an instant; but, in the city magistrate, we feel the preponderancy of excellent character, we know to a certainty, that genuine patriotism, and a wish to render his country good service, is the main spring of every action of his life.”

Such was the voluntary unsolicited panegyric pronounced on the subject of this article, in a confidential conversation after dinner, and related by one who heard it, to the editor of this collection; pronounced too, by one who had often been coarsely attacked by the man he praised; a circumstance, which with all his faults, proves that the minister was not deficient in greatness of mind, that he had his candid as well as “his social hour.”

Sir John Barnard often valued himself for standing forth singular and unsupported, in a just opposition to the majority or the multitude, when he thought that majority or that multitude was doing wrong; he

He exhibited frequent instances of this solitary pertinaciousness, during several periods of general infatuation; and it has been remarked by one of his contemporaries, that in every instance, subsequent events proved the justice as well as policy of his conduct.

Whilst he was first magistrate of the metropolis, a little place in his disposal being vacant, many candidates applied, and for some of them strong interest was made: at a court of aldermen held soon after, a poor, friendless freeman presented a petition for the post in question, to which the Lord Mayor appointed him, without asking one question, or receiving a single recommendation in his favor; the old man, unable to utter a word, retired with tears in his eyes, and a heart throbbing with gratitude.

Sir John being asked by one of his associates, what superior merits the successful candidate possessed, replied as follows, without hesitation: "I guessed that my manner of proceeding, in the present case, would

excite your attention and surprize, yet after an explanation, I am inclined to think, that you will not only approve of what I have done, but placed in my circumstances, would have acted precisely in the same manner.

"I never spoke to the person whom I have appointed, and am as entirely a stranger to his situation, and the circumstances of his life, as any gentleman in this court. (*The curiosity of the aldermen naturally increased.*) But in my way to Clapham Common, to which I have gone for a little fresh air, every afternoon, for these last eight and twenty years, my notice has been attracted by the sedentary diligence and unremitting attendance of the man, who succeeds to the place, which I heartily wish was more profitable.

"It was at a little watch-maker's shop, on London-bridge, (in those days a populous street) that he first caught my eye; and during the whole period I have specified, at my going out of town in the afternoon, and at my return in the morning,

morning, he never was absent from his post and his employment, a single day.

“ I know nothing, as I have already observed, of his finances, but the appearance of his coat, and his grey locks indicate, that he is neither very young nor very wealthy ; and he who for so many years, has been ineffectually diligent, he who has toiled for so long a period, without securing the common comforts of declining life, has, in my opinion, gentlemen, a preferable claim, a demand which ought not to be resisted, on the generosity as well as justice of a commercial city, like ours.”

The worthy citizens not only agreed in opinion with their chief magistrate, but uniting their contributions, made a handsome purse, which they begged Sir John to present, in their name, to the man he so judiciously patronized.

Subsequent enquiries into the character and circumstances of the veteran mechanic, fully justified the Lord Mayor's determination ; it was a case of genuine, unmixed distress, without a probability or a

possibility of imposture or imprudence, those common drawbacks from the pleasure, which would otherwise result from relieving the numerous objects which surround us ; drawbacks, sometimes considered by persons, neither ill-disposed nor unmerciful, as sufficient reasons for turning a deaf ear and an averted eye, from the tales of misery and affliction.

In reply to this harsh, but perhaps equitable theory, it has been asked, “ Is the man who has beggared himself by folly and vice, is he and his family to starve ? I answer no ; his family, at least that part of it which was not directly or indirectly instrumental in vanity, pride, ruin and riot, I would comfort and soothe ; the honest and diligent man, overtaken by misfortunes, I would support with a generous hand, and occasionally share with him the humble luxuries of my table.”

But our jails will continue everlastingly crowded with profligates, plunderers, bullies, gamblers, and desperadoes, who defy the law, and convert a place of confinement,

finement, into a nest of filthy iniquity, and petty fraud, 'till some method is hit on, of attaching appropriate punishment to flagitious crime. The extravagant, undutiful son, the unfeeling father, and the unfaithful husband, who have dissipated their fortunes in profusion, criminal gratification, or by negligence, should be sentenced to solitary imprisonment, coarsely cloathed, fed on bread and water, and kept to manual labour; if after a few years, they gave sufficient proof of true repentance, and melioration of head as well as heart, they should be returned, with the produce of their hands, for incessant occupation should be their portion, they should be returned to society and their families; in cases like these, the lettres de cachet, of the old French monarchy, would be more useful to society, than all the bel-lowings for liberty, rights of man, and emancipation, which for a few years were roared so loud, as not only to deafen, but almost to stupify the senses of the country, with respect to the

impending dangers which then threatened, and notwithstanding the glorious victory of Lord Nelson, are, in another shape, still hanging over us.

BARROW, ISAAC, the son of a citizen of London, and the nephew of a bishop of St. Asaph, of the same name, in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

He was first sent to the Charter-house, where he distinguished himself by fighting and idleness, and is said to have been seldom without marks of the fists of his associates, or the rod of his master; at the end of two years, after severity had been tried in vain, he was sent home, and his father declared in the anguish of parental disappointment, "that if it pleased God to take away any of his children, he humbly hoped it might be Isaac."

He was sent by the advice of a friend, to a private school, where his gentleness, and

lation were roused, he applied to his books, made rapid advances in literary acquirements; and the same youth who had been all but expelled for incorrigible stupidity, and whose death had been almost wished for by his family, became an ornament of our national church, and one of the best mathematicians in Europe.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, Dr. Barrow scorned to imitate the temporizing example of his Cambridge associates, at Trinity College, of which he was afterwards master; and while many were dismissed for contumacy, such was the preponderancy of talents, and such the esteem in which he was held, that whenever Dr. Hill, at that time, head of the house, met him, laying his hand on Barrow's head, he would say; "Thou art a good lad, it is a pity thou art a Cavalier;" and when his loyalty burst forth on the commemoration of the gunpowder plot, and a motion was made for his expulsion, it was set aside by Dr. Hill's observing, "You know, gentlemen, Barrow is a better man than any of us."

Being too proud to flatter, and too sincere to lie, he found that his political difficulties increased, and for the purpose of dissipating chagrin, or evading persecution, he resolved to visit foreign countries; he passed through France and Italy, visiting and making some stay at Paris and Rome; and meeting with a friend of his father's, at Leghorn, who was a Turkey merchant, he accompanied him to Constantinople.

During his voyage, his personal courage and intrepidity, for which he had been distinguished at school, preserved his liberty, and probably his life; the ship in which he sailed was attacked by an Algerine corsair, who expected to find them an easy prey.

The sailors, who on the first appearance of danger, were running to their quarters, were surprized to see the little pale Englishman, for Barrow was of a constitution and form remarkably delicate and slender, they were surprized to see him with loaded pistols stuck in a belt round his body, and a drawn sword,

issuing

issuing from the cabin, and exciting them by precept as well as example, to resist the marauders: he instructed them, in their own language, in the means of defence, and to prove that he could act as well as talk, observing a barbarian endeavouring to climb up the side of the vessel, he discharged a pistol at his head, and tumbled the villain headlong into the sea.

Animated by such a leader, they vigorously and successfully resisted the savages, and after an engagement of several hours, and repeated efforts to board, the disappointed Algerines retired from the combat; on their arrival, the captain of the merchantman publicly thanked Mr. Barrow, before the Consul and a large company, for the preservation of the ship, and a valuable cargo.

At the restoration of King Charles the Second, he returned to Cambridge, and succeeded Dr. Hill, as master of Trinity College; in this post, his conduct was disinterested, conscientious, and exemplary; he craved the permission to marry, from the patent,

with his own hand, because he thought it contrary to the statutes; he declined keeping a carriage, which had always been done for his predecessors, at the expence of the society; but did not long enjoy his situation, dying at the age of forty-seven.

The abilities and worth of Dr. Barrow, and his sermons, which took one and sometimes two hours in preaching, are known to general readers; and he is mentioned in this place, merely to enforce a sentiment on the minds of parents, and all persons concerned in, and interested in the education of youth; the rod, though in many cases, a useful and indispensable article in a school, *will not always succeed*; in lads of a particular temperament and constitution, personal correction, long persevered in, only serves to exasperate malignant passions, and confirm obdurate dullness; with boys, as well as *their mothers*, the still small voice of rational admonition, will often be more effectual than the rattle, *though no larger than a man's thumb*; there are in all situations,

situations, the mollia tempora faudi; pride, emulation and contempt will often ensure success, when birch, coercion, and hard words have failed.

BA TE, Dr. physician to Oliver Cromwell, during the usurpation, and author of *Elenchus motuum nuperorum in Anglia*.

The following short portrait of the protector, drawn by Bate, caught my eye, in a late hasty perusal of his book :

“Egregius simulandi dissimulandique artifex, qui sublatis in cœlum oculis, dextraque pectori applicata, Dei nomen invocabit, lachrymabitur, precabitur, et aget pœnitentiam, donec sub quinta costa trajecerit alloquentem.”

“A perfect master of all the arts of dissimulation, who, turning up the whites of his eyes, and *seeking* the Lord with pious gestures, will weep, pray, and act the farce of penitence most devoutly, 'till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-down blow *under the short ribs*.”

Dr. Bate also mentions a circumstance, which I can

scarcely credit, that the malice of the enemies of King Charles the First, pursued him, after death, that they wished to establish and circulate an opinion, that the unhappy prince, at the time of his death, laboured under a disease, the offspring of unlawful love.

This calumny the physician positively denies, and by personal attendance, and ocular demonstration, when the royal corpse was embalmed, effectually crushed the meditated falsehood.

Having mentioned the execution of the king, he observes, “postea exenterandum tradunt medico cuidam nebuloni, cui in mandatis erat sedulo inquirere *annon morbo aphrodisiaco laboraret*, unde captatur infamix occasione.”

“Verum id sceleris, in ovo oppressit, HONESTI PECTORIS MEDICUS (Dr. Bate himself) qui corporis dissectioni ingerens, reverentia et auctoritate distinuit.”

It is not easy to prove or invalidate the physician's assertions; yet *distinuit* is not exactly the word a candid and impartial enquirer would have adopted.

The “*medico cuidam nebuloni*”

nebuloni" so ungraciously mentioned in the above quotation, was Tho. Trap-ham, surgeon-general to the parliamentary army, who was ordered to embalm the king's body, and as is customary on such occasions, to replace and sew the head to the trunk, which operation he is said to have performed, not without uttering several coarse jokes, and unfeeling expressions.

The base and indecorous attempt mentioned by Bate, reminds me of a nefarious attempt made, to fix an unnatural charge on Marie Antoinette, the last queen of France, and alluded to by several execrable questions, put to the unhappy princess, during her trial, with a design of blasting her character, as a queen, a mother, and a woman; she answered the infamous interrogatories, with dignified firmness; boldly appealing to every parent and every female present, to decide on the question; which only served to render those who put it, more generally detested and abhorred.

It is to be lamented, that in civil wars, the contend-

ing parties, not content with destroying the bodies, endeavour, by every means in their power, to villify, traduce and blacken the characters of each other; a business, on which, *common enemies* are not always intent.

Anthony Wood, who with all his antiquarian research, and minute industry, was too fond of catching up and preserving idle rumours, relates, "that Bate used to boast, that he had, by a well-timed dose, hastened the death of Cromwell;" it is not my business, nor am I able to contradict the Oxford historian, but internal evidence is strongly against it.

Charles the second, with ten thousand vices, and a total absence of moral and political rectitude, was by no means deficient in sagacity and common sense; if he had not, during a good part of his life, been thrown off his guard, by an inordinate passion for women, he would have been a crafty knave; and however he might have profited from the enormous villainy of a doctor poisoning his patient,

tient, he would never have trusted his life in the hands of so foul a murderer, for Bate was appointed his physician, after the restoration; it is evidently a calumny on the fame of the medical man, as well as the king.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, a letter to one, copied from a respectable periodic publication.

Dear Madam,

AS you occupy a very handsome house, and are able to furnish it in a proper manner, will you excuse a friend, who is anxious to give you a little advice on the subject.

As your building is formed of the finest materials I ever saw, it will shew in a moment, any flaw or spot, that may accidentally tarnish the surface; it is of a proper height, a well-proportioned size, and built on a regular plan.

On the top stands a turret, of a globular form, with two chrystal windows in front; these are so constructed, as to command an extensive prospect, and if always kept clean and bright, will prove of considerable utility, as well as

a great ornament to the house; I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and above all things, I would have you shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you please in the morning.

On each side I discover a small portal, to receive company; pray take care they do not always stand open; as you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with some you may not like; let them never be shut against your worthy parents, a sincere friend, or supplicating distress.

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend it to you, to keep it closely barred, lest, should any bad characters be seen forthcoming, you draw a scandal on your residence; if at any time, on necessary occasions, it should be opened, I would lay a strict injunction of watchfulness on the two porters, who stand as centinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the

the

the ivory palisade. Some ill-adviced people paint the two pannels just below the windows, an example which I hope you will shun, rather than follow. This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whose base is ornamented with two semi-globes of alabaster, before which most prudent people draw a curtain of needle-work; a practice, of late years strangely neglected by some who shew an equal want of policy, propriety, and good taste.

Beneath is the great hall, in which I understand you have a small closet, of exquisite workmanship; this I suppose is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful friend; take care always to keep it clean, and furnished with a small, but well-chosen library, of the best practical authors; enter it frequently, especially when you return from public worship, or from visiting your friends.

Avoid two opposite errors, which the owners of many houses fall into; let not the outside hall appear like the shop of an under-

taker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's state coach, bedaubed with gilding and extravagant gaiety of colouring; let it be plain, neat, and always clean; to convince the world, that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You must not be surprized to find the tenement you inhabit, subject to decay, time, accident; and the elements efface beauty, and diminish strength; during the little time you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; these you must consider as plain intimations, that the house itself, in a certain number of years, will fall; and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.

If I recollect right, you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning; for that was the condition, on which it was let to you. Be always ready to go therefore, at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the

contents of the little closet, arranged in good order, that you may lay your hand on them, without perplexity and confusion. It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as some have fancied they can, in the bustle and hurry of a sudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution, has proved an irreparable injury to thousands.

Excuse this hasty epistle, and impute its defects to a want of ability, or of any thing but zeal for your welfare, in

Your humble servant.

BISHOPRICS, thus classed by the late Mr. Grenville.

“ Bishoprics are of two kinds; of business for men of learning and abilities; of ease for men of family and fashion.”

BLACK ASSIZE at Oxford, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; so called from the circumstance of judges, jurymen, nobility, gentry, and the majority of the persons present, to the amount of near three hundred, sickening and dying, within forty-

eight hours after they left the court.

Of the manner, in which these unfortunate individuals were seized; the nature, progress, treatment, and technical description of their disease, it is not in my power to speak; though to a medical reader, they would afford a subject of curious and useful investigation.

This destructive pestilence, which readers who do not on every occasion, hunt out for mysterious causes, would naturally attribute to malignant contagion, exasperated by the fœtid exhalations and unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court, during three hot days in July; this destructive malady was said to be occasioned by noxious effluvia, issuing forth from the ground, but is attributed by Lord Verulam, to some infectious disease brought out of the prison; as Sir Robert Bell, the presiding judge, and chief baron of the Exchequer, frequently remarked a noisome offensive smell, and demanded from whence it proceeded, but could obtain no satisfactory answer.

swer. This awful and tremendous visitation is accounted for, in a singular way, by a learned but credulous writer, strongly tinctured with the party virulence and superstition of that period: "At this the BLACK ASSIZE, Rowland Jenks, a Popish recusant, was arraigned, and finally after a long trial, condemned to die, for words seditiously and treasonably spoken against the queen's majesty.

"Whilst the chief baron pronounced, in due form, and with accustomed solemnity, sentence of the law on this offender, a pestilent vapour suddenly arose, so as almost to smother the court; various were the conjectures concerning so rude and filthy an annoyance, but all were distant from the mark; I am however, enabled to assign the true cause, on indisputable evidence. A rare and valuable manuscript came accidentally into my possession, collected by an ancient gentleman, now of York, and an industrious gatherer together of strange facts, who lived in Oxford

at the time of this marvellous calamity.

"This curious observer asserts, that the aforesaid Rowland Jenks being sometimes permitted, by favor of the sheriff, *who was suspected of leaning towards Antichrist*, to walk at times, abroad, accompanied by an under-jailor; on a certain occasion, by fair words and well-timed presents, prevailed on his keeper, to call with him at an apothecary's, to whom he produced a recipe for compounding certain drugs, desiring to have it done with all convenient speed.

"This person, on viewing the paper, replied, that the ingredients were costly in price, powerful in effect, and tedious in preparation; that previous to such mischievous materials going forth, he must be well assured, that they would not be applied to any unlawful purpose.

"The prisoner made answer, that rats and other vermin had gnawed and otherwise defiled, the few books he had been indulged with, since his imprisonment, and that the re-

cipe

cipe in question, was for the purpose of destroying these animals. The apothecary desired to retire a few minutes for consideration, during which he copied the formula, and speedily coming back, returned it, saying that he would not, on any account, be concerned in handling such dangerous weapons.

“Each particular article of this strange commixture might have been imparted to the public, but they were of a nature so horribly deleterious, that I feared their falling into the hands of wicked and ill-defining men: yet, it seems that Jenks did, in some way or other, get his poisonous mefs prepared; and against the day of trial had made, infused or interwoven it into, or with a cotton wick, which on being lighted, would burn like a candle.

“The moment sentence was passed, and he knew that death was unavoidable, having provided himself with a tinder box and steel, he lighted that infernal thread, which was to determine the fate of so many; the dismal effects which ensued, are upon record,

and too well known to need repeating. Indeed, whoever, by chance or by design, shall be made acquainted with the materials it was composed of, which I wish may for ever be blotted out and forgotten, will easily believe its virulent and venomous effects.”

This singular account is evidently penned by a lover of the marvellous; it will not bear the touchstone of criticism or common sense; and endeavours to go out of the road to account for that, which, as hath been before observed, might easily, and frequently does take place, as the common effect of pestilential infection. It may also be asked, how could the supposed perpetrator of the mischief, prevent his suffocating vapour from acting, with equal fatality, on himself, his fellow-prisoners, on women and on children; numbers of whom were in court, but none at all injured in life, health, or limb.

It is also very improbable, that a prisoner at the bar, who had just received sentence of death, who was of course an object of general

neral observation, and from the spirit of the times, of religious detestation; that he should be able, without attracting notice and hindrance, to strike a light, and set fire to his wick; every person present must have perceiv'd from whence the noxious fume arose; nor would it have been necessary for the chief baron repeatedly to ask, as he did, several hours before Jenks was put on his trial, from whence the very disagreeable smell proceeded.

The Popish recusant perhaps might have performed the task assigned to him, with greater ease, had he been furnished with phosphorus matches; that invention of modern science, which in the last century, would have been accounted little less than magic or witchcraft; an invention, by which the philosopher and the chymist have wonderfully forwarded the purposes of nocturnal plunderers, and domestic assassins.

BLACKMORE, SIR RICHARD, a physician of repute in his day, a conscientious discharger of his duty, as a christian

and a member of society; but notwithstanding the elaborate and contradictory obstinacy of Dr. Johnson, an unsuccessful poet.

For a short anecdote of the city knight, see an article in this volume, under the title of, What Books shall I read?

BOOKSELLERS, a class of men, pronounced by an eminent writer, the best patrons of authors, the appropriate introducers of the productions of genius and taste, to literary circles; who, guided by these purveyors of literary food, are severally provided, according to the appetites and digestive powers of various readers.

Such indeed is the supposed dexterity of THE TRADE, as they are emphatically called, in deciding on the probable success of any publication, that it hath been accounted rashness, little short of madness, to venture on any undertaking in the republic of letters, without consulting and being guided by these prime ministers of learning and science.

Yet

Yet without denying the merits of a Richardson, a Bowyer, a Robert Doddsley, a Griffith, a Nichols, or a Patterson, merits repeatedly acknowledged in various parts of this collection; implicit confidence, and unconditional submission may be carried too far; booksellers are subject to mental as well as corporal debility, like other men; it is not possible they can properly judge of scientific subjects, for which they have not been qualified by education, or decide on works of imagination or erudition, if they do not themselves possess them.

These self-evident propositions, if they required proof, might be confirmed by the literary annals of the present century. Books which the trade exerted all their influence to circulate and render popular, are now forgotten, whilst many publications, which they set their faces against, and condemned without reading, have passed through repeated editions.

The very trash, as some of these gentlemen termed it, which my reader is now perusing, is also a case in

point; this poor, this very poor collection, excited a host of enemies; not on account of its palpable defects in judgment, industry, skill and information, but because it ventured to shew its head, *without a regular laying on of hands*. It was cried down and abused in Bond-street and Piccadilly; and damned by book, bell, and candle, by certain literary tyrants; it was in vain to ask for an excommunicated book at their shops: "I should be afraid to keep it in my house," was the reply to a person who enquired for it, a man remarkably tenacious of his own property, and notorious for invading that of other people.

But the editor would be wanting in gratitude and justice, if he did not acknowledge the impartial and equitable conduct of many respectable booksellers, who entirely unknown to him and his book, previous to its publication, kindly took by the hand, and occasionally introduced the stranger to their friends; neither injuring it by undue panegyric, nor condemning it unread, they left

left the Common - Place Book to stand or fall by its own merits.

With these, and scarce any other helps, the poor animal has contrived to keep its head above water, in spite of personal enmity, selfish jealousy, the war, bad times, and a thousand ills which authorship is heir to: the employment has soothed many gloomy hours, and redeemed many, which would have been idly or mischievously spent; it has amused some, perhaps instructed or amended others; in three instances it incurred the friendly correction, and afterwards secured the kind wishes of men, whose approbation the compiler considers as an honorable compensation for his literary labours, the pride and solace of his life.

During a conversation, on the purchase of books in manuscript, and by way of reply to a florid and declamatory invective, against the selfishness of *the trade*, a fortunate and meritorious bookseller, who by *making* as well as selling books, has secured a splendid fortune, took occasion to observe, "that the con-

siderable sums paid for copy - rights, in modern times, had sufficiently rescued his fraternity from the censure of thriftiness and illiberality, so often pronounced against them by wits and wags; that it would be easier in the present day, to produce a list of idle, half-bred, profligate authors, and fraudulent scribblers, watching every opportunity to raise contributions on the public, and to take advantage of young booksellers, than to shew a well-authenticated instance of one of the trade, who had behaved harshly or ungenerously to a writer of real merit."

There is truth in a good part of what the literary veteran observed; yet, if considerable sums have been given for manuscripts, it should not be forgotten, that the profits have been proportionately large; if six hundred pounds has been paid for a single volume of sermons, or seven thousand for an historical production; let it be recollected that the profits, in both instances, have been at the rate of two thousand per cent.

The

The works in question, it is true, put an apparently handsome sum in the pockets of the writers; yet, if the time occupied in preparing them, was fairly computed, as well as the mental toil and labour of application, the sums specified, would amount to little more than the weekly pay of a hackney writer; while the productions I allude to, have placed the fortunate purchaser in splendid independence, and above the necessity of commercial pursuits.

After making some allowance for the acute feelings of irritable and disappointed authors, it cannot be denied, that a flinty bookfeller, a ***** or a ***** sometimes occurs; yet after all hath been said, the business of purchasing copy-rights is a lottery; while a lucky hit occasionally enriches one man, hundreds of ill-fated productions drop still-born, from the press, unnoticed, and worth only what the trunk-maker and pastry-cook will give for them; in this, as in other trades, the living must pay for the dead, the rich for the poor,

the profitable for the unproductive, the interesting and the useful, for the stupid, the unmeaning, the superficial, and the unedifying.

BOURBON, NICHOLAS, a native of the village of Vandœuvre, near Troyes, in Champain; a priest, and tutor to one of the children of a prince of the blood, during the reign of Francis the first, King of France.

Bourbon was the friend and correspondent of Erasmus, in his declining years, and of Scaliger; and published in 1538, a duodecimo volume of latin poetry, which with affected, rather than real humility, he called trifles, (*Nugæ Borbonii*) as he frequently lapses into the indecorum of vain boasting and self-panegyric, in various parts of the book.

He appears to have had Martia, the Greek epigrammatist, and his countryman, Clement Marot, evidently on his table; the greater part of his pieces are short, and *some* of them have point; they are satirical, religious, moral, and amorous, sometimes culpably

bly indelicate; a tendency often remarked in literary and religious enthusiasts; the loves, the graces, and the charms of his mistress RUBELLA, occasionally tempt the poet to a warmth of expression and luxuriance of description, inconsistent with the character of a divine; I observe that *sed* and *cur* are spelt *set* and *quar*, through the whole of his book; some connoisseur has, I fear, been busy with the copy before me, as the title page and a head appear to have been *collected* from it.

Though attached to a court, thought partial to literature, and not deficient in the usual methods of addressing the great, he frequently *boasts* of not possessing, nor of being anxious to possess, the gifts of fortune; a mode of acting, which some writers have found, the surest way of procuring them; this purpose in his case, was not accomplished, and he was at last induced, by disappointment, or a love of literary leisure, to retire to a small benefice, near Conde, which with the addition of his father's property,

divided between him and his brothers, he found adequate to the wishes and wants of a moderate man.

If the real character of an author can be judged of from his works, Bourbon appears to have been a pleasant, easy, sociable man, of decent reading and learning, for the age in which he lived; who enjoyed the company of, and was caressed by, persons of his own level, and engaged in similar pursuits; he seldom exhibits extraordinary vigor of mind, or depth of thought, and excels in giving a new turn to, and sometimes improving the thoughts of others, rather than inventing or thinking for himself.

Trotting leisurely along the literary path of private life, on a manageable Pegasus, and occasionally gathering a flower, without giving himself the trouble to mend his pace, to climb precipices, or descend into caverns; apparently contented with mediocrity, and not indulging, perhaps not capable of eccentric flights, he is seldom energetic, and not often insipid.

His trifles, as was then the custom, are preceded by many poetical compliments from his friends; having visited England, he frequently mentions Latimer, Carey, Harvey, Saville, Norris, and Dudley, names long familiar to an English reader; and addresses one of the introductory letters prefixed to each book of the *Nugæ*, to William Boston, abbot of Westminster, at whose table the poet had often been received with luxurious hospitality: he speaks with pleasure, of the many agreeable hours he had passed with his London friends, in the gardens of Archbishop Cranmer, at Lambeth.

Bourbon desires his friend to tell Dr. Butts, the king's physician, that his old patient, a favorite servant of the poet's, continues well, but boasts how cleverly he had deceived the medical man, who had ordered him to live on a low diet; this mode of treatment the French valet fancied did not agree with his constitution, and he was persuaded by Mr. Butts, without his father's knowledge, to try the doctor's wine; a few

flasks of which, proved more effectual than all his prescriptions, and soon restored him to health.

He hopes the Abbot has quitted his flannel, his crutches, and gouty shoe; speaks with gratitude, of a massy silver tankard, given to him by the ecclesiastic, and seriously or ironically laments, that a man possessing so handsome a piece of plate, should not always be able to fill it with excellent wine.

He pleads warmly, in his letters, as well as in other parts of his book, in favor of an innocent laugh, and has no mercy on those hypocrites, who cry out against harmless merriment, as a deadly sin, and disguise under a morose or demure exterior, evil dispositions, and an unfeeling heart.

There occurs in his collection, a singular sarcastic epigram, half Greek and half Latin, on our unfortunate and learned countryman, Sir Thomas More, with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

At so distant a period, it is not easy to account for his enmity against the chancellor, and for his insulting the

the memory of a man, in every respect his superior, and no longer able to defend himself; a man, who whatever may have been his errors, as an intolerant Catholic, possessed a considerable portion of good sense, and learning, and died a martyr to sincerity, and the conscious pride of unbending integrity, which scorned to make any compromise with the libidinous despotism of the worthless Henry the eighth, who, having broken the fetters of Popish tyranny, was desirous of vesting all its powers in himself, and of exercising them with unrelenting barbarity.

I observe in Sir Thomas More's works, a Latin epigram, in which he sharply inveighs against the prevalent fashion of his day, to imitate the French in every thing; if we may be permitted to hazard a conjecture on the subject, the national vanity of Bourbon was wounded, and his resentment excited by the contemptuous asperity with which Sir Thomas More had treated his country.

I have seen an epigram of Bourbon's, on a mother

who spoilt her child, by over-indulgence, thus *done* into English.

Forbear Cæcilia, fondly to destroy,
By cruel kindness, thy once hopeful boy;
Free with his school-mates let him run his race,
While the keen north wind purples all his face;
In frost and snow unfetter'd let him roam,
Not like a lap-dog, pass his life at home.
Say, will he thus his father's footsteps tread,
In ease and idleness ignobly bred,
Thou worst of mothers? thus in deserts wild,
The ape will fondle, squeeze and kill her child.

It was the opinion of a late able critic and biographer, that didactic poems, in which the mechanic arts are minutely described, and the processes of manufacture detailed, are wholly unsuitable to the genius and dignity of poetry; Nicholas Bourbon made the experiment, whether he has succeeded I will not say; it is however a curious piece.

His father was either a blacksmith, a dealer in iron,

or an iron-founder, who employed men in digging the ore from the earth, and rendering it malleable and useful, by fire; for in the loose and figurative language of a poem of four hundred lines, I find it difficult precisely to ascertain, which of these occupations he followed; perhaps the writer was of opinion that the obscure cloud of classical ambiguity, would communicate a dignity to his subject, on the principle of, *omne ignotum pro magifico*; as the Romans deduced the origin of their heroes from some remote heathen god of antiquity, conveniently enveloped in a cloud of obscure mythology.

No less a person than Vulcan appears to the poet in a morning vision, and reproaches him with being forgetful of that paternal art, to which he and his brothers were indebted for the blessing of a religious and liberal education; he accuses him of wanting affection and gratitude, and asks how he can so easily forget his native spot.

“Unde tibi hæc nemorum
oblivio——

Infelix, patrii *quæ* non re-
minisceris agri?
Fontes et rivos per amæna
vireta fluentes,
Quæque homines *magis* mi-
rantur quam Theffala
Tèmpe.”

Vulcan threatens Bourbon with signal vengeance, if he does not immediately proceed to immortalize the occupation of his parent; these warnings were given three times before Nicholas obeyed them; he at last commences with the usual invocation, and introduces his father conducting his workmen to a wood, near Vandœuvre, (which he calls Vandali-opera, and insists, was, originally, a colony planted by the Vandals) for the purpose of procuring wood, to make charcoal; he observes, all sorts are proper but oak, larch and box; the wood re-echoes with the voices and strokes of the workmen; the process of making charcoal, which requires a week's burning, and if I understand right, the business of smelting the ore are described, and the poem concludes with the feasting, carousals, and rejoicings of the assistants,
and

and the happy life they lead. marks on one of the hind legs.

BOWER, ARCHIBALD, author of a History of the Popes, and dispatched in a few words, to everlasting infamy, by a modern writer.

“ Bower was a rogue unmasked, who during a period of twenty years, enjoyed public favor, because he professed to quit a religion, to which he still secretly adhered, and because he had been counsellor of the inquisition at Macerata, where an inquisition never existed!!!

BRONZE, WOLF. Is this classical, and I believe most antient relic of remote times, among the spoils of our Gallic republicans?

It is mentioned by Dionysius Halicarnassius, as standing in the temple of Romulus, at the foot of the Palatine hill, and Cicero, in his second book, De Divinatione, says it was struck with thunder, in the consulship of Julius Cæsar and Bibulus, of which an English traveller, a few years since, says he saw the

BUILDING, a rage for, considerably damped by the present, and most other wars; yet in a parish, where the empty houses are more numerous than those which are occupied; a hardy adventurer, of stronger nerves, or possessing a deeper purse than his former associates, still heroically perseveres in running up shells or skeletons of houses, the materials or workmanship of which are so very slight, that some of them have actually fallen down, before the opposite tenements were finished.

Provoked at this imprudent man's lately boasting, how much ground he had covered, I could not help applying to him, certain verses of the ingenious author of the Bath Guide; a production, which has created a hearty laugh in most of my readers.

The lines I speak of, were addressed to certain neighbours of the poet, unhappily for themselves and families, infected with the fatal disease, which is the subject of this article, and

and for which a palliative remedy, administered by the Lord Chancellor, was soon after made use of.

It should be premised, that these wholesale dealers in brick and mortar, had previously offended the man of rhyme, by throwing out some awkward projection, or by erecting streets, never to be inhabited, which blocked up a favorite prospect from his windows or garden; but Mr. Anstie shall speak for himself.

Ye men of Bath, who stately buildings rear,
In hope of tenants from the Lord knows where,
Accept advice, in which you cannot fail,
Erect a madhouse, and enlarge your jail.

BULL'S BLOOD, a vital fluid, repeatedly described as poisonous, by several antient writers; yet modern experiments, and common usage, by no means authorise us to suspect it of being deleterious, or at all injurious in its effects.

This subject, many years ago proposed to the consideration of antiquarians, by a venerable and learned

clergyman, of whom the literary world hath been lately deprived (Mr. Pegge) was a few months since discussed in a company, where the editor of this collection wishes he was oftener admitted; his readers as well as himself would reap considerable benefit.

Of the different persons recorded in history, as having died in consequence of drinking the blood of bulls, Hannibal and Themistocles are the most celebrated; the facts relating to them clearly stated, and authenticated by the most respectable evidence.

Much learned industry hath been displayed in endeavouring to prove that the latter was carried off by disease, but the words of an historian, whose veracity has never been called in question, and who appears to have compiled from good materials, are circumstantial, unequivocal and decisive: "Themistocles autem patera exceptum, tauri sanguinem hausit, et ante aram quasi victima concidit;" yet Pliny relates, that the priests at Ægira, previous to pronouncing their oracular decrees,

decrees, drank of bull's blood.

To reconcile these difficulties, it hath been suggested by a modern writer, that there was probably some vegetable or mineral substance of a poisonous nature, to which this appellation was given; as apothecaries keep a gum in their shops, under the denomination of dragon's blood; but express mention being made in two writers, of the blood being fresh drawn, and in another of its being received warm in the dish, renders this supposition inadmissible.

If the accounts in the instances recorded, be not wholly fabulous, as an author eminent for doubting considers them to be; I am inclined to think, that the taurine fluid, was the vehicle of, rather than the poison itself, and that the deadly ingredient, was either mixed with it, or previously infused in the cup from which it was drank; a method attended with this advantage in the ages of barbaric cruelty and Pagan superstition; the priest might boast, and boast with truth to the people; "You may

give the blood of bulls to whom you please, and it is inactive and harmless; but the abominable wretch who hath offended the immortal Gods, and against whom I have once pronounced religious maledictions, to him it shall be certain death."

In these shocking instances, and what can be more shocking than to make religion subservient to malignant passions? it answer'd the purpose of gratifying personal revenge, and removing some audacious unbeliever; while the credit of the priest for supernatural communication, was confirmed by apparently undeniable evidence.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD; in cities, churches and church-yards, in the heart of large, populous, and manufacturing towns; an impure and noxious custom, strictly prohibited at Rome by the law of the Twelve Tables, first suggested by superstition, and since encouraged by avarice and vanity, in modern Europe.

Yet the primitive church had the good sense and honesty

nessy to prohibit it in any town or village for upwards of three hundred years after Christ; and near ten centuries had elapsed before the preposterous practice was submitted to, of infecting the spot, where we assemble to worship our creator, with unwholesome and putrid effluvia.

If wives, husbands and parents, think they should be deficient in *external* marks of posthumous attachment to deceased relations, if they did not deposit their remains in or near edifices which the survivors often frequent, they should order the coffin and grave to be filled with unslaked lime, or adopt the classical, pure, and elegant mode of reducing the corpse to ashes, previous to interment; they would by this method effectually prevent the indecorous outrage of the resurrection-man, and close one great avenue to disease,

I apprehend that the inhabitants of any parish, assembling in vestry, the ordinary and diocesan not objecting, are fully authorised to purchase a piece of land, *properly situated*, for a burying-ground, and that

the clergyman might be prevailed on without difficulty to add the field round the church to his glebe; with this especial proviso, that it shall never be fed; as I have often seen with regret and resentment, the rector's horses and cows defiling the tombs of my forefathers, and stumbling over their venerable remains; whilst that incorrigible sot the sexton, whom my fingers itch to horsewhip, up to his chin in human mould, and enveloped in the fumes of gin and tobacco, was humming some vulgar ditty, or battering the bones of my ancestors.

It is not my wish to terrify and drive my readers out of church, by producing repeated and well authenticated instances of the fatal effects of subterraneous vapour, rendered still more mischievous by putrid miasmata: a French physician of repute was so earnest in his opposition to the common mode of burial, during his life, and so convinced of its evil tendency, that he left directions to his executors to be interred in an open space a few miles from Paris; and

and unless it hath been lately removed, there is at the present moment a monument in the garden of a gentleman, in the county of Stafford, with an inscription to the following effect; "that it was his particular desire to be buried rather in his garden, than in a church or church-yard, lest he who had by every means in his power, studied to promote the health and welfare of mankind, while alive, should when dead, prove injurious to his survivors, and defile the house of God."

BURTON, ROBERT, or as he chose rather to be called, according to the fashionable whim of his day, Democritus, Junior; a native of Leicestershire, in the year 1576, and a student of Merton college, where Dr. Sancroft, afterwards an archbishop, was his tutor.

Within these last twenty years, the attention of the literary world has been called to Burton, by the liberal praise which Dr. Johnson chose to bestow on his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

VOL. IV.

I have heard several friends lament, that notwithstanding all their efforts, they had not been able to procure a copy of this eccentric production; thus excited, I attempted to read the book, which to a modern reader, of common taste and discernment, who has been taught to expect perspicuity, and novelty of thought or of arrangement, and if he does not meet with solidity of reflection, to be compensated for the absence of it by liveliness, variety, and rapid transition; to such a reader I fear the work of Burton, with all his erudition, and all his industry, will prove a very dull book; it will be productive of unrewarded toil, and disappointed expectations; disgusted with crude fancies and verbose pedantry, unceasing common-place, and eternal quotation, spun out into tiresome repetition; I do not remember being ever more anxious to close a book; and I impute the approbation pronounc'd on it by our great moralist, to Burton's chiming in with some favourite opinion, or to his perusing the work at

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a moment unfavourable to critical sagacity; similar to that, in which he condemned the poetry of Watts, and exalted the muse of Blackmore.

BUTTADŒUS, JOHN, commonly called the wandering Jew, a name given to an imaginary personage, or to different men, introduced in this place, and mentioned in an age, which has been said to doubt every thing, as a surprizing instance of the lengths to which credulity has been, and may be carried; an example of what mankind may be brought to believe, in the moments of implicit faith; provided the supernatural relation, be accompanied with impressive circumstance, and dignified with respectable names.

The narrative, or rather the legend of the wandering Jew, is, that he was present at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, but by some offensive conduct, by sceptical obduracy, or selfish unconcern, exciting the attention and resentment of the great martyr for mankind, a sentence was passed on him,

that he should live 'till the Saviour revisited the earth; a punishment indeed severe, if disease and infirmity were to keep pace with increasing years.

Buttadœus, says a writer, at the beginning of the present century, was seen at Antwerp, in the early part of the thirteenth century, with every appearance of age and decrepitude; again in the fifteenth, and a third time in the sixteenth century; he had frequent and long conversations, with Paul Eitfen, bishop of Selfwick, with the chaplain of an Armenian archbishop, and with several other persons of credit.

If it should be asked; with what propriety, I treat as fabulous, a fact, to all appearance, so respectably supported; I answer, that I do not doubt, one word or one tittle, asserted by these worthy characters; I have a firm and unshaken belief, that they saw and spoke to such a person as they describe, but, supported by reason, experience, and the ordinary course of nature, I have a conviction, equally strong, that the hoary veteran, who is said to have

have appeared at the various æras I have specified, was in fact, at each time a different man; a series of cunning knaves and grave impostors, who, properly instructed by apt associates, assumed the name and appearance of the wandering Jew, with hopes, and well-founded hopes, that they should attract the attention and pecuniary assistance of credulous, well-disposed, and humane persons; in a word, of the majority of mankind; and it is more than probable, that every purpose of a profitable imposture, was fully answered.

In the present day of supercilious unbelief, and accurate discernment, in so many respects, a confident adventurer, of age, countenance and beard, venerable, long, and majestic, with a consistent story, a little learning, and sufficient acquaintance with general history, to answer common questions; were such a one to appear, and

- assume the character of Buttadœus; if he could
- escape the vigilance of our much-improved police, the whipping-post, and the

dungeon; I am clearly of opinion that he would excite similar commiseration, enjoy similar patronage, and receive equal contribution.

Whatever he declared, or how large so ever a share of public confidence might be bestowed upon him, such impious mockery has been far surpassed, and most respectably supported, in the disgraceful instance of a late blaspheming madman; in the fraudulent reveries, and aspiring absurdities, of our second Shakespear.

Such, and so frail are the materials of which we are composed, that a certain writer hath demanded, in a tone of lamentation, why Providence should plant sympathies in the human breast, which so often expose us to be duped; but the same Providence hath given us eyes and ears, and common sense to direct them: the author I allude to, should not have omitted in that spirit of candour, which he sometimes displays, that those very sympathies, which *distress him so much*, are striking arguments, in favor of the power and goodness of God.

Hopeless indeed, and wretched would be the condition of the greater number of mortals, exposed as we are, to various, sudden, and unavoidable disaster, if relief was never to be afforded in any case, however urgent and deplorable, 'till strict examination and cool judgment had given their tardy approbation.

He who will not wipe the tear of affliction, 'till he is convinced beyond a doubt, that neither guilt, folly or fraud, have concurred in producing it; and he who will not extend the hand of mercy, 'till all possibility of imposture is precluded, will often be anticipated in his purpose of deliverance by the hand of death. He will have to lament, and to lament without avail, that an unfortunate fellow-creature has perished, or rather been murdered, through the unfeeling delay of one, who possessed ability as well as inclination, to have extricated him from all his difficulties, but for the scruples of precautionary doubt.

So injurious, so unjusti-

fiable, and indecorous a pause between with and performance, to which the editor of this collection, by being often duped, is culpably propense, is frequently and happily prevented by sympathies, which no man, at every period of his life, is wholly divested of, whatever efforts he may have made to disguise or suppress them; and by impulses, which on certain occasions, overbear the most stubborn and obdurate of men.

CALM OBSERVER, the signature adopted a few years since by a respectable political writer, who, with all his literary merits, appears to have been mistaken in the measures he recommended, and the arguments he made use of, at a crisis like the present; a crisis to which no concurrence of circumstances and events in this or any other country, can be at all compared.

Europe hath been almost subjugated by the universal monarchy of the French republic, or corrupted by its principles; the chains of social subordination have been

been loosened, and the minds of men are in a state of effervescence and coruscation, which never before existed,

The author I allude to, generally understood to be an ingenious provincial physician, is probably by this time convinced, that the political disease of the present day, is a non-descript, in which no mode of treatment, recommended in former epidemics will at all succeed; it is, to use his own professional expressions, opprobrium medicinæ, a political gout, a cancer, or a choræa sancti viti democratica, in which some of our most able state physicians have doubted, whether tonics or sedatives are most useful.

The following imitation of the style and sentiments of this gentleman, caught my eye, in a spirited and well conducted party paper, in the form of a letter to the editor.

Sir, As moderation is the proudest feature in the character of an Englishman, and as the greatest dangers often arise from the exaggerations of party

prejudice, I resolved very early in the French revolution to form no opinion whatever.

You and every well-wisher to the country cannot but have observed with regret the present disgusting state of alarm and animosity, against our continental neighbours; what pains have been taken to inflame the public mind against four and twenty millions of our neighbours and fellow men; I am aware that the prospect of invasion, and the principle of self-defence, are held out in justification of this horrid inveteracy against France.

I would ask, Sir, any dispassionate man, upon what principle of equity Great Britain can assist the partitioning despots, in a war which must be attended with so tremendous an effusion of human blood, to which I am sorry to say the nation has been stimulated, by the ministers of the meek and humble religion of Christ.

I cannot but disapprove of the present expensive preparations for defence, the effect of which must be to irritate the minds of our enemies

enemies abroad, and increase general apprehension at home.

Another consequence of this attitude of menace and hostility, is, that we shall not be able to estimate the character and disposition of the enemy, with candour and liberality; the very habit of bearing arms, military exercises, and martial music, have a tendency to inflame the mind, and to indispose it towards those who are considered as the persons against whom this military apparatus is to be directed.

If we are desirous for peace, let us seek it in the spirit of peace; not with instruments of enmity, but with meekness and forbearance; let our conduct present an amiable contrast with that of the enemy; if we wish to recover their friendship, we must begin with disarming and dismantling, and return to that unsuspecting confidence which is the only natural cement of social intercourse.

With such sentiments, Sir, you will not be surprized at my neither arming nor associating with those who do, indeed I

have employed the little influence I possess, to prevent rather than to forward so unchristian a practice. It is the minister who has brought us into our present calamitous situation, and I consider him as responsible for the security of the country.

I would not however be understood to pledge myself to a conduct decidedly passive in the case of actual invasive aggression on the part of the enemy; on the contrary, I would resist them to the uttermost in my own immediate neighbourhood, to defend my own life, and protect my own property, not forgetting at the same time the rules of prudence and moderation; with these sentiments, Sir, I take my leave, adopting the signature of a gentleman, now unfortunately forgotten, but whose sentiments as a moderate man have generally coincided with my own.

A CALM OBSERVER.

CARBILIUS, a writer, known only by having written a book against Virgil; the title of his work, which consisted wholly of
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an enumeration of the faults of the poet, was Æneidomastix, and is no longer extant.

The emperor Caligula is also said to have professed himself inimical to the fame and genius of the Mantuan bard, and to have declared his intention to burn every copy he could procure; this base design, before the invention of printing, might have easily been put in execution, had not death happily prevented his purpose, and Virgil will be read for a thousand generations; when the tyrant will either be forgotten, or be remembered only to be detested.

I congratulate Mr. Heyne on his appropriate gratitude to the English nation, for encouraging at a certain time, his brown paper edition of Virgil; a copy of which I am now offering up as a sacrifice to a renowned goddess of antiquity, whom I will not name.

CARDS, pieces of coloured paper, originally invented by Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter at Paris, during the reign of Charles the fifth, king of

France, in the hope of diminishing a deep melancholy under which that unfortunate prince laboured for many years; and he received considerable relief from piquet, the first game ever played at with cards, if we may rely on the authority of a respectable French writer, who has composed a dissertation, symbolical, allegorical, political, and historical, on these *pictures of human life*.

It seems that they were meant to represent, in the rude efforts of those days, particular personages, men, women, and sometimes the productions of nature or of art: "the ace," says the author I quote, "is in fact only the latin word *AS*, which signifies literally, a piece of money, but in a general sense, wealth; aces accordingly have the precedence of kings and all other cards; for as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful of monarchs submit to their controul: and the great question of peace or war will almost wholly depend on the finances and resources of a country.

"Piques et carreaux, spades and diamonds, mean arms,

arms, the heavy arrows formerly shot from cross-bows, being shaped like the diamond on cards; the inference to be drawn is sufficiently clear, that without arms and courage (typified by hearts) to use them, neither life nor property can be secure.

“The kings of the four suits originally were *portraits* of David, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, each of whom had his ecuyer or esquire, valet or knave, in those days, an honourable title; of two of them the names are preserved, Ogier and La Hine, famous French captains, who would not have suffered any one to have applied the word knave to them, in its modern signification, with impunity.

“Argine, the queen of clubs, is an anagram for regina, and represented Mary D’Anjou, wife of Charles the seventh; the queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrell; and the queen of spades, under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the

intrepid Maid of Orleans; Judith, or the queen of hearts, was the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

“Clubs, trefle or trefoil, an herb that grows in our meadows, *implies* that a general should never incamp without good opportunities for forage.” But my readers have had enough of the allegorical sermon on cards, and I hasten to the purpose for which this article was inserted.

Constituted and composed as the wealthier and more elevated classes of society now are, is the general introduction of cards, to be considered as a serious evil?

I have frequently had occasion, in these pages, to lament the destructive effects of a passion for excessive gaming, in fathers and mothers of families, and in all cases, where in addition to the loss of time and money, a depraved example is held up to the rising generation: but, in mixed companies, routes, large parties, and in all places of public resort, so many individuals are disqualified for passing an evening in social converse, or political

cal discussion, in literary, agricultural, or scientific enquiry, that I confess I had rather submit to any reasonable penalty, than be obliged to sit four or five hours with persons of this description, unless cards were introduced.

With uncultivated minds, puerile propensities, and that peculiar RESTLESS INDOLENCE, THE CHARACTER OF THE AGE, and the natural consequence of dissipation, vicious indulgence, refinement, and inflamed passions; they are of all companions the most unpleasant and unprofitable; drawing every moment from the common stock of amusement and information, but communicating nothing themselves.

In such circumstances, I would chuse the least of two evils, and I cannot but value an ingenious contrivance, which shuts the mouth of noisy nonsense, and for a time, rescues decent society from troublesome absurdity, or contaminating guilt. The loss of two or three rubbers is a trifle, compared to the beastly indecorum of a three bottle man, or to incurring

the risque of the principles and manners of a wife, a daughter, or a son, being tainted and perverted by the irreligious banter of a modern philosopher, or the naked truths of a primitive *fans-culottes*.

An eloquent advocate for cards, insists, "that they are one of the subaltern polishers and refiners of mankind; that they promoted, and have effected a more correct intercourse between the sexes, at a period when the mistress of the family was at her needle, in the nursery, or the housekeeper's room; while the gentlemen were smoaking and getting drunk in the eating room, or at the tavern."

It is true, an advantageous alteration, in this respect, *has* taken place; but I fear that these advantages have been counterbalanced by consequences, unpropitious to the peace and safety of society.

A man who now ventures into company, or to appear at the card table, after a second bottle, unless indeed thoroughly seasoned, will generally pay for his rashness; but the free and

easy stile of modern life, which gives a zest to polished circles, affords opportunities and temptations, which are found too strong, as every day's experience proves, for the sincerity of a friend, or the chastity of a wife.

Not that I think our women less chaste, or men more false, than in the last century, but we place them in situations, and expose them to trials and temptations, to which human passions and human infirmity, never ought, and never were meant to be exposed; waking out of our trance of idiotism and imprudence, we lament how very ill we have been used, when we have ourselves been the artificers of all the pangs, and all the disgrace we undergo.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, when acting as a provincial magistrate, in a case of theft, is said to have committed to prison, the master of the culprit, because, by perpetually leaving his money and other valuables, in open drawers, and exposed on tables, he had tempted his servant to commit the crime, which, as the man

afterwards confessed, he otherwise should never have thought of.

Were I the presiding judge at Doctors Commons, with the knowledge and the wig of a Hay, a Marriott, or a

I would enforce a similar theory, on carelessly, inattentive, and corruptly negligent husbands.

Honor, more particularly nuptial honor, is a jewel of the first water, and to a man, either of sentiment, passion, generosity or sound principles, highly worthy our regard and protection; and the husband who retires to bed, leaving his wife at midnight, *sitting on a sofa with a young, a handsome, and accomplished man, solus cum sola*; or, he who sends his better half on a voyage to the continent, with no other companion, than *his dearest friend upon earth*; or he, who after handing his wife into a side box, instantly quits her, *to ransack the flesh-market upstairs*; all of these descriptions, can expect only, what happens every day.

I cannot, I do not, I will not defend the ladies or their seducers, but it is not

not possible either to esteem or pity *fuch* husbands, the *****s or the *****s of their day; so far from granting damages, I would publicly reprimand them in court, nor would I suffer them to marry again; a prohibition, which notwithstanding so much has been ably said on the subject, I would also extend to the criminal couple.

CATHOLICS; after bellowing so outrageously against them, I have been asked by an ingenious priest of that church, of what religion I am?

I answer in the words of Chillingworth, that Leviathan in the sea of controversy, "I am a Protestant; by a Protestant, I do not mean a follower of the doctrines of Luther, of Calvin, or Melancthon; nor of the confession of Augsburgh or Geneva; nor the catchism of Heidelbergh; nor the articles of the church of England, but a believer of that wherein they all agree, and to which they all subscribe, I mean that perfect rule of faith and life, as contained in the holy scriptures.

"All beside may be matter of opinion, and to enforce a belief of more than they contain, or the plain irrefragable deductions to be made from them, is little less than schismatical presumption. After a long and impartial search for truth, I profess that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot, but on this everlasting rock.

"PROPOSE TO ME ANY THING OUT OF THIS BOOK, AND REQUIRE WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT; HOWEVER INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO REASON IT MAY BE, I WILL SUBSCRIBE TO IT WITH HAND AND HEART; AS NO DEMONSTRATION CAN BE STRONGER THAN THIS; GOD HATH SAID IT.

"I am fully assured, that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require more than this; to believe the scriptures to be God's word, to endeavour to find their true sense, and to live according to the rules contained in them."

CHEYNE, DR.—addition to.

He had been religiously educated, and 'till he came

to London to practice, had passed his life temperately, and in sedentary studies.

On his arrival in the metropolis, he was advised, as the sure way of making himself known, to get introduced into gay circles, and good company; but not having proper counsellors, or mistaking jolly fellows, for *good company*, as is not unfrequently the case, he became a member of several convivial clubs, dining and supping every day at a tavern, with other unwarrantable irregularities.

In a few years he became short-breathed, lethargic, listless and corpulent, and had no alternative but a painful death, or reformation: preferring the latter, he retired into the country, where he passed many melancholy and solitary years, for his sensual companions, on many of whom he had conferred considerable favors, all forsook him.

Time and reflection produced compunction and repentance; for in all his deviations, he never pretended to infidelity, discouraging sceptical conversation among his loose companions, by every means in

his power: though surrounded by folly, sensuality, and profaneness, he preserved a firm persuasion of the great fundamental principles of virtue and morality; the existence of a God, free-will, the immortality of the soul, and a state of future rewards and punishments.

To redeem, as far as he was able, mispent time, and employ the intervals of convalescence, he purchased and studied the most reputable works on religion and ethics, particularly those in which philosophical and theological enquiries are combined, as best calculated to convince the reason, and affect the heart.

The doctor soon found the advantage, his health and spirits gradually improved, he became active, chearful, tranquil and contented; and died at a good old age, in the calm confidence of hope, and with a firm reliance on the mercies of God, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

CHINESE, the inhabitants of an empire, equal in surface to Europe, and

and become of late the subject of general discussion.

This singular people, at some particular æra, which I am not sufficiently acquainted with their history, precisely to point out, appear to have arrived exactly at the same pitch of improvement, in arts, and sciences, in the comforts and embellishments of life, which they now enjoy; but from that moment, arrested by some accidental impediment or original defect in their genius, their police, their government, or their mode of education, they have not advanced a single step.

Vossius asserts, on authority, somewhat questionable, that the circulation of the blood has been familiar to the Chinese more than four thousand years; that printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass were in their possession, before they reached Europe; yet with all these advantages, he confesses they are a strange compound of knowledge and ignorance.

In their modes of gathering, preparing, drying, and packing their great staple

commodity, tea, and in their manufacture of that delicate ware, which we call by the name of their country; from its primitive state of clay and powdered flints, its semi-vitrification, glazing and colouring, 'till it is deposited in Leadenhall-street, or glides into the cabin of the smuggler, who *always* outstrips the custom-house cutter, at the mouth of the channel; we are informed on good authority, that the whole of the process, from first to last, departs not in one iota, from the method practised one hundred and fifty years ago; a space of time, in which, the acuteness and dexterity of a man like the deceased Wedgewood, directed to one point, would have discovered the philosopher's stone, or have constructed "a plough qualified to think."

This arrest of progressive improvement, this embargo on mental exertion, which seems to have said to the human intellect, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," is visible, in their buildings, their dress, their equipages, their shipping, and their language,

guage. They had it is true, in the two instances I have just mentioned, made a considerable progress before they stopped; but in many other points appear scarcely to excel the natives of Otaheite and Pellew.

It remains for those who occasionally visit the country, the interior rather than the sea coast, and who are able to read Chinese history, as well as converse with the inhabitants, to investigate the causes of this national paralysis, and to mark the probable period of its commencement; whether it is to be dated from the successful irruption of the Tartars, who founded a new dynasty, or is to be attributed to the strange language of the country, a sort of ridiculous recitative, which requires half a man's life to speak correctly, and comprehend easily, one word often bearing twenty meanings, by the addition of a slight tone, an inflexion of the voice, or some trifling variation, scarcely noticeable to a stranger, and not generally understood by the natives themselves, below a certain rank.

A communicating medium acquired with such difficulty, is ill calculated for promoting knowledge, and forwarding general discussion, and has probably operated as one of the retarding causes; another, I conceive to be that overweening conceit of themselves and every thing about them, so prominent in the character of the Chinese, from the earliest accounts we possess of them, and probably from their first establishment, as the term China, is derived from two words, which signify a heaven upon earth.

If deductions drawn from the conduct of individuals may be applied to large societies, attributing their tardy progress to national vanity, is a fair and probable hypothesis; the most superficial and ignorant of mortals are often found among those who imagine they have reached the pinnacle of perfection; and there is no surer method of preventing access to the temple of knowledge as well as virtue, than to plant superciliousness and self-approbation, as sentinels at the gate.

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The inhabitants of China, if we are to credit *their* assertions, treble those of Europe; to enquire into the truth of what they say, or to venture to contradict them, would have been neither political nor polite, after the *close, incessant, and respectful attention* paid to Lord Macartney, and Sir George Staunton, during a late embassy; they have been rated in loose numbers, at three hundred and thirty three millions.

Though inclined rather to suspend than refuse my belief of so enormous a population, it may exercise the ingenuity of the philosopher and politician, to discover by what means so many millions are peaceably governed by one man.

This reciprocal facility, is supposed by some to be produced by the authority of age and experience, over youth, ignorance and indiscretion; an influence which at all ages and in all ranks pervading the whole society, exhibits a species of domestic vassalage, and family despotism, somewhat similar to that exercised by the patriarchs.

The general tendency of

the Chinese to salutary subordination, has also been imputed to another cause; the dignity of emperor is the only hereditary office among them, all others, from the highest to the lowest, being distributed according to merit. At court and in the provinces, in every district and in every department, there is a perpetual competition of candidates; a rise by due gradation, in consequence of examinations and comparative trials; an equitable mode of distribution, precluding at once favouritism, folly and insufficiency from places of trust, and to a spectator who cannot see close enough to detect its faults, apparently giving an absolute monarchy, many of the boasted advantages of a democracy without its eagle-eyed inquisitorial malignity.

An observation made at the beginning of this article, may also help in some degree to account for their general submission to government. They have not had Rousseaus, Raynalls, and Voltaires, to ridicule and misrepresent their institutions; they have had

no

no enlightened men to persuade them, that the whole of their system, religious and political, is and has been, from first to last, finesse and fraudulent; they have had no one to *advocate* the Rights of Man in tobacco packets, pint mugs, and brown paper pamphlets.

Their non-attainment of absolute perfection, in the present condition of man, perhaps never to be attained, appears to have been owing to a certain proportion of something which a medical man would call *sedative*, in their dispositions, their form of government, and their constitutions; nor is it probable, that they would have been at all better, wiser or happier, had more of the *tonic* prevailed; that cannot be a *very bad* machine which has so long and so effectually administered to the wants of so numerous a people; which has retained one hundred and thirty-three millions of thinking beings, so tranquil, so occupied, and for the most part, making due allowance for human imperfection which our French philosophers wholly forget, so contented and happy;

a machine which diffuses with so steady and impartial a hand, advantage and superiority; to what after all, is the most just and natural aristocracy, the aristocracy of intellect, industry, and dexterity; that brightest feature in the old republics.

Nor should it be forgotten, that these comforts were secured and generally enjoyed by the Chinese, if any attention is to be paid to *their* chronology, at a period, when the savage ancestors of the *first people in the universe*, were feeding on acorns, devouring each other, or crawling on all fours.

If according to the favorite principle of some, the opinion or will of the majority of any people, *counted by the head*, is to be the law of the land, without any attention to capacity, disposition, acquirement, or education; then why not of Europe, and consequently of the world?

China affords a population, which if disposed to be enlightened or revolutionized, could crush all opposition; here is a *great* people, if the admeasurement

ment is to be determined by numerical calculation, easy under, and to all appearance, preferring an absolute monarchy, not indeed without many imperfections, but modified and subdivided into a machinery, which though complex, awkward, unsymmetrical, is found fully capable of protecting individuals, in their persons, their property, and in freedom of opinion, as long as it keeps pace with the welfare of the public.

After all the tragedy, all the comedy, and all the pantomimic farce, exhibited at Paris; can our neighbours say so much, of their odious tyranny, disguised under republican and democratic forms?

Should the tocsin of liberty and equality ever resound in China, I have no doubt that numbers of the profligate, the idle, the insolent, and the poor, would join the standard of insurrection, to murder or expel every wealthy and dignified man in the country, and share their property among them; but I am firmly persuaded, that not a manderin in the country would forward the

havock, or endeavour as hath been the case in other regions, to disseminate the doctrines they preach; valuing an ounce of judgment beyond a ton of wit and eloquence; they would at the first glance see the snares which were prepared for them.

Should such a revolution ever commence in the empire of Rien Long, which God Almighty avert; yet the supposition is not more extravagant than Buonaparte haranguing the Arab, whom he means to plunder; and atheist and swindler as he is, preaching unitarian doctrines on the banks of the Nile, to the mussulman whose provinces he invades; should such a revolution ever commence, it were to be wished for the welfare and repose of mankind, that every restless democratic Chinese might embark on an expedition similar to that of the army of Egypt, and by a concurrence of events, which sometimes takes place in the world, that all of a similar stamp, and equally wicked from every quarter, impelled by enthusiasm or madness, might cross the Mediterranean, and join the

adventurers in planting colonies, or gathering laurels in the sandy deserts of Arabia.

Relieved of a grumous plethora of wickedness and vanity, and no longer vexed by envy and misrepresentation, the world would be content to remain a few centuries longer, imperfect, mistaken, short-sighted and happy.

In the year 1625, of the christian æra, the critics and chronologists were puzzled and perplexed, by an inscription, which was discovered, in digging the foundations for a public building, at Sighamfu, a considerable city in China; it was on a piece of marble, six feet in length, and three in breadth, with a cross engraved on the upper part.

It exhibited in Chinese and Syriac characters, the articles of the Catholic faith: while an additional inscription, on the lower department of the marble, recorded, that in a certain year of the Chinese calendar, answering to 636 of the æra adopted in Europe, the Christian religion had been established in China,

by imperial authority, and that the present monument, designed to record this auspicious event, was erected in the year 782.

As there is no evidence of so successful a mission, in the cotemporary histories of China or of Europe, the circumstance naturally excited suspicious attention; two learned foreigners displayed considerable ingenuity on the subject, and published a curious fac simile of the inscription, with a translation, word for word, and an explanatory comment. After perusing their books with pleasure, but without conviction, I am strongly tempted to consider the whole as a modern production, a pious fraud; the marble was secretly buried in the earth, by a zealous and industrious missionary, to establish some useful tradition, or to prove some subsequent period of persecution, martyrdom, or extermination: a specimen of what may be called subterraneous imposture, is recorded in the article, Annius, of the present volume.

In surveying the religion of the Chinese, one circumstance

stance cannot escape the eye of the most superficial observer, I mean the hideous deformity of the idols they worship: During the earlier ages of the world, when to adore the gods of Greece and Rome, was the established religion of the most civilized portion of mankind; a Pagan youth might prostrate himself at the shrine of Venus, Juno, Flora, or other female heathen deities; and in contemplating the matchless productions of painting or statuary, mingling, or mistaking passion for devotion, might imagine, or actually feel the raptures he assumed; and where is the man, who has not worshipped his Diana or his Hebe? The sister of the votary might also be excused for similar emotions at the altar of Apollo or Adonis; but it is impossible for a being, of any correctness of sentiment, or sensation, to approach the pagodas of the majority of the Chinese idols, without horror and disgust.

To contemplate *such* divinities, and to believe that *only* such actually existed, would confirm the favour-

rite theory of a philosophic Roman poet, so elaborately, but unsuccessfully defended by a modern writer; that terror was originally the parent of every species of devotion.

COBDEN, EDWARD, a court chaplain, and archdeacon of London, in the reign of King George the second, who had the rashness, the imprudence, or the honesty, while basking in the sun-shine of ministerial patronage, and in the full career of ecclesiastic promotion, to pronounce an animated declamation against adultery and fornication, at St. James's chapel, in the royal presence, and before a crowded court.

The text, on which he preached, was the excellent and emphatic reply, made by Joseph, to the perfidious Egyptian queen, when she so notoriously departed from her own duty, and attempted to seduce him from his: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

It was the opinion of the impartial and sensible part of the congregation, that there

there was nothing in the sermon, at all inconsistent with the respect due from a good subject to his lawful sovereign, nor indeed any thing, but what as a minister of Christ's Gospel, it was proper and right, and even his duty to say; but busy mischievous people, who abound in courts as well as other places, represented it as a disloyal and personal attack on his majesty, who with many good qualities, indulged to a culpable latitude, his passion for women; they added, that such conduct in Dr. Cobden, was particularly ungrateful, as he enjoyed at the time, more than a thousand pounds a year in church preferment; others suggested, that the divines being disappointed in certain episcopal hopes, was the occasion of his pouring forth the obnoxious philippic; but neither the principles nor the manners of the archdeacon, as he was described to the editor, more than twenty years ago, by a clerical veteran, and one of his contemporaries, could justify the invidious assertion.

The court, which at first

thought little or nothing of the circumstance, was gradually persuaded, by busy, officious people, to resent it as a designed affront, and the preacher was treated with marked negligence and disrespect; he therefore thought it a justice due to himself, to wait on his patron with the manuscript sermon, exactly in the words in which he had delivered it; but the noble lord, from prudence or political pliancy, would not see him.

To defend what he considered and designed as an act of indispensable duty, from malicious misrepresentation, the archdeacon very properly published his discourse, calling it, "A Persuasive to Chastity, a sermon preached before the king, &c." in which, without the most remote personal allusion, he inveighs, with considerable emphasis and eloquence, against the crime, which was the professed subject of his sermon; enters fully into the unpardonable guilt of seducing a virgin, and insists, that in all such cases, the betrayer is, and ought to be answerable in this world and the next, for all the

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the profligacy, and all the misfortunes of her future life; that levity and dissipated manners, on the part of the female, do not at all dissipate his guilt, however they may facilitate his views.

He combats with success, a common excuse, with which batchelors often endeavour to satisfy themselves; that where it is inconsistent with a man's income, and indeed impossible for him to marry, there can be no great harm in *simple fornication*, with a single and disengaged woman; but the doctor will not allow that the term *simple*, can, with any propriety be applied to a sin, productive of so much complicated wretchedness; of suicide, murder, an abandoned life, and a miserable death.

As a christian, a moralist, a scholar and a divine, the composition was creditable both to his head and heart; but it was impossible for prejudice or malignity, to point out a passage, which could be construed into temporary satire, or personal allusion; perhaps, had

the doctor been scrupulously attentive to time and place, which *prudent ecclesiastics* never forget, he would not have preached exactly such a sermon, before an amorous king, and a voluptuous court; finding it impossible to pacify resentment, however ill-founded, he resigned his appointment at court.

For this purpose he waited on the king personally, lamented that his intentions had been misunderstood, and humbly thanked his majesty for the notice he had previously honoured him with, and the favours he had been graciously pleased to bestow upon him; the worthy old gentleman, who was often misled, and sometimes mistaken, but never wilfully did a bad thing, heard his chaplain with patient attention, but dismissed him according to court etiquette, without reply. The whole business a few years after *came out*, and proved to be occasioned by keen resentments, of a licentious female favourite, who would not allow a crime, *on which she subsisted*, to be so publickly

lickly and earnestly attacked.

The office of a king's, or any other great man's chaplain, is after all, difficult and nice; if his patron be notoriously guilty of actions, contradictory to the express tenets of the religion he professes, he must, by a base direliction of integrity and principle, forfeit his ordination vow; become abject and time-serving, and shut his eyes to folly and crime; or by following the stern dictates of gospel-consistency, risk the loss of worldly emolument, and bar the gates of preferment against himself, in a profession, to which he has devoted perhaps half his life, and a good part of his fortune, and to which a wife and family, probably, look up for support.

I agree that an honest man and a sincere christian, in such a situation, ought not to hesitate between his interest and his duty; but let us not forget, that clergymen are of like passions with ourselves; and if we sometimes find them occasionally backsliding, in paths where we have stum-

bled ourselves, let us not be too acrimoniously intent on remarking it, as hath sometimes been the case with the editor of this collection; if ecclesiastics cannot or do not, in general, imitate the example of the honest archdeacon, let us make some allowance for human infirmity, and agree with a modern writer, that when we are placed in such situations, THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.

COFFEE, the seed of a tree of the jessamine kind, originally a native of Arabia, but afterwards planted in the West Indies, where it is become a thriving and important article of English commerce. The shrub bears a yellow flower, and a juicy berry, which contains two seeds; these when gathered, have a farinaceous bitter taste, but are wholly without that peculiar smell and flavour, imparted to them by fire, and for which an infusion or decoction of them is so generally admired.

This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the commercial man,

man, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction, in Asia, caused a violent religious schism, among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, tho' it was not 'till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople; its discovery was also announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each sect relates in its own way.

“ A Dervise” says a certain heterodox rational Mussulman, if such there can be “ a Dervise overflowing with zeal or with gall, was sorely troubled in mind, on observing that his brethren were not animated, by a spirit, similar to, and active as his own; he saw with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises, their ecstasies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings, and laborious breathings; in which, at a certain period the Turkish priests equalled the most enthusiastic of the followers of Barclay, and of Fox.

“ Taking a solitary walk, to soothe his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination; in a fortunate or inspired moment he observed, that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably lively and playsome, after feeding on a certain leaf. Judging by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on other animals, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor, were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigor” the shrub so powerful in its effects, proved to be coffee.

“ Listen not to such profane heresies” says an orthodox doctor of Mecca “ it was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the christian æra) that Abou-hasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, heat, and old age, called unto him Omar a venerable Scheick. the friend and companion of his life, and thus addressed him: “ Teacher of the
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the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me; bathed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise; I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, 'till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship: persevere in the path thou hast hitherto trodden, and rely on him who drove the infidels, like sheep, before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties; sometimes think of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:" he would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became fixed, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way, but a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, for the loss of Abouhasan Schazali, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, 'till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which

raising into the air, the loose soil of that country, are generally destructive. Falling on his face, in the direction of the wind, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him. Almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding his precaution, separated from all assistance, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up as a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, the purple fountain almost ceased to play; perception and sensation nearly failed, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to Allah, when an angel of light stood before him, and waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly issued from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the sandy soil of the desert; touching the temples, the eyes and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid; the cœlestial messenger disappeared.

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The cool stream, and berries which he plucked from the miraculous tree, soon restored the sinking man, he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep; from which he awoke in full vigor and spirits, and found himself, as the morning sun glittered over the sands, not far from a pleasant and fertile valley, occupied by shepherds and their flocks. Omar related the extraordinary circumstances which had taken place, to the inhabitants. By the zeal and contributions of true believers, a mosque was erected on the spot; and coffee, the seed of that supernatural shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and the more particular produce of the favoured country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers.

So singular a specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the mahometan doctor appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the vatican, is extracted from a curious book, which, previous to the re-

volution, was in the library of the king of France, and presented to Louis the fifteenth, by Said Pacha, ambassador from the Porte, to the court of Versailles. It is called in the title page, "Dgihan Numa," that is, a description of the world, and was printed at Constantinople, in 1731; adorned with plates and maps; the author, or rather the compiler, was Kiatib Chelili, a learned doctor of the Turkish law.

"Coffee," says this industrious muffleman, assuming the character of a medical enquirer, after he has quitted that of an implicit believer, "coffee is a rejoicer of the heart, an enlivener of conversation, a sovereign restorative after the fatigues of study, of labor, or of love; its peculiar characteristic quality, is, to comfort the stomach, nourish the nerves, and to protect the frame against the debilitating effects of a hot climate, and a fiery atmosphere.

"Taken an hour after dinner, it prevents an accumulation of crudities in the first passages, is an in-

fallible remedy for the horrors of digestion, for the vapours, and the *megrims*."

It was not probable that so wholesome and so agreeable an article of diet would be long confined to Asia; it is said to have been introduced to the fashionable circles of Paris, by Monsieur Thevenot, in 1669, but had been made use of as an exotic luxury, in London, before that period.

The first coffee-house opened in the British metropolis, was in George-yard, Lombard-street, by Rosqua, the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in the year 1652; its flavour was considered so delicate, and it was thought by the statesmen of those days, (no very creditable characters) to promote society and political conversation so much, that a duty of four-pence was laid on every gallon made and sold.

But Anthony Wood triumphantly and earnestly insists, that there was a house for selling coffee at Oxford, two years before Rosqua commenced in London; that those who delighted in *novelty*, drank it at the sign of the Angel, in that uni-

versity, a house kept by an outlandish Jew: in another part of his works, he says, that Nathaniel Conopius, a native of Crete, and a fugitive from Constantinople, but residing in the year sixteen hundred and forty-eight, in Baliol College, Oxford, made and drank every morning, a drink, called *coffee*, the first ever made use of in this ancient University.

This popular beverage is mentioned in a tract, published by Judge Rumsley in 1659, intitled "Organum Salutis, or an Instrument to cleanse the Stomach; together with divers new experiments on the virtues of Tobacco and Coffee."

It is observed in this work, by a correspondent of the author, "that apprentices, clerks, and others, formerly used to take their morning draught, in ale, beer, or wine, which by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for business; but that now they may safely play the good fellow, in this wakeful civil drink; for the introduction of which practice, here first in London, the respect of the whole nation

nation is due to Mrs. Mudford."

A female friend, often mentioned in this collection, after reading the above, suggests, that something *must* be said of Chocolate. This nutritious, and to many, agreeable drink, the associate, the substitute, or the rival of coffee, became, on its first introduction into Europe, a subject of strong agitation and warm contest with many conscientious and scrupulous Catholics. Approaching in its original form and in its alimentary properties, so nearly to solid diet, it was doubted by the timid and the devout, whether enjoying so delicious and invigorating a luxury in Lent, and other seasons appointed by the church for fast-days, was not violating or eluding a sacred and indispensable ordinance.

The party which was unwilling to resign their chocolate, quoted the words of St. Thomas, who repeatedly asserts, that it is by solid food only, that a fast can be properly said to be broken; that if it is unlawful to drink this liquor on fast days, because

of the portion of solid cocoa contained in it, by the same rule, wine and beer, which on these occasions have never been interdicted, might be forbidden; as the first contains a large proportion of the saccharine substance of the grape, and the latter suspends rather than dissolves the whole of the farina of the grain.

The chocolate drinkers were opposed by a powerful party of rigid disciplinarians and austere devotees; a Spanish physician wrote a Latin treatise, expressly against so impious a practice on a fast-day; his book, intitled *Tribunal Medico Magicum*, exhibits much zeal, and some learning; that he was strongly attached to the gratification against which he declaims so eloquently, is a presumptive argument in favour of his sincerity.

The Spaniard's book was answered by a cardinal of the Catholic church, in a candid and agreeable way; it was the sensible opinion of the ecclesiastic, that neither chocolate nor wine, taken in moderation, could, strictly speaking, be construed into breaking a fast; yet, he hoped that this concession

cession would not be made a pretext, by sensuality, and wickedness, for using them to excess, by which some of our greatest blessings were too often converted into curses; as whatever tempted us to o'erstep the bounds of nature and of temperance, could never be defended by the canons of the church.

The prelate concluded his rational and truly pious treatise, written in Latin, not unworthy of the Augustan age, with words, which ought to be written in letters of gold, in some conspicuous part of every eating-room in Europe; they nearly approach in purport, to a celebrated passage of one of the fathers, on the subject of abstinence.

The infidel and voluptuary may endeavour to ridicule the idea of the Almighty Creator of the universe, being pleased or displeas'd with a man's having a full or an empty stomach; but whatever tends directly or remotely to subdue rebellious passions, and subject a creature like man to the restraints of reason and re-

ligion, cannot but be a matter of the highest importance, to our well doing here, and our everlasting destiny hereafter.

The arguments of the cardinal were so convincing, or the Spaniard, Don Juan de Caldera, or Calderoni, was so open to conviction, that he wrote a recantation, in which he warmly thanked his eminence, for the information and instruction he had received. This triumph was thought too important not to be noticed, and the physician's letter was added to all future copies of the book written by the Roman prelate.

CONGRATULATION, a punning one, recorded by Fuller, and address'd, a few days after her birth, to the infant daughter of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

See this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's
chair,
Nor a triple crown did
wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No

No benefice she ever sold,
 Nor did dispense with sins
 for gold,
 She hardly is a fortnight
 old,

And yet she is a Pope.
 No king her feet did ever
 kifs,
 Or had from her worse look
 than this,

Nor did she ever vainly
 hope,
 To faint a mortal with a
 rope,

And yet she is a Pope.
 A female Pope you say, a
 second Joan,

Ah no, she is Pope Inno-
 cent, or none.

CONINGSMARK,
 CHARLES JOHN,
 a Swedish Count, who pro-
 cured three foreign assassins
 to murder Mr. Thynne, a
 gentleman of good family
 and large fortune, in the
 reign of King Charles the
 second.

This atrocious deed, to
 which Coningsmark was
 stimulated by the hope of
 obtaining the hand of the
 Countess of Ogle, a beau-
 tiful young woman, to whom
 Mr. Thynne had been con-
 tracted, was perpetrated in
 Pall-mall, near the bottom
 of St. Albans-street, as the

unfortunate man was re-
 turning from the house of
 his mother-in-law, Lady
 Northumberland, who lived
 in St. James's-street.

At the hour of eight, on
 a Sunday evening, in a
 crowded thoroughfare, in
 the heart of a great metro-
 polis, almost within sight
 of a royal palace, and not-
 withstanding a running foot-
 man, with a blazing flam-
 beau, preceded the equi-
 page, the villains having
 stopped, and surrounded
 the coach, Charles Borat-
 zi, a native of Poland,
 discharged a blunderbuss,
 loaded with bullets, at Mr.
 Thynne, which penetrating
 and dreadfully lacerating
 his body, he languished in
 great agonies, a few hours,
 and died.

So flagrant, and in Eng-
 land, so unusual an enor-
 mity, as waylaying a man,
 in order to murder him,
 naturally raised the indig-
 nation of the public, and
 excited the vigilance of
 the police.

The Count was seized a
 few days after, near Grave-
 end, in disguise, and at-
 tempting to procure a pas-
 sage in an outward-bound
 ship; his three desperadoes
 were

were also soon after, taken into custody, and with Coningsmark, tried at the Old Bailey, before the chief justices, Pemberton and North, the chief baron Mountague, the recorder, and others.

Three of the assassins, after a long trial, were clearly convicted of murder, as well by their own confessions, as from depositions previously taken by the coroner, and other strong evidence; but strange to tell, the original proposer and promoter of all the mischief, the infamous Coningsmark, by far the greatest criminal, was acquitted; while the three wretched men, he had corrupted and employed, were executed, under circumstances of general hatred and indignation.

The contriver of an act, at which the heart of an Englishman revolts, thus escaping punishment, was a national disappointment, and naturally exasperated the friends and family of the deceased; a writer of that period, without producing any corroborating proofs, throws out a rash charge of corruption against

the presiding judge, (Pemberton) and the jury.

Of the latter, many of whom were foreigners, but most of them reputable men, I am not prepared to speak; but as to the judge, we must not admit lightly, an accusation, which would brand with everlasting infamy, a man, who had devoted his whole life to a profession, in which eminence and promotion are not very easily attained, but which, by toil and perseverance, assisted by lucky incidents, he had procured; nor is it probable, that any *douceur*, a profligate foreign adventurer could present, would have seduced an eminent judge, of moderate enjoyments, to forget his duty, and risk his independence, his fame and his life. I rather impute the guilty count's acquittal, to the fraudulent conduct of an interpreter, employed to explain the evidence to the foreign part of the jury; he had been long connected with the count's family in some subordinate capacity, appeared during the whole trial to interest himself strongly in his behalf, and was several times checked

checked by the counsel on the part of the crown, for coming forward too officiously, when not called upon; and was told, he acted the part of an advocate rather than an interpreter; the chief justice Pemberton I confess, appears to have had a bias in favor of the prisoner, I hope and believe, not a corrupt one; it was also remarked, that the three condemned malefactors were not asked, as is usual in such cases, what they had to say in their defence, why sentence should not be pronounced against them.

I have perused the trial with some attention, and confess, that there is not the shadow of a doubt on my mind, of the count's guilt: in such infernal transactions, positive evidence, can very rarely be procured, as they are generally carried on in darkness and mystery; but Coningsmark's previous and frequent intercourse with the murderers, his purchasing cloaths for one, and weapons for another; the virulent manner, in which he had long spoke of Mr. Thynne, and a singular

question he directed a person to ask of the Swedish Envoy, concerning the legality of marrying Lady Ogle, in case of Mr. Thynne's falling in a rencounter with him; his perpetually changing lodgings, and going by a feigned name, when he came to London, to direct the nefarious business; and lastly, his attempting to escape in disguise, and telling the people of the house, he lodged in, he was going to Windsor, when he actually went to Gravesend; were proofs circumstantial, it is true, but sufficiently strong to convince most persons of his guilt.

It is impossible to peruse the trial, without remarking, the great lenity, inclination to mercy, and scrupulous attention, in every minute particular, paid to these abominable culprits; it appears to have been carried to rather a dangerous extreme, with respect to them, and I am of opinion, enabled the count, who was treated with too much respect and delicacy, to make impressions on the jury, which ultimately tended to his acquittal.

But

But all the pains he took, all the guilt he incurred, and the innocent blood he had shed, could not accomplish the purpose he wished; abhorring his crime, and detesting the perpetrator of it, Lady Ogle would never admit him into her presence, and was afterwards married to the Duke of Somerset, who although she was a virgin widow, was in fact, her third husband; the lady having been betrothed in her infancy, to Henry, Earl of Ogle, only son of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died in his childhood.

After escaping punishment for a crime he had committed, the count, in the midst of a career of unbridled profligacy, and with the conscience of a murderer, was put to death for a crime, of which he was innocent.

Wandering, restless and self-tormented, over various parts of Europe, he visited the court of (I believe at that time) the Duke of Hanover, whose son, the prince of Zell, was afterwards George the first, king of England.

In the indiscriminate ar-

dor of vicious passion, and hoping to take advantage of domestic discord, he presumed to cast unhallowed looks on the princess of Zell, who had for some time, lived in a comfortless state of estranged nuptial affection; the prince indulging a culpable latitude in female intercourse, whilst his wife lived almost in a state of seclusion, in her own apartments.

But one of the frail court favourites, a most artful creature, afterwards created Dutchess of Munster, having lately displeased this unfaithful husband, and being fearful of a reconciliation with his wife; saw with pleasure, and privately encouraged the insolent pretensions of the count; assuring him, that a man of his personal accomplishments and merit, could not fail succeeding, after a little perseverance, with a lady so very ill used.

Having at the same time excited the jealousy of the prince, by apt emissaries, and distant suggestions, concerning the marked attentions, and known character of Coningsmark; for, generally speaking, husbands, however

however negligent, are not fond of being made ridiculous; this abominable woman, by means of a bribe, prevailed on a court valet of Herenhausen, who attended the princess, to go to the count's lodging, and inform him, that the princess of Zell wished to speak with him immediately, on an affair of importance.

The man of gallantry, flattering himself that the lady's reserve had at length relaxed, hurried to what he considered as an appointment; while the insidious contriver of the meditated mischief, repairing, without delay to the prince, and affecting a concern for the honour of his house, told him, she could no longer be a silent observer of the flagitious conduct of his wife; that if any doubts remained of her infidelity, his highness had now an opportunity of being an eye-witness of his own dishonour; that the favored lover, at the moment she spoke, was with the princess, in her bed-chamber; the conspirers, against this unfortunate lady, having chosen an hour,

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when they knew she would be in that place, and the valet being previously instructed, to which room he was to conduct the count.

The irritated husband, constitutionally and ungovernably passionate, rushed furiously, sword in hand, to the apartment, and meeting the count, at the door, just returning from the princess, who had assured him she had never sent; he, without uttering a word, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the assassin; and after bitterly reproaching his wife, and refusing to listen to any explanation, imprisoned the unhappy woman, for the remainder of her life, in a solitary castle.

CORNELIUS GALLUS, a Roman general, and an elegiac poet, a native of Forum Julii, a spot not precisely ascertained, as this appellation has been given, sometimes to the city of Frejus, in Provence, and sometimes to a town in Istria, now called Frioul.

A celebrated critic and grammarian, who imagines he has cleared this geographic

N

phic doubt, by local etymology, determines the country of Gallus, to have been in the Narbonnese Gaul, by producing words from the remaining fragments of his works, only made use of in that province.

Gallus was the favourite friend and associate of Augustus, and is generally considered as the original patron of Virgil, whose last eclogue remains an everlasting monument of the gratitude and genius of the poet.

Gallus, as a military officer, accompanied his master into Egypt, in the campaign against Anthony and Cleopatra; he acted as a confidential messenger in the intercourse with that extraordinary woman, who soon saw the concealed wish of the Roman general, to conduct her to Rome; in order to grace his triumph with an Egyptian queen; by a singular union of art and intrepidity; she placed herself out of the power of the conqueror.

Gallus was appointed lieutenant of Egypt, with three legions and full authority, but in the giddi-

ness of prosperity is said to have abused his power, and during the intemperance of a public festival, to have been guilty of the ingratitude as well as impolicy of speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor, his friend and benefactor.

He was also accused of affecting the manners, dress and accompaniments of royalty; of ordering his name, with a long list of ostentatious titles to be inscribed on the pyramids; these and other instances of preposterous conduct, in a man confessedly of sense and discernment, I impute to the intoxication of vanity or of wine; but whatever his conduct, or the motives by which he was actuated, Gallus suffered severely for his follies, or his crimes; he was recalled, condemned to exile, and his property confiscated.

An exclamation of Augustus, when he signed the fatal sentence, is recorded, and produced by a modern writer, strongly prepossessed against him, as an instance of deep dissimulation; but, may it not equally prove the sincerity of his attachment to Gallus: "how hard

hard is my fate," said the emperor, with tears in his eyes, "that the most atrocious conspirators against my life and authority, should be found among those who were once my dearest, and ought to have been, my most faithful friends."

As impartial justice is *one of the rights of man*, and as according to the democratic hypothesis of liberty and equality, kings are entitled to a candid construction of their words and actions as well as other persons; I am of opinion, that Augustus was really and bona fide, attached to Gallus, and that the latter was actually guilty of the offences for which he suffered; had there been any thing to conceal or to suppress, the favourite would have been privately put to death, on the odious but safe principle, that dead men tell no tales.

But, allowing the poet to have been faulty, perhaps it may be said, that the emperor, had he really loved, might easily have pardoned him; his peculiar position, as well as disposition, naturally inclined

to severity, as I have observed in another place, and rendered timid and suspicious by repeated treasons, made active precaution and decisive measures necessary. Augustus was certainly attached to Gallus, but he loved himself, he loved the purple, he loved supreme authority better.

I should venerate and almost adore the man, who, in *his* circumstances, would have acted otherwise, but such a man it is not easy to find; Augustus, like other great characters, has been misrepresented or misunderstood; he was a consummate courtier, a deep dissimulater, and possessed many bad qualities; but it does not follow either from reason or daily experience, that he was wholly without good qualities, it cannot be doubted that he had his intervals of feeling, truth, tenderness, and patriotism; if we are none of us faultless angels, if there are few of us without depravity, it is some consolation to a repiner, that we are none of us wholly and altogether devils, a point on which many divines and many

many philosophers have grossly erred.

Resolving not to survive the loss of fortune, friends, and fame, Gallus perished by a voluntary death, according to the erroneous maxims of the age in which he lived; his memory was defended and wept over, by Ovid, his cotemporary and associate.

They both were poets, possessing more imagination than judgment, sprightly, joyous and lively, and united with these vivacious propensities, what is singularly united in several modern literary characters, a delicate turn for elegy and pathos; they both suffered for indiscreet words, thoughtlessly and probably without ill design, thrown out in the warmth of a convivial moment.

Take example my dear friend ***** and although seas and mountains now separate us, and we perhaps may never meet again; you have the soft sensibility and gentle spirit of an Ovid, the favours and the smiles of an Augustus; recollect in your merry moments, that the same vivacity and satirical

repartee which enlivens so many circles, may create a deadly foe; and as it is probable that this page may approach a spot, to which its author must not at present come; be assured, that reflecting on the men by whom you are surrounded, the times and circumstances in which you are placed, is a source of considerable uneasiness to those friends, who admire the ingenuous openness of your heart, and have been so often charmed with your conversation, your wit, and fine spirits; but dread your attracting the notice, and incurring the resentments of persons of a very opposite description.

Gallus has been described, I think without sufficient authority, as the unsuccessful rival of Mark Anthony, with the beautiful Cytharis, who makes so conspicuous a figure, in a strong picture, or rather caricature, which Cicero draws of the shameless effrontery of Anthony in his second philippic; but on referring to the consular lists, and other authenticated dates, this little anecdote, which would prove that

that Gallus was a man of taste, wants the stamp of chronologic coincidence.

If however, the attachments of Gallus to his fair favourites, was in the same proportion ardent, as his sorrows were acute and inconsolable, he must have been, what women are said to relish, a most violent and romantic lover; of a number of elegies he wrote, only a few mutilated fragments are extant; those entire ones, by some attributed to him, are pronounced spurious, by a good judge, and considered by him as the fabrication of an artist of the middle ages.

COWPER, SPENCER, a barrister at law, of fair character, and honorable family, in the reign of King William, who in the full career of a profitable practice, was accused of murdering the daughter of a wealthy quaker at Hertford; a charge for which he was tried at the assizes of that place, eleven years after the revolution.

And it must be confessed that there were circumstances in the conduct and be-

haviour of Mr. Cowper, and other persons associated with him in the indictment, which tho' not sufficient absolutely to fix and bring home the crime upon them, certainly required explanation.

Repairing to Hertford, as was his custom, at the assizes, he had been prevailed on by pressing and repeated invitations, from the fair quaker, to dine, and pass a good part of the afternoon and evening at the house of her mother, a respectable widow, with whom she lived; he had been with her almost the whole of the time without a third person, was the last who had been seen in her company, and at a late hour of the night, they had both gone out of doors, while the servant was warming a bed, as she supposed, for Mr. Cowper.

The unhappy female, returned no more; and the first news her miserable mother heard, after a night of agitation, suspense, and anxiety, was, that the corpse of her daughter, had been found floating in a river not far from their dwelling.

It

It is not necessary to describe the acute sufferings of a parent, or the silent mortification of a fraternity, who if they have more than *one* fault, it is, that with considerable temptations to triumph, they somewhat over-value themselves, in excelling most men in purity of manners; the coroner after as fair and impartial an enquiry as he was able to make, pronounced it a case of lunacy, and the family followed their poor kins-woman to the grave, with the hopeless regret, such kinds of death generally produce.

But reports unfavourable to the chastity of the deceased were industriously circulated by folly or by malice; certain ignorant or prejudiced by-standers, asserted, that they saw a dark circular mark round her neck, as they drew the body from the water, and that the distension which generally takes place in drowned bodies, was not observed; from these and other circumstances, hastily taken up, they rashly concluded, that she had by no means destroyed herself, but that some unwarrant-

able methods, probably strangling, had been made use of, to shorten her life, before she was thrown into the river.

It was also proved, that a party of gentlemen, friends and acquaintance of Mr. Cowper, and some of them attendants on the judges of assize, had arrived at Hereford, the night the deceased was missing, that they were heard to make her the subject of their conversation, and to use the following remarkable expression, soon after their arrival; "Her courting days will soon be over; a friend of ours will quickly be even with her."

It ought further to be mentioned, that party politics had for many years run high at this place, that Mr. Cowper's father, and, I believe, his brother, were, at the period in question, sitting members for the town, after a warm and strongly contested election; for these and other reasons, it was supposed that many circumstances were exaggerated, and that the opportunity was thought favourable, and eagerly seized on by an exasperated minority,

urity, to cast an odium on the family and connections of a successful candidate: the quakers also were anxious to remove the stigma of suicide and amorous intrigue, from a member of their society.

Whatever were the motives of the different persons concerned, the public mind was highly agitated, and the populace inflamed; after much cavil and clamour, the body was disinterred, particularly, and accurately examined by professional men, who after a long and elaborate discussion, determined, that there were strong grounds for suspecting Mr. Cowper, and his associates, of being guilty of murder; they were immediately taken into custody, and arraigned at the ensuing assizes.

A man of unblemished reputation, liberally educated, and by his connections and profession, generally known and respected, thus at once accused of murder, attended with circumstances of peculiar foulness and aggravation, naturally excited general curiosity and attention, and produced a crowded court;

the relation here given, was brought forward with many minute additions, which however necessary in a court of justice, would occupy a space inconsistent with the limits of this collection.

To remove, not only from himself but his friends, the danger, as well as disgrace, attached to so shocking a charge, Mr. Cowper brought a number of physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, eminent in their day; Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Garth, and a namesake, but not relation, of the barrister's; a diligent and accurate dissector, who ought never to be named without praise; these, and many other gentlemen proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that the arguments adduced by the medical men, in support of the prosecution, amongst whom I recognize an ancestor of Baron Dimsdale, were unfounded and inconclusive; that the circumstance of the corpse having little or no water in the stomach, did not originate from its being dead, previous to falling in, but that it frequently occurred with suicides,

suicides, who plunge in, determined resolutely to die; that the case was very different with those drowned by accident, who in their efforts to emerge, and often to call for assistance, generally struggle for some time, and swallow a considerable quantity of water.

This and much more of scientific theory, abstruse reasoning, and anatomical explanation, in which judges, jurymen, and all unprofessional men, must be governed by the decisions of others, and which I have neither inclination nor ability to repeat, was long and fully urged on both sides, and concluded in favor of the opinion, that the young woman had thrown herself into the river.

In answer to what had been said, of a mark *round* her neck, it was denied by several respectable witnesses, that any such appeared; they agreed, that there was a discolored spot below the ear, and another near the collar bone, but neither of them circular, or such as a cord, drawn tight on the neck, would have left; they were accidental bruises, probably produced by

the body falling against piles, near which it was found, or settlements of blood, not unfrequent, on such melancholy occasions.

After a long and impartial examination of a variety of witnesses, Mr. Cowper was asked, what he had to say in his defence; struggling between the urgency of his case, and that laudable delicacy, which has been generally observed, in every thing that directly or collaterally relates to the intercourse between the sexes, he was compelled, reluctantly, to confess, that the unhappy young woman, on account of whose death he appeared, that day, at the bar of a court, in which he had so often pleaded, that she had long secretly nourished, and at length; by letters and by word of mouth, unequivocally declared a strong attachment to him, which, as a married man, and as the father of a family, he had dissuaded her from giving way to, by every means in his power.

The letters, in justice to himself, and the gentlemen, who by some strange concurrence of circumstances,

or

or some perverse misrepresentation, had been implicated with him in the charge, he would presently submit to the inspection of the court; but he wished first to give a plain, unvarnished tale of the whole of his conduct, with respect to the deceased.

Mr. Cowper then proceeded to observe, that when she saw no probability of her passion meeting with suitable returns, she became low-spirited, melancholy, negligent of her dress, and had been heard, in different places, and by various persons, to drop expressions of discontent and despair, purporting that her abode in this world, would be of short duration, of which, in due time, he would bring sufficient evidence.

“The very evening we spent together,” continued the barrister, “the last evening of her life, and the conversation, of which I little thought of ever repeating in public, was passed in soothing, and I trust, salutary advice, on my part, in tears and tender reproaches, on hers; and I throw myself on the mercy

of every person present, of either sex, to spare my entering into minute details on a subject, when I solemnly declare, that no alternative remained, but my quitting the house peremptorily and abruptly, with a female struggling to retain me, or my forgetting my duty as a husband and a father, and violating the sacred laws of hospitality; it is, I believe, scarcely necessary to explain my reason for not chusing to accept the proffered bed, in which, it was stipulated, that *I was not to sleep alone.*”

Mr. Cowper then appealed to the general tenor of his life and conversation; to which he called many, and respectable witnesses; he asked, if any reasonable motive could be adduced, for his atrociously murdering one, who had long been his client, the object of his most friendly regard, and of his pity; and who, without any encouragement from him, had yielded to a fatal infatuation, which deprived her of peace, mental-purity, and of life; one, who but for this fatal weakness, might have been a credit and comfort to her family?

he hoped that the situation in which he stood, would not only excuse, but justify his making public that, which otherwise should never have passed his lips; and having entered into a long, circumstantial, and satisfactory account of many particulars, which it is not necessary to introduce in this place; and after producing strong vouchers, in confirmation of all that he had said, he concluded with taking two letters out of his port-folio, two passionate letters, which the unhappy and culpable young woman had addressed to him, but directed, *by his desire*, to a feigned name, at a coffee-house in London.

These strongly corroborated the defence of Mr. Cowper, in every particular: in one of them she accuses him, in a mingled strain of fondness, chiding, and despair, of being cruel and hard-hearted; and describing in another, somewhat indelicately, the point she aimed at, clearly proved, that her views and wishes were by no means platonic.

As far as I am able to

comprehend the complaints and unexplained allusions in her letter, and the becoming reserve of Mr. Cowper, on the subject, the pressing invitation to her mother's house, was made for the purpose of passing the night in his arms; was the subject of dispute a good part of the evening, and occasioned his hurrying out while the servant was warming the bed.

Disappointed in what appeared to her through the medium of passion and imagination, supreme felicity, and ceasing to value life, unless she could possess with it the man she loved, in a moment of guilty rage, despair, and false reasoning, but I think not of madness, she rushed into eternity; with impulses, which if the soul is to exhibit to our great Judge, the tainted and corrupt impressions under which the body expires, must have made a parent shudder, and a christian sigh.

The letters, singular from having been written by an amorous female quaker, whose general deportment in other respects, had been for the most part prudent and

and correct, raised the curiosity of the court, and excited the attention of the judge, Mr. Baron Hatfield, who desired to look at them.

Having perused them as a literary novelty, and seeing a brother of the deceased, he demanded of him what he thought of the hand writing; "It is like my sister's," replied the honest sectary, struggling between his love of truth and fraternal affection; "But the sentiments avowed are so contradictory and inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and conversation, that I hesitate in believing them to be hers."

The same question being put to the mother, she re-answered in the savage asperity of a parent bereft of her darling daughter, under circumstances of guilt, suspicion, and dishonour; "Nothing shall persuade me that these *abominations* proceeded from the heart or the pen of Sarah; I believe not a word of all that hath been said:" but many of the intimate friends of the deceased, and several persons unbiassed by the

ties of nature, interest, or sectarian pride, were reluctantly compelled to confess, that the hand-writing resembled as nearly as possible, that of the unhappy young woman; and that to the best of their knowledge and belief, they considered her as the writer of the letters in question.

The persons indicted with Mr. Cowper, being called upon to explain their singular conversation (before alluded to) on the night of their arrival at Hertford, replied, that Mr. Marshall, a common friend of themselves and Mr. Cowper, had formerly paid his addresses to the deceased, that for a certain time she encouraged, but at length refused his offers; and that when they understood Mr. Cowper was at her house, their chat over their cups was wanton and unguarded concerning her; having often joked with Mr. Marshall on the subject; that the words produced against them, they remembered to have made use of, but they only meant perhaps, in an improper and indelicate sense, that the barrister would not, nor ought to be very scrupulous

lous in his treatment of a woman who had behaved like a jilt and a coquette to a former lover.

The mention of this circumstance occasioned Mr. Cowper to recollect, and to repeat a strange declaration the young woman once made to him, at the time Mr. Marshall courted her, the words were these; "I did not think you had been so dull, Mr. Cowper, as to imagine that I ever intended to marry Mr. Marshall; I only thought it might serve to divert the censure of the world, and favor my acquaintance with you."

The accused parties were honourably acquitted.

I know not if it be worthy of remark, that the mother of the author of *The Lyphora*, was a daughter of the subject of this article, and in her day, a spirited woman of considerable personal attractions, elegant in her manners, and of respectable literary acquirements.

A knight of the quill, once presuming to insult the memory of her father, on the subject of the very embarrass, which is here recorded, and calling his in-

vidious attack, "An epistle from Sarah the quaker, to Lothario;" it was answered in a lively and satisfactory way by Miss Cowper; she also wrote a very pretty copy of verses, in her brother's *Coke upon Littleton*; to this lady also, I believe was originally addressed the pleasant and once popular song of

"When first by fond Damon, Flavilla was seen."

Most readers of this little narrative will probably agree with me in opinion, that from the evidence, the letters, and other circumstance, produced, Mr. Cowper and his friends were clearly exonerated from all suspicion of murder; yet I think that the barrister acted a culpable part; from the moment the fatal, the guilty secret was revealed, by the lady's declaration, or rather, the instant that he perceived any thing like a marked preference, he should have gradually dropped all intimacy, and at last all intercourse; his passing the whole of an evening, without any third person, with a woman so infatuated, as to write the indecorous letters, before mentioned, and

and at a time when there is good reason for believing he was himself hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood; however it might afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his singular forbearance, was wrong, inexpedient, and subjecting human frailty to a temptation, which every day's experience proves, it is not calculated to withstand.

His keeping up an acquaintance with the frail quaker, after he knew her unpropitious propensity, and *another* circumstance which I will not explain, incline me to think, that there *had been* an improper connection; but from distaste, imprudence, or better motives on the part of Mr. Cowper, he had resolved to conclude it; and that although he would not or could not continue to meet her advances, exactly in the way she wished, yet, as a professional lawyer, and a man of the world, he thought there could be no great harm in occasionally visiting his *client*, and if he could happily prevail on her, to make a compromise with her feelings, and convert love into friendship,

it might, as she possessed considerable property, occasion a favourable remembrance of him or his family in her will.

This species of convenient coquetry, occasionally practised by both sexes, this seductive half-way complaisance, which says to a rich widow, or a wealthy bachelor, I will do *all but*, to please you, frequently occurs, but ought always to be censured; besides the unprincipled turpitude of the proceeding, it is arrogantly assuming a power, which mortals seldom possess, the power over the passions; it is saying to inflamed desire and guilty love, thus far shalt thou go and no farther; it is raising a whirlwind, without being certain that we can arrest its fury.

The compiler of this article, knows a female guilty of this indiscretion, who would be surprized to hear herself described as an unprincipled demirep, which in fact she is; with a lovely person and eyes, which it is not safe to look at, *nimum lubricos aspici*, she makes it the business of her life to excite and encourage

rage the gallantries and attentions of men of fortune; admitting, and submitting to pressures, toyings, familiarities, and significant looks, to which a husband alone is entitled.

Being once checked by a friend, for such indecorous, mercenary manœuvres, she made the following reply, whilst ready smiles could not wholly conceal the latent sparks of resentment: "I have no patience with such precise folks, who translate looks in their own way, and give a criminal meaning, to words and actions, the most innocent in the world."

"Excuse me, my dear ***** , I wholly acquit you of actual crime, but why tread on the confines of it? consult the world's good opinion a little; to being virtuous, add the charm of *securing* to be so." "A fiddle-stick's end for the world," replied the lady; "indeed I will not pay it such a compliment; I will not flatter the odious wretches with so much homage.

"The conduct you so unmercifully censure me for, is the fruit of pure gratitude and friendship, and I

should hate myself mortally, if I did not treat with marked attention, civility and kindness, Mr. ***** , Mr. *** and Mr. ***** , to whom myself, Mr. ——— and the children, are more obliged, than to any body in the world."

An answer, which attempted to convert criminal indecorum into indispensible duty, could not well be refuted in a room, where *all the parties concerned*, were busy at a rubber; and the censurer seeing, or fancying that he saw a tendency in the lady, to attack *his* reasoning by Circæan arguments; made a low bow, and passed on to another part of the room.

D'AIGUILLON, Duke of, a peer of France, under the regal government, and commandant of Brittany, during the seven years war with England; accused by his enemies of entertaining a strong antipathy against gunpowder.

It was while he administered that province, that an ill concerted, and worse executed descent, of a body of British forces, took place, in which, I believe, every

every man who landed, was killed, or taken prisoner; while the troops were engaged, the duke prudently posted himself in a mill, which stood on an eminence, within sight of the place of action, but at a respectable distance.

This expedition naturally became a topic of general observation in Brittany, and at the table of a certain gentleman, in the environs of Rennes, a young man, who was expecting advancement at court, took occasion to extol the conduct of the duke, of which the less that was said of it the better; this silly praiser of that which did not deserve it, concluded his panegyric with the following words; "On that day, the duke was covered with glory," "and with flour" added an unlucky rogue on the opposite side of the table.

The bon mot occasioned a hearty laugh, and was generally circulated, but unfortunately for the person who uttered it, Monsieur Chalotais, a gentleman of Rennes, it reached the ears of the duke; a man of keen resentments, which

he for the present suppressed, 'till he was able to destroy the object of his vengeance. To accomplish this purpose, he is accused of having employed the most treacherous and execrable means, which for the honor of the duke, and indeed of human nature, I wish it was in my power to contradict.

He wrote, or caused to be written, satirical verses, and scandalous lampoons against the king, which were industriously dispersed through the province, and a formal charge was brought against Chalotais, of being the author of them.

A commission, composed of corrupt creatures, who would say or do any thing, was appointed to examine into the business; they found the unhappy man guilty, and he was soon after executed.

The short, but melancholy narrative, which is the subject of our present article, after so long an interval, became the subject of an animated paper-war, between certain constitutional emigrés, and some of their countrymen, who

call

call themselves Fideles, since so many Gallic exiles have taken refuge amongst us.

A certain eminent foreigner, resident in London, is named by his opponent, as one of the detestable commission, and as the *only one*, who voted for the death of the innocent Chalotais; a man of amiable manners, irreproachable life, and universally respected in the country where he resided.

“All this you did and much more,” says the intrepid ex-constitutionalist, “in the mean hope of carrying favor with the duke, and in one respect, it answered your purpose; for you were soon after made *maitre des requetes*, then intendant of a province, and finally, comptroller-general of the finances; what followed, Europe and the world have seen.”

DARWIN, ERASMUS, a man of genius, a botanist, a pleasing poet, and a successful practitioner of physic, with a thousand recommendatory qualifications, on the score of scholarship, fertile ingenuity, and medical acumen, but

too often led astray into the terra incognita of extravagant theory, and wild hypothesis.

It is to be lamented, that in his *Zoonomia*, the work of a strong mind, and what is not always united with it, a highly creative fancy; that in a scientific volume, designed and calculated to transmit useful knowledge to future ages, he has interwoven and diffused doctrines and opinions, incompatible with human happiness, and moral expediency; not always connected with the subject he discusses, equally uncreditable to his taste and judgment, and some of which there is good reason for thinking he does not really believe himself.

This strange inconsistency, this scepticism which does *not* disbelieve, I can only attribute to the pride of human reason, that characteristic mark of modern philosophy, which would not be supposed to entertain notions and maxims, generally received by the vulgar and unenlightened: in one instance he has **been** clearly hurried into land of infidelity.

imagination, and because the sceptical deduction naturally followed from one of his favorite chimærical positions, which in the dazzling enthusiasm of novelty, and in the parental bliss of self-production, he had hastily advanced. To have retracted the point in question, however magnanimous and meritorious, would have been undermining one of the principal pillars of the doctor's visionary fabric, and would have deprived him of some of the happiest opportunities of mounting his mettlesome Pegasus, and indulging its most riotous and unbounded career.

Dr. Darwin has been called a poetical man of science ; and a respectable critic, has characterized his *Zoonomia*, " as a work of abundant conjecture, and little fact, in which the physician too often loses himself in whimsical reverie, and metaphysic subtilty ;" he also was censured, at the time he published his elaborate and highly finished botanic poem, for taking

no notice of the *Connubia*
of Monsieur de la

printed in 1732,

which it is more than probable, a man of his general reading and observation, must have seen or heard of.

A laugh has been raised, at the expence of our physician, by a satirical poet, who has parodied his manner of writing ; the following humorous sketch, of a boat shooting London bridge, is extracted from a periodic work of the wicked wit, and has been thought a happy imitation of the doctor's talent at elegant amplification, and of his manner of relating trivial incidents and common circumstances, in refined expression and poetical phrase.

" So, thy dark arches London bridge bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide ;
There oft' returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats ;
Where each spruce nymph, from city counters free,
Sips the froth'd syllabub or fragrant tea ;
While with slic'd ham, scrap'd beef, and burnt Champagne,
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;—

There

P

There oft' in well-trimm'd
 wherry glide along,
 Smart beaux, and giggling
 belles a glitt'ring throng;
 Smells the tarr'd rope,—
 with undulation fine
 Flaps the loofe fail, the
 filken awnings shine;
 "Shoot we the bridge,"
 the vent'rous boatmen
 cry?
 "Shoot we the bridge?"
 th' exulting fare reply.
 Down the steep fall the
 headlong cocknies go,
 Curls the white foam, the
 breakers roar below;
 With strong clos'd eyes,
 clench'd hands and quick
 drawn breath,
 As at the center arch they
 dart beneath;
 Full 'gainst the pier th' un-
 steady timbers knock,
 The thin planks starting
 own th' impetuous shock;
 The shifted oar, dropt fail,
 and steadied helm,
 With angry surge the clo-
 sing waters whelm.
 Laughs the glad Thames,
 and clasps each fair one's
 charms,
 That screams and struggles
 in his oozy arms.

The tremendous rafts,
 which at a certain time ag-
 itated the hopes and fears

of a certain part of the
 public, are thus decorated
 by the same unmerciful po-
 et, who laughs with equal
 ease, at a learned phyfician
 and the great republic; if
 the ironical bard has a fault,
 it is, that his parodies and
 imitations have too much
 excellence; they excel in
 genuine poetry, imagery,
 and allusion, the pieces they
 were designed to ridicule;
 materiam superabat opus.

"Eager to grasp the wreath
 of naval fame,
 The GREAT REPUBLIC,
 plans the floating frame;
 O'er the huge timbers sur-
 ly terror stalks,
 And counts with joy the
 strong compacted balks;
 Of young-ey'd massacres
 the cherub crew,
 Round their grim chief the
 mimic task pursue;
 Turn the stiff screw, apply
 the strength'ning clamp,
 Drive the long bolt, or fix
 the stubborn cramp;
 Lash the reluctant beam,
 the cable splice,
 Join the firm dove-tail,
 with adjustment nice;
 Through yawning fissures
 urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze,
 a sharper edge.

Or

Or group'd in fairy bands,
 with playful care,
 The unconscious bullet to
 the furnace bear;
 Or gaily tittering, tip the
 match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid
 the shell *aspire*;
 Applaud with tiny hands
 and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright de-
 struction as it flies.
 Ye soft airs breathe, ye
 gentle billows waft,
 And fraught with freedom
 bear th' expected raft;
 Perch'd on her back behold
 the patriot train,

Yeimps of murder guard
 her angel form,
 Check the rude surge, and
 chace the hov'ring storm;
 Shield from contusive
 shocks her timber limbs,
 And guide the SWEET EN-
 THUSIAST as she swims."

Though I know not with
 what propriety it is intro-
 duced, in an article assign-
 ed to Dr. Darwin, I cannot
 resist the temptation I feel,
 to grace my collection with
 the following masterly imi-
 tation of Horace's Ode,
 beginning, *Quis multa gra-*
cilis, composed, as I have

good reason for believing,
 by the same hand.

O D E

TO CITIZEN MERLIN,
One of the French Directory.

Who now from Naples,
 Rome, or Berlin,
 Creeps to thy blood-stain'd
 den, O Merlin
 With diplomatic gold? to
 whom
 Dost thou give audience
en costume?
 King Citizen! how sure
 each state,
 That bribes thy love shall
 feel thy hate;
 Shall see the democratic
 storm,
 Her commerce, arts, and
 laws deform.
 How credulous, to hope a
 bribe
 Could purchase peace from
 Merlin's tribe.
 Whom faithless as the
 waves or wind,
 Nor oaths restrain, nor trea-
 ties bind.
 For us, beneath yon sa-
 cred roof,
 The naval flags and arms
 of proof,
 By British valour nobly
 bought,
 Shew how *true* safety must
 be fought.

Though I have so widely wandered from my subject, I cannot conclude without declaring, that whether sinking under disease, or seeking for social converse, I know not a more able physician, or a pleasanter companion, than Dr. Darwin; in spite of the obstacles of an impeded utterance, and certain eccentric propensities, which the ladies would sometimes wish him to suppress.

DECIUS LABERIUS, a Roman knight, desired, or, as we should say, in the language of a modern theatre, commanded to act, in his old age, by Julius Cæsar.

This circumstance hath been mentioned by a modern writer, as a strong instance of unfeeling despotism; yet more is made of it than the transaction will bear.

Laberius, originally a player, had retired many years from the stage; his limbs were probably grown stiff with old age, and for want of practice, his skill considerably diminished; under such circumstances, to be called on, from a

quarter he durst not resist; to risk a reputation already established, was extremely unpleasant; yet, on such occasions, the public seldom forget their old favourites, and make large allowances for age, infirmity, and the absence of that dexterity, which can only be acquired, and retained by long habit and unremitting perseverance.

In a company, where the case of Laberius was the subject of conversation, it was asked, In what manner, the late excellent David Garrick, ten years after his retirement, would have noticed such a mandate from king George the third; "he would instantly have refused, a request, which no power on earth could have obliged an Englishman to comply with;" was the reply of one of the company.

The editor of this collection was of a different opinion; and when he recollects the good nature, and good sense, so happily blended in our English Roscius, he can almost see him shrugging up his shoulders, and with one of his inimitable ironical looks,

in which regret was almost suppressed by merriment, exclaiming; "I confess, I had rather be by my own fire side at Hampton, but if such is his majesty's pleasure, it is my duty to submit; I know the goodness of his heart, and that he will not forget *prendre moi telle que je suis.*"

DE DOMINIS, MARK ANTHONY, archbishop of Spalatro, in the Venetian territory of Dalmatia, during the pontificate of Camillo Borghesi, who governed the church, under the title of Paul the fifth.

With the professed purpose of reducing the great points of dissent between the Catholics and Protestants, to a narrow compass, and in the hope of producing by mutual concession, a cordial union; this Italian prelate, in the year 1616, travelled into England, where he was received with kindness and attention, by King James the first, who seems to have been pleased with the opportunity of displaying to a foreign dignitary, his polemic dexterity

as head of the English church.

A Catholic archbishop, thus visiting on a religious errand, a Protestant country, excited general attention; he was complimented by the universities, entertained at Lambeth by the archbishop, appointed dean of Windfor, with the valuable rectory of Illey, in Berkshire, annexed to it, and master of the hospital of the Savoy.

In order to pave the way for his reception, he had previous to his arrival, published an Italian book in duodecimo, dated 1618, but no place mentioned in the title page; this he called *Scogli del Cristiano Naufragio*; or *Rocks on which Christianity hath been Shipwrecked*; the rocks he mentions, are, mass, auricular confession, purgatory, which he denominates a foolish fancy, the worship of saints, plenary indulgence, and sprinkling of holy water; this last he calls a Pagan superstition; he scruples not to style the Pope, Antichrist, and a tyrannical usurper, and the majority of common Catholics,

lics, FORMAL IDOLATORS, WHO ADORE BREAD AS THE TRUE GOD; he also professes his entire disbelief of transubstantiation, but adds, that he considers this tenet of the church of Rome, as a mistake in philosophy, rather than an error in divinity; and concludes with observing, that in both churches, there was something laudable, something tolerable, and something intolerable.

The king and the established clergy were pleased, with what they considered as an unequivocal recantation of Popish errors; but the Puritans, and a large party of the more rigid Protestants, some of whom had been eye-witnesses of the religious persecutions and burnings, of the bloody-minded Mary, regarded De Dominis with antipathy and suspicion; being of opinion, that nothing good could come from Rome; they considered him as little better than a Catholic emissary, sent to sow dissention, and see the nakedness of the land; a wolf in sheep's cloathing, insidiously deputed from the whore of Babylon.

Diligent enquirers discovered other motives for his journey, and attributed his declarations against the Pope, to personal resentment, because the Pontiff had compelled him to pay a Suffragan bishop, five hundred crowns a year, out of his episcopal revenues; but whatever were the motives, by which the prelate was influenced, he diligently pursued the avowed object of his journey; and thinking it a necessary preliminary step, to simplify and arrange the objections and answers of each party; he published, during his stay in England, which was almost ten years, two volumes in folio, *De Republica Christiana*, a learned, well-written work; the arguments of which, against Popery, are pronounced by Heylin, unanswerable.

The archbishop complained, that when he had collected and printed the principal grounds of the Protestant secession, he was not permitted to publish the answers and objections of the Catholics; I cannot ascertain whether his statement, in this respect, was exactly correct, yet it is a mode of pro-

proceeding which has been too often practiced in religious controversies; in struggles for superiority, in the war of interests and fury of passion, we too often lose sight of candour and justice; power, like Jupiter, in his disputes with a countryman, who pretended to have an opinion of his own, *will shew its thunder-bolt.*

I have heard of a transaction concluded on principles somewhat similar, during the Arminian disputes in Holland; after a long, a bitter, but ineffectual war of words, public notice was given, that on a certain day, a minister of each of the contending parties should preach, one in the morning, and his opponent in the afternoon.

At the time appointed, the orthodox preacher mounted the pulpit, and preached *for three hours*, to a numerous congregation, friends and foes, of all persuasions: he treated his subject with so much skill, that in the opinion of the majority, his point was established beyond all possibility of contradiction; some of the most violent of his adver-

saries, who with all their virulence and zeal, had thought very little of the subject, in a cool, unprejudiced way, began to doubt if they were right; and many of the wavering multitude, declared themselves entirely of the same opinion with the preacher.

The teachers and leaders of the dissenters, retired silent and sullen, and return'd impatiently after a hasty dinner, to feast on the more delicious pleasure of confuting and confounding their triumphant enemies; an unexpected circumstance deprived them of this gratification; they found the church shut, and the civil magistrate, at the head of an armed force, guarding the doors; he informed them, that the discourse delivered in the morning, had produced general conviction, that the matter in dispute, was considered as satisfactorily and finally settled; that nothing further could be permitted on the subject, and that such as continued refractory and obstinate, would be punished as disturbers of the public peace; the disappointed and exasperated sectaries retired,

retired, groaning and vowing vengeance.

But, to return to the archbishop of Spalatro: reports had for some time been circulated, unfavourable to his candour and integrity; it was discovered that several messages had passed between him and the Pope, by means of the Spanish ambassador, and that under certain conditions, the fugitive had agreed to return into Italy.

The bishops of London and Durham and Dr. Young, dean of Winchester, waited on him, by the king's desire, for an explanation of his conduct; he acknowledged his intention of visiting Rome, lamented that he had undertaken a business, too weighty and too complicated for human wisdom; and added, in an emphatic way, *that preferment, to the amount of three thousand pounds a year, was reserved by the Pope, for his acceptance.*

With all his strong convictions of the fraudulent corruptions of the Vatican, he could not resist such a temptation; his appointments in England, not producing more than a fourth part of that sum; it

was in vain that the Protestant ecclesiastics expostulated with him, on his inconsistent conduct, and insisted, that the positions and declarations in his *Scoglio del Christiano Naufragio*, made it impossible for an honest man, or a sincere christian, to return to the Catholic faith; they hinted, in a gentle way, on the opportunity he was giving to his enemies, of calling him a worldly-minded *Renegado*.

De Dominis replied, "that misconstructions, which ignorance or malevolence, might apply to him, could not affect an honest and independent mind; that he meant well, but had failed in his intended purpose;" after several ineffectual meetings, he was ordered instantly to quit the kingdom, without obtaining an audience of the king, which he ardently and repeatedly requested.

On account of this singular business, was published, in small quarto, (London, 1624) under the following title, "The Religious Shiftings of Mark Anthony de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, a man
for

for many masters." The mercenary question of Iscariot was chosen for a motto: *Et ait illis, quid vultis mihi dare?* Matth, xxvi. 15.

Before he received this temperate correction from his Protestant friends, whom he had certainly ill used, he was severely attacked by the Catholics, in a little book, published at Antwerp in 1617, under the title of "The Pythagorean Transmigration of Mark Anthony de Dominis, late archbishop of Spalatro, into a Wolf in a Sheep's Skin;" this production of Paul Boudot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and canon of Cambray, is a curious specimen of literary scurrility, written in classical Latin.

I have not time, nor indeed have I the inclination to enter minutely into this severe, but inexcusable personal attack; I remember being for some time at a loss to conceive, how the writer could make out any resemblance between De Dominis, a hoary-headed churchman, and Susannah, a beautiful woman, assaulted by libidinous elders; yet to her he compares the

archbishop of Spalatro; on reading a little further, I found that Luther and Calvin were the infuriate debauchees, who had corrupted the faith, and violated the chastity of the prelate.

Though it is impossible to exculpate the De Dominis from considerable blame, I am not altogether of their opinion, who consider his voyage to England, and the motives which led to it, as insidious and illusory; I cannot but think that he was very desirous of purifying the church, in which he was bred, from its fraudulent superstitions; but he could not forget that in that church, with all its faults, he enjoyed the emoluments, honours, and prospects of an archbishop.

To descend from a throne to a deanry; from sitting with princes, to become at once the humble director of virgers, chanters, and vicars choral, was one of those sacrifices of feeling and interest, which, how much so ever it may be our duty, human nature is not always prepared to make; he expected, as is the case with many

many of us, to be rewarded for doing right. I cannot but think that he hoped to be made, at least, a Protestant bishop; but finding that nothing further was designed for him, he endeavoured to make his peace with that establishment, which had already raised him to eminence, and further promised to add *three thousand pounds a year to his income*.

Sometimes I have fancied that the experiment was worth trying, on the part of the king of England; a Catholic archbishop confessing his errors, and besides possessing considerable learning and acuteness, being master of the Italian language, and acquainted with the arts and mysteries of Popery, might have diffused Protestant truths among the mass of Italians, who at all periods have crowded to the British metropolis; by their means, and by their occasionally returning to their native country, the wholesome seeds of true religion, undebased by mockery and corruption, might have been diffused in quarters they otherwise never could have reached; I think De Do-

minis would have been useful, on the same principle, that an old smuggler generally makes an active custom house officer.

But mark the prelate's fate, ye reformers and meliorators of the world! after quitting an honorable and secure asylum in England, he reached Rome, but instead of preferment to the amount of *three thousand pounds a year*, he was cast into prison, where he ended his days.

A third volume of his "Republica Christiana," was published after he quitted England, at a foreign press; and since preparing this article for my printer, I have met with an Italian sermon, preached by the archbishop of Spalatro, on the first Sunday of Advent, and printed at London in 1617.

This discourse on these words; "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light," is a good practical discourse, but perpetually clouded with Latin quotations from the Vulgate.

The

The subject of this article was also thought eminent in his day, as a mathematician; his work "De Radiis Lucis et de visu;" when we recollect that it was written two hundred years ago, is a great effort; it is mentioned and praised by Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz and De Cartes.

DE LA METTRIE, a French physician, and a sceptic, the subject of an article in a former volume.

A late ingenious writer, having occasion to speak of this author's works, calls them *severe, ingenious, and learned*; and after other remarks, concludes with observing, that De la Mettrie's books are the works of a fool, whose laughter is poisonous: How could a fool have produced a book, which deserved the epithets he has bestowed on it, and which I have printed in Italics?

DESPOTISM and LICENTIOUS, nearly allied. It was the saying of a consul, under Nerva, that it was a great misfortune to live under an emperor, who would suffer

no body to do any thing; but that it was a still greater, to be in a country, where every body might do every thing they pleased.

DIOSCORIDES, a physician of Anaxabarda, or Cæsarea, in Cilicia, and a cotemporary of Nero.

He is said to have destroyed his constitution, by medical experiments *on himself*; a fate which Stork of Vienna, who was so much mistaken on the subject of hemlock, and the modern chymist Lewis, also experienced; but Hewson and Falconer, who shortened their lives by anatomical dissections *of others*, with a long list of martyrs to experiments, are seldom considered with that sympathy and regret, which he who sacrifices his life for the public good might seem to deserve; the prejudices, or the violated feeling of mankind, have at all ages induced them to persecute the dissector, and a good operating surgeon, however important the services he may render, is seldom an object of love.

The following trifle occasioned by a medical fracas

cas which a few years since engaged the public attention, is tolerably expressive of the wishes of the public, towards professional men.

Two medical men had a strange disagreement,
Which of friendship and unity burst ev'ry cement;
The wounds of his honor, each endeavour'd to heal,
And this prescrib'd parchment, and that was for steel;

A wag who stood by, cry'd out in high glee;

"I had rather you'd kill one another than me:"

In King's Bench or Hyde Park, cool your courage, brave men,

I fear less from your swords, than a dash of your pen;

Your thrusts one *may* parry, your law Buller quashes;

But your pens are death-warrants, and ashes to ashes.

DIPLOMATIC MISTAKE.

In the year 1645, a messenger sent by the States-General of the United Provinces, to their ambassador at Paris, being a stranger,

was conducted by mistake, or ill-design, to the hotel of the Imperial Envoy, to whom he delivered his dispatches, and entered on some important particulars of the business of his mission, before he discovered his error; his papers were then re-delivered, and he was directed to the proper place.

Here he was not more fortunate; having occasion to open his travelling bag, which hung on his arm, in search of particular papers, with which it seemed overladen, it suddenly burst, and several canvas purses, full of gold, falling on the floor, poured forth their contents, to the surprize of many persons present, and the confusion of the ambassador, who was suspected at the time to be engaged in some very corrupt practices.

This circumstance, probably suggested an accident related by Pope, in one of his epistles, which in the rancour of his inveteracy against the Protestants and Whigs, he attributes to King William and his ministers.

DIVORCES.

DIVORCES. "Our women of quality," says Seneca, "instead of reckoning by the consular years, say, such a circumstance happened during my abode with my first husband; another, while I lived with my third; and another, to my fifth husband."

D'ORNANO, ALPHONSO, a Hugonot of considerable repute, in the reign of Henry the fourth, king of France, by whom he was prevailed on to quit the Protestant religion, and rewarded with a marshall's staff.

By seducing so eminent a sectary, the monarch, whose faults sprung from his virtues, hoped to countenance his own apostacy, (an indecorous step) to which he reluctantly consented, from genuine patriotism, and a consciousness, that it was the only means of healing the wounds of his country, and restoring public tranquillity; there is abundant proof, that Henry's professing the Catholic faith, did not arise from any rational convic-

tion of the truth of its tenets, or the divine origin of its traditions.

"Which of the two religions do you think the best?" said the King, in a confidential moment, to the marshall.

"The Protestant, undoubtedly" replied the old soldier, "in which I have the honor to conicide with your majesty's opinion."

"How is that D'Ornano?" said the prince, with a flushed cheek, and somewhat raising his voice, "after what has so lately passed, can you be serious in asserting, that I think the religious faith of the Hugonots, the best?" "Certainly my liege, or you would never have bribed me so handsomely to quit it."

Corrected, but perplexed by this short, but unanswerable logic, the king paused for a few moments, and turned the conversation to another subject.

DRURY, ROBERT, an English sailor, who was shipwrecked on the island of Madagascar, in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, and published

lished at his return, an account of his adventures and sufferings.

Drury's book is on the plan of Robinson Crusoe, and like that celebrated work, founded on a well-authenticated fact, but enormously and beyond all reason and probability, wire drawn, embellished, and diffuse; but not executed, like the disastrous voyage of Crusoe, by the hand of a skilful workman.

To relieve the distresses of an unfortunate man, and produce a *good-size* creditable octavo, which would put a little money into the booksellers pocket, appears to have been the paramount idea, and has in effect spoiled that which concisely told, and in a moderate compass, would have made an interesting narrative.

This short article is assigned to Drury to impress an admonition often repeated in these volumes; he who professes to lay before the public an account of his travels, his voyages, or his mishaps, and swells his pages with matter foreign to his subject, or historical details only collaterally or

remotely connected with it, departs from that implied agreement which every writer is supposed to make with his readers, and is guilty of a palpable and disingenuous fraud; a charge which hath been brought against several eminent moderns, some in quartos and some in octavos.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

It hath been remarked, and hath given rise to various speculations, that a phænomenon of this kind, is recorded in the Chinese annals, as having taken place, at a period in their history, which answers to the thirty-second year of Jesus Christ.

In fact, no such eclipse, according to any calculation extant, ever took place, nor is any such mentioned in European records: yet the circumstance so nearly approaching the death of our Gracious Redeemer, when darkness overshadowed the holy land, naturally affects the mind of every Christian reader, though the absence of light, during the crucifixion, is supposed by a learned writer, not to have extended beyond

yond the Roman province of Judæa.

ELIZABETH, queen of England, a woman of gallantry and good sense; who endeavoured, and for the most part succeeded in her endeavours, to prevent her passions as a woman, interfering with her duties as a sovereign,

Most readers know, that Elizabeth afforded effectual aid to the United Provinces, when they separated themselves from the dominion of Spain; it was on some occasion of gratitude or request, that the learned Baudius, the friend and correspondent of Sir Philip Sidney, was sent on an embassy to England; his speech on being admitted to an audience, is extant, and is an elaborate piece of fulsome flattery, which I will not recite; her majesty's reply was short, but worth preserving, being unpremeditated, and delivered in correct Latin.

“ I am convinced, sir, as well by my own defects, as by the immoderate praise you have bestowed on me, that you are not acquainted with my real character; yet

I cannot but feel flattered, by a mistake which originates from respect and friendship; under such prejudices, the senses and judgment are often led astray.

“ In the mean time, I hope to prove not wholly unworthy of the favorable opinion you entertain of me; and if I cannot reach that perfection which you so eloquently describe, it may stimulate me to make myself better than I am; and I will endeavour, by every means in my power, to retain the esteem of yourself, and those who sent you.”

Baudius, a casuist, as well as a politician, knew his trade, and succeeded in the object of his mission; Elizabeth, who notwithstanding all her protestations, loved praise better than most women, convinced the envoy that she had not ceased to deserve it.

A diplomatic message delivered to the same queen, and almost at the same period, took a different turn: Sigismund, king of Poland, had made several attempts, under cover of a neutral flag, to furnish supplies to his

his relation, Philip the second, during his efforts to recover the revolted provinces in the Netherlands; but the English cruizers, and the active sagacity of English counsels, had intercepted every vessel

Irritated and disappointed, he ordered Paul de Jaline to expostulate with her majesty on the subject, which the ambassador is said to have done in warm and unbecoming terms: Elizabeth, suddenly raising her right arm, and with her finger pointed at the Pole, stopped him in the midst of his harangue, with the following words:

“ How much have I been deceived; I expected friendship, and meet with reproach; I thought from your credentials, you were an ambassador, but your attitude and menaces, are those of a herald in a field of battle; I never was addressed in such language; indeed I do not believe that your master would have treated me with such insolence.

“ If, however, (which I can scarcely suppose) he gave you such instructions, I impute them to youth

and inexperience, and his being raised to the royal dignity, not by hereditary descent, and a preparatory education, but by a tumultuous and venal election; otherwise he must have known, how a sovereign prince expects to be treated.

“ As to yourself, you seem to have acquired a considerable share of book learning, but I fear to little purpose, if you do not apply it to your conduct in life; it might have taught you, that sovereigns, more particularly at public audiences, ought to be treated with decency and respect.

“ You have spoken at large on the law of nature and of nations, but suffer a woman to tell you, sir, that when two princes are at war, each of them hath a right to intercept all supplies, from whatever quarter, sent to his enemy; this is universally acknowledged to be the law of nations; and as to the house of Austria, of which you speak with such lofty emphasis; is it possible that you can so soon have forgotten, that a branch of that family, attempted

attempted to deprive your master of his throne?

“With respect to the other affairs you mention, they will require mature consideration, and you may expect an answer from my minister; in the mean time farewell, and be quiet.”

ERRATUM in a gazette of the year 1735.

The convocation, at the period of which I speak, presented an address to the king, in which, after the usual forms and compliments, generally expected in such compositions, they deplored the licentiousness which prevailed *among us*.

These words being specifically applied, by the wicked wits of the day, to the learned body who spoke them, they entirely agreed in opinion with the addressers, lamented the degeneracy of the church, and trusted, as they saw and confessed their sins, that repentance and amendment would immediately follow so candid an acknowledgement.

The ecclesiastics felt hurt at the sarcasm, which their own verbal arrangement had produced; and in the

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warmth of injudicious zeal, introduced an advertisement or declaration, by way of erratum in the next gazette, printed some time in March, 1735, in which they announced to the public, that the paragraph containing the two words I have printed in Italics, should be read without them.

It was also thought proper to print a new edition of the address, in which the two exceptionable words were omitted; like other addresses, it would probably have passed unnoticed and unread, but for this ill-advised mode of attracting public attention, which produced a hearty laugh at the time.

ESSAY ON MAN; it hath often been observed, that Mr. Pope's familiar intercourse, and intimate habits with Lord Bolingbroke, had frequently occasioned the poet to introduce into this pleasing composition, several tenets and principles, of whose mischievous tendency, he was not at the moment aware.

Much of this may be imputed to accident, and to the

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the

the impossibility of reconciling logical precision, and the technical accuracy required in metaphysic disquisitions, with poetical amplification, allegory, allusion and rhyme.

But a learned critic has not hesitated to declare, that it was a cool premeditated plan of the free thinker, to prevail on his friend to graft some of his unwarrantable doctrines on a composition, which will be read with pleasure by posterity, when his lordship's elaborate works, as well as his name, will be buried in oblivion.

The Essay on Man was attacked by two ingenious foreigners; one of them Monsieur de Croufaz, was satisfactorily answered by Dr. Warburton, and procured for him the friendship of Pope, a wealthy but unmanageable wife, and eventually the bishopric of Gloucester.

The other opponent, was the younger Racine, in a masterly, and what is uncommon in a Frenchman, a closely argumentative poem, entitled Religion, in six cantos; written for the express purpose of proving

the existence of a God, from his attributes, the works of nature, and the insufficiency of human reason.

The ingenious poet also takes an opportunity of supporting the truth of the Christian dispensation, by the logic of probabilities; from the acknowledged proneness of man to evil, from the miracles recorded in the gospel, the accomplishment of prophecies, and the cotemporary evidence of its enemies; he observes that the holy scriptures surely have as fair, and as strong a claim to our belief, as a Suetonius, a Tacitus, or a Livy; the existence of whom, and the general truth of their facts, none pretend to deny; that with respect to the mysteries and difficulties which Infidels produce, much greater perpetually present themselves to the naturalist and philosopher, in examining the animal and vegetable world; is it in the power of the Deist to explain the phænomena of digestion, generation, and the growth of plants? yet it is impossible for him to deny that they exist; in a word,

word, Christianity enjoins no duties but those which evidently tend to improve us as social creatures, and to augment the mass of general happiness in this world, even if there were no state of existence beyond the grave.

My dwelling on a work, which, though I dislike French poetry in general, made a strong impression on my mind, from the circumstance of having read it early in life, with a friend, to whom alas I can read no more; must excuse me to my reader for dwelling so long upon it.

I have said, that in this excellent production of the younger Racine's, he animadverted on the *Essay on Man*; this brought on a correspondence between the two authors, which I produce as an example for the imitation of certain modern disputants.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Racine.

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

Sir,

I am favoured with your poem on Religion, and should have perused it with greater pleasure, if

you had not imputed to me several opinions which I detest.

My uneasiness it is true, met with some little alleviation, when I found you candidly confessing your want of a sufficient knowledge of the English language; you add, that it is the evil consequences which certain sagacious reasoners have deduced from them, rather than the tenets and maxims themselves that you wish to oppose; this is a proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity.

Be assured, sir, that my writings have suffered as much in foreign countries, from the imperfect conceptions of translators, as from that ignorance of the English language which you so ingenuously confess; the gross mistakes of my adversaries you will find ably and fully confuted in an English work, which accompanies this letter; it is written by the learned author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*; and I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay, from his zeal for truth, will take the trouble to explain the contents

contents of it, when I persuade myself your suspicions will be effaced.

In the mean time, I rely on your candour and justice, to give me credit, when I solemnly declare, that both in sentiment and principle, I am diametrically opposite to Spinoza and Leibnitz, though such pains have been taken to make me their disciple.

I am, sir, your obliged,
humble servant,

A. POPE.

The Chevalier Ramsay, mentioned in this letter, has been produced as an instance of a candid sceptic; he was for several years tutor to an unhappy descendant of King James the second, generally called the young chevalier; and seeing so much fallacy and nonsense in that superstition, by which he was surrounded, drew from it very unwisely, deductions unfavorable to the truth of divine revelation.

With equal propriety he might have denied, that any real advantages had ever been produced by the medical art, because it was assumed by mountebanks,

and misapplied by mercenary empirics; but the chevalier had judgment as well as honesty; and after much time, reflection, a diligent perusal of the scriptures, and an interesting conversation with the archbishop of Cambray, the substance of which is preserved, he publicly recanted his opinions; he afterwards lived in the practice of Christian virtues, and died under the influence of Christian consolation.

Mr. Racine answered our English poet in the following manner;

Sir,

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself, is a convincing proof of the sincerity of your declarations.

My attack on your character as a writer, was rash, and cannot be defended; and the very generous manner in which you pardon me, without mingling reproach, demands my warmest thanks.

Having often heard positions quoted as yours, which I thought dangerous, I was hurried by ill-judging, but not ill-delighting zeal,

to

to oppose them; at the same time I lamented, that so excellent a poet, and apparently so good a man as Mr. Pope, should furnish arms to the enemies of revelation and human happiness; and in an admirable poem, which professes to instruct mankind on points of the highest importance, here and hereafter.

I blush at the suspicions I entertained, but think it necessary, thus publicly to declare, that I was mistaken; your own declaration, sir, is sufficient, and renders a perusal of the commentary you recommend, unnecessary; let it therefore be remembered, for the edification of future generations, that one of the greatest poets in England, is one of the humblest sons of the Catholic church.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant.

EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS, in the countenances of dramatic heroes, and heroines.

Has it been remarked that in the violence of their efforts to represent excessive sorrow, bitter anguish,

and violent rage, some of our best performers frequently lapse into broad caricature, and the grin of licentious distortion.

I must not mention names, yet I could point out actors of renown, who, in some of the most interesting scenes of our best tragedies, have actually excited laughter and contempt.

Perhaps it may be asked, is a man of feeling and rapid perception, to balance his limbs, discipline his features, and adjust his looks before a glass, previous to his appearing on a stage? is he to regulate by a thermometer, the warmth of his feelings, and consult a posture master, on the gracefulness of his attitudes and gesture?

I answer, yes, if his own taste and conception are not sufficiently correct. In acting, as in painting, the effect produced on the retina of the spectator, is every thing; effect is the grand business of a player's life, to which all rules, all favorite theories must be subservient; the tongue, the eyes, the lips, the muscles of the face, are the principal organs, by which the passions

passions of the heart are demonstrated and conveyed; they are tools designed to make certain impressions on the minds of others; but if they produce sensations, and excite ideas not only different, but exactly opposite to those meant to be conveyed by the dramatic artist; *if they do nothing by doing too much*, they act as false interpreters, translate their lesson wrong, and should be sent to school again.

This subject leads to another glaring violation of propriety and correctness, frequently exhibited on the stage; the filling young characters, to whom lovers are pouring forth the most passionate expressions, and calling them angels and divinities, for five long acts; I say, the preposterous absurdity of filling such parts with aged, infirm, and wrinkled old women; or with others, who, however qualified as to age, possess no one requisite attraction, either personal, mental, or moral, to render them objects of love, esteem, or desire, to a man of common sense, eye-sight, taste, or discernment.

I will make some allowance for the vagaries of whim, and the extravaganzas of capricious appetite; but it is not consistent with nature or experience, to hear a man bursting out into strains of the most rapturous love, whenever every spectator present sees and knows that the goddess of the hero's idolatry, is old enough to be his grandmother; it is equally shocking to good taste, to see a virago, well calculated for an oyster basket, or assisting at a butt of porter, assuming the attitudes of Venus de Medicis, and caricaturing the loves and graces.

This evil is frequently aggravated, by the performers in question, being frequently excellent, in other walks, or by their being stage veterans, who once knew better days, and for whom the majority of the audience feel the strongest sympathy, and entertain the highest respect.

It is either base avarice, or cruel kindness in a manager, to suffer or entice age and decrepitude, thus to expose themselves, and sport with the feelings of the public.

Were

Were a subscription opened in such cafes, there is no doubt but it would be generously encouraged; but to pay six shillings to sit three hours, at a spectacle, at once ridiculous and distressing, is what I will never *again* submit to.

FACTION OF THE BELLY, a party at Paris lately so called, and said to be favorable to the views of the Directory.

“This” says a sarcastic writer, “begins to look like a regular government, for the faction of the belly, in some other countries, has generally been considered, as well with *all* administrations.”

FEMALE GAMBLERS, a hint to.

A well known character in Bond-street and Rotten-row, was lately addressed in the following words, by an old acquaintance; who having for some time been engaged in literary pursuits, had not seen his *college chum* for a long time.

“Ah, Jack, how d’ye, you are a great stranger, I never meet you at our old dining place in *****

street; the port is as good, and the whist parties are as snug as ever; but they tell me Jack, you are a lucky dog with the women; that you are well with some of our first rate damsels; women too, generally thought of character and consideration.

“How is it that you are so much more fortunate than usual, for you know, you could never get more than the refuse of the market at Cambridge and Stur-bitch; I have often heard the girls tell you, you were an antidote to love, that you were as ugly as sin, and that the ghastliness of your countenance, excited only horror and disgust, and frightened away every amorous propensity.”

“It is all very true,” replied JACK, in a moment of confidential insolence, and when he had swallowed more wine than a prudent player, or a woman’s man ought to drink, “it is all very true, and, if to be a woman’s favorite, required, as formerly was the case, dangling, compliments, attention, oaths, flattery, gallantry, vows and protestations, *they might have the wo-*
men

men who would, FOR ME; but I find two nights at the faro table compleatly dishes every woman that is worth serving up."

FOSTER, JAMES, an eminent dissenting minister, and a native of Exeter, but descended from a family, which had for several generations been clergymen of the church of England, at Kettering, in Northamptonshire.

Exhibiting early in life strong literary tendencies, and aptness of acquirement, and uniting with them extraordinary diligence and soundness of judgment; at the age of twenty, he was considered as qualified to direct the devotions of two small congregations, (Coleford and Wokey) near Wells in Somersetshire.

In this obscure and unproductive situation, he supported himself several years with cheerfulness and content, on an income which never exceeded sixteen pounds; yet it was here that he composed and preached his sermon on the Resurrection of Christ; a discourse dear in the memory of many sincere Christians, and

which afterwards excited considerable attention and hostility.

In addition to the embarrassment of a scanty salary, he had to struggle with a divided flock, many of his hearers being dissatisfied with the liberality of his principles, and the unbounded philanthropy of his heart; they were displeased, because he would not deal damnation round the land on all, whom *they*, the wretchedest and most ignorant of bigots, thought departing from sound doctrine; while their teacher was naturally disgusted, at the inconsistency of a dissenter's grafting the intolerance of Popery on a Protestant stock.

From these insignificant, but exasperated sectaries, he was compelled to retire, though not well knowing whither to go, as his *good-natured* friends had taken great pains to prepossess all quarters against him: Elders, who had bellowed themselves hoarse against the test-act, and women, who would have sunk into hysterics, at a single word in favor of the thirty-nine articles, thus drove their
amiable

amiable and highly endowed pastor, out of *their* temple, because he would not pronounce the inhuman shibboleth of Calvinism.

Under these difficulties, and to secure some honest means of subsistence, Mr. Foster began seriously to think of apprenticing himself to a handicraft business; and in the pressure of want, or a noble contempt of indolence, actually made overtures on the subject, to a glover of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, at which place he performed, for a short time, the duties of a convalescent absentee.

The worthy tradesman, whose name ought not to be forgotten, Matthew Norman, convinced of his superior abilities, and the great probability of his future usefulness, strongly persuaded him against a step, which would have deprived the Gospel of one of its shining lights; to add weight to his advice, Norman generously relieved his immediate wants, and was instrumental in procuring for him, a respectable patron in the west, with whom he resided several years; and when an advantageous

opportunity offered, his removal afterwards to London, was promoted by the same friend.

By the recommendation of this gentleman, a Mr. Houlton, he was permitted soon after his arrival, to preach to a large congregation in the city, when an accidental circumstance procured him another valuable acquaintance; and, as it happened somewhat remarkably, the first time he entered a pulpit in the metropolis.

The learned and benevolent Dr. Mead, on his return to the west end of the town, fatigued by what he used to call sedentary drudgery; on visiting the last patient he had to see in the city, dismissed his carriage and servants, designing to vary his exercise by walking home, but was overtaken by a violent shower, not far from the place of worship, where the subject of our present article was officiating.

Entering for shelter, the doctor's attention was quietly attracted by Foster's mode of delivery, at once graceful and impressive; he was affected by the doc-

trines he preached, and convinced by the arguments he used; the seeds of devotion, originally sown by a religious education, but almost choaked by the pleasures and business of the world, were powerfully acted upon, and produced repentant edification.

Though entirely a stranger to the person, name, and character of the preacher, our worthy physician addressed him, as he descended from the pulpit, warmly thanked him for the pleasure and instruction he had received, and gave him his card; with a general invitation; an intimacy soon followed, favourable to the fame and interest of our young divine; and Dr. Mead was frequently heard to declare, that he considered it as one of the fortunate events of his life.

Mr. Foster soon succeeded to a London audience, more liberal, in every sense of the word, than his rural persecutors, and shortly after signalized himself, by defending Christianity, with temper, argument, and success, against the attacks of Tindall, who added to the character of a free-

thinker, gross sensuality and profaneness: "Mr. Foster is the only one of all my opponents," said the sceptic, "whom I dread as a reasoner, but respect and love as a man." In this business, the advocate for revelation, was thought to have rendered such important services to the cause he defended, that the university of Aberdeen, unsolicited, and to use their own words, to do honour to themselves, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

In the year 1746, he attended as a religious confederer on Lord Kilmarnock, and accompanied that nobleman when he was beheaded, for joining the rebels in Scotland; but the scene, and the circumstances, the prodigious multitude assembled, the scaffold, the ax and the blood, made an injurious impression on his mind, naturally tender and sympathetic; an abatement of his usual cheerfulness was remarked, and he never recovered it: However desirable his services as a divine might be, his friends should not have suffered a man of his temperament

perament and disposition, to be an eye-witness of the melancholy transaction.

Dr. Foster was afterwards engaged in a controversy with Dr. Stebbing, concerning heresy; one of the points in dispute, "whether an error of the judgment is or is not criminal," if I remember right, was not satisfactorily settled by either. At the time of perusing their books, I thought it not very important, but when we see to what lengths men will proceed, under the influence of mistaken opinions, it is perhaps of more consequence than I conceived; the evil is, that we want a judge to decide such questions, unbiassed by interest, passion, or prejudice; and where, on this side the grave, is so unerring a tribunal to be found?

As far as I can depend on my memory; for it is twenty years since I read the controversy; though a great admirer of Foster, I thought Stebbing had the best end of the polemic staff. Yet an ingenious friend tells me, that if I would give the dispute a second reading, *he is sure*

I should be of a different opinion, *now*; nor will he rest satisfied with my reply; "That these are not exactly the times for perusing controversial divinity, when the din of arms of another kind, is resounding on every side."

"SIN IS THE ONLY OR THE WORST HERESY," I will not swear to a word; was at that time a favourite and popular axiom, attributed to Foster; I do not wish *wholly* to contradict it; yet surely it was better calculated for a latitudinarian in natural, than a believer in revealed religion.

If doctrinal faith is once determined to be a matter of indifference, the flood-gates of Deism and superstition, of mysticism, nonsense, and ranting, will alike be thrown open, to overwhelm, debase, vilify, misrepresent, or ridicule the Gospel; the fairest motives to human action, the stimuli to, and the rewards of salutary contrition, will cease; and in that case, Christ will have died, and we shall have believed in vain.

He who wishes to see two modes of conducting

a paper-war exactly opposite, may contrast the mild conciliating Christian spirit of Foster, with the mastiff zeal, dogmatic presumption, and learned arrogance of Warburton, with whom it had been the fate of Stebbing, as well as Foster, to enter the lists.

After *having* been *dribbled* by the bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Stebbing was accused of having caught a little of his harsh language, and acrimonious virulence: "A man who has been so long and so unmercifully pelted," said Dr. Stebbing, "cannot be blamed, if he occasionally tosses back, a little of his adversary's dirt." I do not recollect that Stebbing erred materially, in this respect; but the moderation of Dr. Foster was conspicuous; he fought after, and generally found the *mollia verba*, as well as the *mollia tempora fundi*.

Pope, in a dejected moment, complained to Dr. Arbuthnot, how much he was abused, but vowed vengeance against the offenders, in a satirical epistle, he was preparing for the ensuing winter: "Let

them alone." said the physician, "and they and their works will be forgotten in three months;" an old aunt of mine used to tell a story, which is, I think; a case in point.

A gentleman walking the streets, was undesignedly dirted by persons of a certain description, who were carrying the soil from a neighbouring house; being extremely passionate, he violently abused them, which they bore with silent patience; but their forbearance only served, still further to irritate the beau, and he attempted with his cane to throw some of the contents of their load on the men; "Ah, master, if you are for that sport, we'll suit you in a trice, THAT IS OUR TRADE:" with these words they returned his unfavoury salute, thick and three-fold; nor could they be persuaded to desist, 'till they had covered him with filth from head to foot.

Pope saw not, or would not see the drift of the story, at least he never practically applied it; he persisted in pelting, and was pelted the greater part of his life.

The

The popularity of Dr. Foster, though a dissenter, has, I believe, never been equalled; his evening lectures, in the Old Jewry, which he read for twenty years, were attended by large congregations, of all persuasions, and by many persons of rank and consideration; placed in such a situation, most men would have thought themselves justified, in securing an independent competency, but his charity was unbounded, secret, and unostentatious; and it was accidentally discovered, only a few years before his death, that he had reserved no pecuniary supply whatever, for sickness or old age: poor ministers, the distressed, the widow, and the fatherless, were his only treasurers.

A slight hint on the subject was sufficient for that part of the public who doated on him; a subscription, the neat produce of which, was two thousand guineas, on the publication of his two quarto volumes of sermons, on natural religion and social virtue, placed him above the uncertainties of want.

Most readers recollect the honorable manner, in which Mr. Pope has handed down his name to posterity; of this memorable stanza, I should speak with more complacency, if the millstone of personal malice, against an eminent ecclesiastic, had not been tagged to the neck of the compliment to Foster. It is to be lamented, that a poet with such powers, should have acted so frequently, under such illiberal propensities; religious prejudices, and party resentments, rendered him blind to the good qualities of a prelate, who was correct in private life, charitable, accessible, and exemplary in the discharge of his duties.

Dr. Rundle, the amiable bishop of Derry, (who had a heart) was also the friend of Foster; and at a time, when the Dissenter's pecuniary difficulties were urgent, made him repeated offers of ecclesiastic preferment in Ireland; but no temporal considerations could induce him to relinquish the religious opinions he professed and believed;

lieved; yet he was remarkably candid, and open to conviction.

Though bred a Presbyterian, he thought it his duty to read and to hear what had been said and written on baptism, the subject of a strong controversy at that period; and such was his fairness and integrity, that after a serious perusal of Dr. Gale's book, he owned himself convinced, and at the age of six and thirty, was re-baptized by immersion; so humble and diffident was one of our greatest English divines; a useful example for self-sufficient coxcombs, obstinate fools, and proud pedants.

It was remarked, that his lectures were attended by crowds of women, some of high rank, and many remarkable for volatile lively manners, and dissipated habits. When it was urged against him, that this part of his hearers did not mend: "Are you quite sure that they do not?" was his reply: "Their appearing cheerful and happy, is no proof of their being vicious; too many of you sanctified folks, who laugh but once a month, with all your

solemn sadness, *sometimes meet the devil in the dark*; God sent us here to be happy, as long as we can be so with innocence and moderation."

"Such" says one of his cotemporaries, a divine of the church of England, "such was Foster, affable and generous, grave, yet engaging; polite, yet honest and prudent; of inviolable integrity, and humanity unbounded.

"His voice was harmonious, strong, distinct; so admirably adapted to the sense of what it conveyed, that it might be termed judicious recitative; his action was animated, and seriously expressive; but far from theatrical; he was a scholar without pedantry, a Christian without bigotry or dogmatism, and a philosopher without scepticism."

The rational piety, corrected warmth, and appropriate language of the following piece of domestic devotion, delivered by Dr. Foster, will I trust, amply justify my inserting it in this place.

O most glorious Lord
God Almighty, whose kingdom
is everlasting, we prostrate

strate ourselves before thee, as a being of transcendent and incomprehensible majesty, of absolute rectitude, spotless purity, and unerring wisdom, at once to be praised, feared, and loved; we adore thee as the Creator of all things, who hast displayed thy power and goodness throughout the universe; the earth is abundant in proofs of thy mercy, and the firmament sheweth thy handy work.

We acknowledge thee to be the disposer of all things by thine especial providence; we rejoice in the advantages we possess, and the blessings we hope for; in the mildness of thy laws, and the reasonableness of thy service; we esteem it as our highest and most valuable privilege, that we are enabled by intellect and speech, to make known our gratitude and our wants to thee; and we have reason to be thankful to thee, for revealing to us, that the prayers of an honest and contrite heart, shall not be offered up in vain.

Yet, notwithstanding thou art the fountain of good, the parent and benefactor of mankind, we confess

with sorrow and shame, that we have violated thy laws, and abused thy tender mercies; that we have too often acted inconsistent with the dignity of reason, that most precious of thy gifts, given to man alone; that we have not listened to that inward monitor, which thou hast planted in the bosom of us all; nor to the express dictates of thy holy word; we have too often demeaned ourselves, in a manner unsuitable to the prospects and professions of Christians; but we have trust and confidence in thy mercy, and in that forgiveness which thou hast revealed through our Lord Jesus Christ, to all who truly repent.

Teach us, O Lord, to be good from a nobler motive than fear; may we perform our duties, and run the race which is set before us, as a work of love and gratitude; may we look on vice and moral depravity, with aversion, as vilifying the works of thy hands, and as tending to introduce disorder and misery into the moral, as well as the material world.

Cleanse us we humbly beseech

befeech thee, from fecret faults; enable us to refift inordinate paffions, and to avoid grofs fenfuality; keep thy fervants from prefumptuous fins; may the meditations of our hearts, the words of our mouths, and every action of our lives, in this our probationary ftate, be acceptable in thy fight, O Lord God, our ftrength, our redeemer, and our judge.

May we be careful to entertain worthy conceptions of thy attributes, and thy particular providence; may we acquiefce, with compofure and refignation, in all thy difpofitions; firmly perfuaded, that however dark, difconfolate, entangled and confused, the prefent fcene may appear, all things will finally work to thy glory and juftification.

AND AS MORAL VIRTUE IS INSEPARABLY CONNECTED WITH RELIGION, may we never impioufly and vainly expect, that either of them alone will compensate for a total abfence of the other; may we therefore be fcrupuloufly juft, merciful and faithful in all our dealings; humble and

forgiving, affable and obliging. May the fublime and truly Chriftian principle of univerfal philanthropy, be impreffed in our hearts fo deeply, that no private prepofteffions, no national animofities, and no religious differences, may controul or extinguifh it.

May none of the fupercifial, tranfitory, and unfatisfactory pleasures of the world, fo far feduce us, as to forfeit our hope of a bleffed immortality. Do thou, O gracious God, fortify us againft, and fupport us under the anxieties and terrors of death, tha when the hour of our departure fhall come, we may be fitted and prepared to meet death without difmay; and with well-grounded confidence in thy mercy, through Jefus Chrift, refign our fouls into thy hands, and be permitted to enter into thofe manfions, which thou haft prepared for thofe who truly love thee.

Take us, we befeech thee, this day, under thine efpecial care and guidance; protect us from thofe evils and dangers, to which human frailty is expofed; prosper us in all lawful under-

undertakings; direct us by thy wisdom, and defend us by thy Almighty power, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

FREEDOM OF ENQUIRY. I have lately been surfeited with eloquent, but ill-timed declamations in favor of free enquiry, accompanied with pathetic complaints of a want of earnestness and perseverance in this respect, among the people at large: perhaps I am easily inflamed, or somewhat sore on the subject; for on two occasions, when unfounded assertions, to this purport, were made, I lost my temper, and lapsed into culpable asperity of expression.

Some allowance should be made, for an animal of a very irritable species, provoked by sedition and ill design, cloathed in the plausible language of philosophy and cool discussion.

Is it possible, to hear, without emotion, the present age accused of being deficient in boldness, and industry of research? can it be said with truth, that we have not enjoyed, and abused the liberty of dis-

cussing all subjects, religious, philosophical, or political, 'till the speaker or the writer dropping his logical and metaphoric tools, exchanged them for, or recommended in their place, weapons of a more substantial and offensive kind, and exclaimed aloud, "To your tents, O Israel."

Have not the sceptics of the age adopted the magisterial tone, and dogmatic insolence of the vatican? Have they not attempted to drive solace from christianity, morality from religion, and confidence from government? yet are we still to be melted by pathos; must we still listen to praters of sensibility, whilst the greater part of Europe is plundered and depopulated by the systems they support.

Under such circumstances, to be ever and anon bellowing for greater zeal, and liberty of enquiry, is surely whipping and spurring, a fiery, restive, hard-mouthed Pegafus, which is already flying and galloping full speed to the devil!!

It is not without considerable regret, that I have remarked this ill-timed zeal,

in a class of men, correct in conduct, and for the most part exemplary and punctual in discharging the duties of private life.

Though educated and instructed in religious opinions, of a very different cast, and disposed by hereditary antipathy, and justifiable suspicion to regard them with precaution, I have occasionally joined in religious worship with them; first induced by what I confessed in another part of this collection, "that the dissonant voice, negligent routine, and endless repetitions of the liturgy of our established church, did not awaken in my mind, any devout warmth or pious propensity;" at the same time, I did not deny it the praise of impressive sublimity.

For these and other reasons, from geographical position, and my frequently finding among their teachers, men of science and literary qualification, unpolluted by the follies and vices of the times, and with whom it was possible to pass a few hours, *unmolested* with port wine, Hoyle, the Racing Calendar, and

the dog kennel; I have sometimes joined in prayer with these seceders, and have frequently received from their discourses, much pleasure and improvement.

But these gratifications have of late been considerably diminished, by their denying many of the great and fundamental doctrines of christianity; doctrines clearly, repeatedly, and emphatically inculcated in holy writ, and approved by the collected wisdom of fifteen centuries.

How would it have startled the honest candor of a Foster, the benign liberality of a Dodderidge, and the investigating acuteness of a Lardner, to see pulpits, which scarce half a century before edified thousands, by unfolding the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the holy scriptures? What would have been their surprize and regret, to see those hallowed spots echoing forth ELABORATE APOLOGIES FOR DEISM, explaining away or contradicting the word of God, and *white-washing* the foulest and most indefeasible of all characters?

Instead of discoursing
on

on heaven, hell, death, and a future judgment, and enforcing the moral and social duties, their sermons have been either political pamphlets, the malignant effusions of exasperated zeal, or tedious dissertations on abstract questions, wholly foreign to the avowed purpose, for which christians assemble, neither calculated to make men happier, better, or wiser, and tending to diffuse discontent, and disaffection, in a place, where it is not probable it can, or will be answered; and where the offender fancies himself alike secure, from the rod of the civil magistrate, and the easy refutation of an answer by word of mouth.

“ Not so, good Foster,
warm'd the list'ning throng,
No tales like these debas'd
his sacred tongue;
Morals and faith with him
were ne'er at strife,
He taught by both to regulate our life;
Great gospel truths he ne'er
refin'd away,
*For passing sounds and systems
of a day;*”
He preached, — —

Duty by faith to poor degenerate man,
And built salvation on its Author's plan.

To conclude, I call on every candid reader to say, whether speculative enquiry, with the reins thrown on its neck, ever ranged more at large through every department of human knowledge.

Unbiaffed by patriotism, or discretion, regardless of critical conjuncture, such a conjuncture as never before existed, denying God, and defying man; have not our modern philosophers soared, where angels feared to look, or plunged into that unfathomable abyss, in which so many wise men, and so many fools have perished everlastingly; too proud to confess their ignorance, and too obstinate to own their mistakes, though difficulties are every moment presenting themselves in the works of the creation, equally unexplainable with the most profound mysteries of revelation; do we not in a thousand instances find the chain too short, the well too deep?

FRENCH DIRECTO-
RY, their elaborate adoption of the trappings of monarchy, in their dress and attendance; and in two instances, their equalling or outdoing the nights, the suppers, and the fluttering slipper of Sardanapalus, has been hinted at in the article under the title of Parisian Manners.

But these republican foreigners do not appear to have submitted with complacency to any censure of their manners; and the following emphatic apostrophe, addressed to them by a journalist of Paris, is said to have been the signal and the pretext for seizing the person of the editor, and the whole body of men employed at his printing-house, and conveying them without trial, judge, or jury, to Guiana or Cayenne.

“Abandon, Directors, your tapestries, your laces, your sideboards of plate, your equipages, and royal robes.

“Agésilus seated himself on the ground, when he dictated laws to Persia, and a wise man, recorded in history, refused on his being advanced, to part

with his wooden shoes: HAVE YOU PRESERVED YOURS?”

FRIENDSHIP, “a word in a dictionary” says a volatile female, often noticed in this collection, “a union of souls, a coalition of hopes, of fears, of interests, and of pleasures; practicable in the calm privacy of retirement, but utterly inconsistent with the intercourse of polished circles, and wholly incompatible with the varied pursuits, the transitory attachments, the shifting abode, the expensive establishments, the superficial levity, and evanescent follies of modern manners.”

“I prefer,” says this lively eccentric, but apparently unfeeling creature; “I prefer a rapid and variegated succession of triflers, rattlers, coxcombs, demireps, and fools, *with* whom, and *at* whom, I can occasionally laugh and pass my time in pleasant, unthinking, harmless merriment, to the dull, sober-fameness of real friendship.

“To find a sincere friend in the mixed medley of human life, and what is more,

to

to deserve and to retain him when found, is really a business above my reach, an effort beyond my capacity : I am not sufficiently important myself to associate with those who are ; I am too trifling and nonsensical by half ; the pride and naughtiness of my heart, shrink from the pain and mortification of a humiliating comparison.

“ Neither my nerves nor my conscience are sound enough, nor is my conduct sufficiently correct, to bear a censorial mentor at my elbow, criticising every word, and reviewing every action of my life ; vive la bagatelle has been, and still shall be, my motto ; I prefer the light, current-coin, the convenient small change of common acquaintance, with all the drawbacks of counterfeit and base metal, to the valuable bullion, the troublesome sterling gold of real friendship : its weight overloads the pocket, and embarrasses all our motions ; we are so anxious lest we should lose it, and if we happen to be deprived of it, by negligence or ill design, it is replaced with so much diffi-

culty, that I dread possessing the jewel.

“ Give me a list, as long as my arm, of general acquaintance, whom we meet with by mere accident, and quit without regret ; I say, a good long list, which in case of coldness or quarrelling, can supply all vacancies with adequate substitutes, every day of the week ; they amuse the present moment, which is all I wish for, or expect of them ; I ask not whence they come, nor am I solicitous to know whither they are going.

“ I know you often tell me, that my watering-place parties are not always of the most reputable kind ; I defy any of you to produce one single instance of a gloomy, uncomplying, unpleasant person, ever being announced ; and as to the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of them ; is it possible for me to procure a certificate of their good behaviour from their last residence, or the minister and churchwardens of their parish.

“ I see them noticed, and by persons far superior to me

me in fashion, rank, and good sense; indeed you are too precise and particular, and instead of censuring, ought to praise the unbounded charity, and unfettered liberality of myself and the *enlightened few*, for patronizing those, who, if we were not their *friends*, would probably not have a *friend* in the world."

Such a rhapsody pronounced by a pair of pouting lips, *which might be better employed*, and by a pretty woman, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all ready to eat her words, would naturally pass off very currently, and might make no bad winding up flourish in a modern farce; but where would the joyous circle be found, in the hour of danger, sickness, and distress, and if they could be found, of what avail or advantage would they be? Are characters of such a cast qualified by habit, inclination, or ability, to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted, to lull the pangs of disease, or rock the cradle of declining age? they gayly fluttered in the sunshine of prosperity, but would either fly at the approach of the

thunder-storm, or prove an incumbrance to the miserable dupe, whom they had enticed to the precipices of destruction.

It was observed by a stern moralist, speaking of a man who had committed many and great errors, during almost every period of his life; "HE WANTED A SEVERE FRIEND." "They are useful, but unpleasant companions," said my fair reasoner, when this passage was quoted against her; "to ride with a curb, is equally disagreeable to man and beast; such perpetual checks, make the mouth sore;" "You had better have a sore mouth than an aching heart," was the answer, to which the lady did not, or could not reply.

Of two evils, *when we have the choice*, we certainly ought to chuse the least: the life of a great painter, busily employed in decorating the dome of a lofty temple, was saved by a presence of mind fortunately exerted in his servant, who, seeing his master wholly absorbed in his occupation, and running backward to view the effect of his pencil, within a few inches

inches of the edge of the scaffolding; a fall from which would have dashed him to pieces, threw a pot of paint over his excellent and almost finished production; the artist rushing forward to resent so unwarrantable and unaccountable an action, was soon convinced that the apparent injury, as in many instances of misfortune is the case; he gratefully confessed, that **THE INJURY WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.**

How many of us would have been snatched from ruin and perdition, had some intrepid friend, at certain unpropitious moments of our lives, stepp'd in to break the charm of sensuality, to efface the fairy forms of imagination, and disturb the airy dreams of systematic vanity and infatuation.

It would appear strange for any man in his senses, or for any Englishman, who had once boasted, "that the altar of liberty was erected on the ruins of the bastille," to speak in terms of approbation of that gloomy edifice, or of lettres de cachet: yet I could name the time, in which I heartily wish I had been confined there;

and I could produce an hundred instances, where a judicious use of these instruments of the old despotism of France, would have saved the souls, bodies and estates of some of the pleasantest and most accomplished men I ever knew: we want some legal and constitutional mode of coercion, for young men of strong passions and deep purses, from eighteen to five and twenty; how much ruin and how many heart-aches would such a power, *lodged in safe hands*, prevent?

The press has groaned with exaggerated descriptions of the enormities practised, in this strong hold of royalty; and the printshops have been darkened with caricature and copperplates, of its demolition; yet, with all its acknowledged evils, did it or could it produce mischiefs more scandalous and fatal, than the beggary of a wife and family, perpetual exile, or imprisonment, a diseased body and a tormented mind, distraction and suicide; a shocking death here, and everlasting damnation in the world to come.

FROM

Frontispiece, a singular one, to an edition of one of the classics, published a few years since on the Continent.

The copper-plate which faces the title page, and is not badly executed, represents on one side, Christ upon the cross; and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label appears to issue forth, with the following words inscribed on it, "Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?"

His question is thus answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the person addressed; "Highly famed, excellent, and most learned Rector Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wittenberg: yes, thou knowest that I love thee."!!!

GASPAR DE TAVANES, a Marshal of France, in the sixteenth century, during the nominal reign of Charles the Ninth; though it was his mother, Catharine de Medicis, who in fact governed the kingdom.

In the wars of the league, this Catholic commander exhibited considerable skill

and intrepidity, and may be aptly contrasted with D'Aubigné, the subject of an article in my first volume, who was a zealous protestant, equally haughty, predominating and passionate, in support of the opinions he professed; who thought himself justified on every start of irritation or caprice, to insult a sovereign, from whom he had received many favors, and to fan the flames of discontent; Tavanès, warmly attached to the Catholic church, and the family of the Guises, but inferior to D'Aubigné, in intellectual endowments, and considering a departure from the established religion of his country, as the worst of sins, felt no compunction in approving of, and personally directing the bloody massacre, of St. Bartholomew.

In this, as in many other instances, I could produce a blind attachment to characters, not very immaculate; and an unconditional submission to the fury of religious and political dictators, hurried two eminent, perhaps well-meaning men, into errors and crimes;

crimes; D'Aubigné, after a long and ineffectual struggle against the triumphant Catholics, sentenced himself to a reluctant banishment; and Tavanès, with strong feelings, a nice sense of honor, and considerable military merit, must be handed down to posterity, by every impartial historian, as a bigot, and an assassin.

The grey-headed marshal, whose loyalty and ardor glowed with unabated fervor in the last act of life, died on his way to the memorable siege of Rochelle; he was succeeded in honors by his son, who accompanied his father in most of his campaigns, and erected a monument to his memory, with an inscription, somewhat in the tumid style of Buonaparte, in which he asserts, that death was the only enemy his father never conquered: but William has left what he probably thought a more durable memorial of the glories of his family, a folio volume of memoirs of the life of his father, wire-drawn through nearly six hundred pages, with a portrait of the fierce old

soldier, admirably expressive of his character, although coarsely engraved; it is the countenance of a military veteran erect, and consciously triumphant, like some old tyrant in ancient tapestry.

The memoirs, I know from experience will exhaust the patience and resolution of a modern reader, they commence *with Noah's quitting the ark*, and descend, in a series perpetually interrupted by apothegms, religious, moral, political and didactic, to the family of the hero he means to celebrate; considerable acuteness, deep thinking, a thorough knowledge of the world, and the political state of Europe, frequently appear, but so total an absence of arrangement and order, that a work, the perusal of which might have been interesting and instructive, degenerates into an irksome species of literary labor.

Four singular preliminary pieces are prefixed to the memoirs, each of which the author calls *Avis au Roi*; in one he proposes to his majesty, to unite all Europe in one religion, but

pointedly condemns using any violent means against those who differ from us in speculative opinions; "heresy it is true, is worse than plague, pestilence and famine, but it is a disease which must be gradually cured by education, by argument, and gentle persuasion; how cruel, ungrateful, and impolitic is it, to persecute men who have so often bled in fighting our battles?"

My readers may probably wish to know how this fair-speaking man would proceed; take his own words, "At one and the same time, and without previous warning, let all the chief leaders and principal teachers of the Hugonots, be seized and confined, without any previous warning; place garrisons in all their cautionary towns and strong holds.

"As the differences between the Catholics and Calvinists are very slight, it would not be difficult to bring the whole kingdom to a uniform profession of faith, if the established clergy could be prevailed on to reform the present ec-

clesiastic abuses, and amend their lives.

"If however, in spite of our remonstrances and admonitions, the Hugonots continue refractory, their property must be confiscated, and their places of worship be shut up; *but publish no edicts*, they only serve to alarm, exasperate, and unite male-contentants.

"The great obstacle to this plan," continues the author of the memoirs, "is the king of England, who, like his predecessor, is watching every opportunity to encourage discord and revolt among your majesty's subjects: fortunately for my scheme, the present king (James the first) is fonder of books than arms: an ambassador, properly instructed, should be dispatched to him; stratagem, fair promises, and *golden arguments* must be made use of; if these fail, find work for that monarch on his own shores; let these haughty islanders be taught, that a favourable wind and tide, can in a few hours waft from the ports of Dieppe, Havre, and Calais, three armies of thirty thousand men

men each, which, joined by the Catholics and disaffected, already on the spot, may by one brilliant victory, decide the fate of a country in which there are no strong fortresses."

It is worthy of remark, that the sanguine Frenchman, enters somewhat at large into a detail of the invasion he projects, and that his plan in some respects bears a resemblance to certain attempts of his countrymen, the modern republicans, against this and a sister country, during the present war; in all of which they have been so happily and gallantly defeated: he proposes that one of the disembarkations shall take place in Scotland, another in Armorica (Wales) a third on the Essex coast, as near as possible to the metropolis, for the purpose of a coup de main, and in order to create a diversion, he advises a fourth army to be sent against Ireland.

"But as selfishness and ambition, ruin the best-concerted enterprizes" continues William de Tavanès, "the powers of Europe would be convulsed, before it could be settled

WHICH OF THEM SHOULD HAVE ENGLAND; if that citadel of the protestants were once demolished, the holy Catholic church would reign triumphant, over the greater part of the civilized world."

In another *Avis au Roi*, or memorial, he wishes his majesty to declare war against the king of Spain, to secure the strong places in Flanders, and to conquer Piedmont, Savoy, Genoa, and Nice; and, because an alliance with infidels, who pollute the holy land, and defile a spot, rendered sacred by the presence, miracles of Christ, and his disciples, is unworthy of, and disgraceful to Christians, he recommends attacking the Turks, and wishes leave to be asked of the Pope, to arm ten thousand of the religious orders, Capuchins, Cordeliers, and JACOBINS; "With this Catholic army, let a descent be made on Egypt, by way of distracting the attention of the Mussulmen."

Such are the outlines of the reveries of William de Tavanès, imagined more than two hundred years ago, probably thought at

that period, the impossible chimæra of a sanguine projector, and for which he was probably laughed at; yet all, and more than he enjoins, hath in the present day been attempted, and in a great measure executed by modern France, under the iron sceptre of democratic despotism; not indeed exactly for the purpose of establishing the Catholic religion.

The writer of the memoirs, fond of flying from his subject, on every occasion, enters largely on the business of military education, and speaking of the qualifications necessary for a soldier, observes, in a strain of rigid aristocracy, "the first and most indispensable requisite, is, that he must be a gentleman by blood as well as education, for neither will do alone; every man of rank, property, and consideration, who has three sons, should devote two of them to the military profession; but patrician blood on the father's side only, is not sufficient; a mother, sprung from a mean, vicious, and unhealthy family, or SUCKLED BY A NURSE OF THIS DE-

SCRIPTION, will certainly produce, and in many instances has produced, a base and degenerate offspring."

He wishes boys designed for the army, to be early enured to toil and hardship, to all winds and all weathers; that their tutor should be a gentleman, many of that description, the younger brothers of decayed but good families, might, if properly treated, be easily procured to undertake this important charge; for a low-born tutor will infallibly inculcate maxims and systems, consonant with his birth.

He then enumerates the particular branches of knowledge they ought to acquire; to love and serve God, to honor the king, to be kind to their fellow creatures, to speak the truth on all occasions, and at every risque, to handle the small sword, to ride the great horse, to swim, to leap, to wrestle, and to dance; performing on some instrument of music, he observes, has been thought proper by some, "but it is not only unnecessary, but degrading to a gentleman and a soldier."

GENIUS

GENIUS UNREWARDED. The following humorous passage occurs in a miscellany, published a few years since.

“ We have been lately honored with the presence of the celebrated Mr. Powell, who I suppose must formerly have existed in a comet, and by one of those unforeseen accidents, which sometimes happen to the most exalted characters, has dropped from its tail.

“ His common food is fire and brimstone, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would, a mess of pottage; he feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers, to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen, while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire, and leave the beef.

“ It is somewhat surprising that *the friends of real merit*, as he expresses himself in his advertisement, have not yet promoted him, living as we do, in an age favourable to men of genius: Mr. Johnson has been rewarded with a pension for

writing, and Mr. Sheridan for speaking well; but Mr. Powell, who *eats well*, has not yet been noticed by any administration; obliged to wander from place to place; and instead of indulging himself in private, with his favourite dish, he is under the uncomfortable necessity of eating in public, and helping himself from the kitchen fire of some paltry ale-house in the country. O tempora, O mores!

GILBERT, a monk, in the latter part of the tenth century, born of honest, but humble parents, at Aurillac, in D’Auvergne, and a great proficient for the age in which he lived, in optics, and the mensuration of time; at a period when watch-making, compared to its present state of perfection, was a rude display of rough mechanism.

Having distinguished himself early in life, by literary diligence, he was appointed preceptor to Robert, king of France, who raised him to the archbishopric of Rheims; by the interest of his royal patron, he was afterwards promoted

to

to that of Ravenna; and finally, he ascended the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Sylvester the second, being the first Frenchman who filled the Papal chair.

Sylvester is described by an invidious cotemporary, as proud and ambitious, but these faults would have been excused, had he not excited envy by superior acquirement; that intellectual excellence, which his enemies were too indolent or too stupid to attain, they could not forgive him for displaying; and according to the customary cant of the day, accusing him, and indeed every able man, of possessing more knowledge than he came fairly by, insisted that he dealt with the devil.

This calumny, rendering the pontiff for a short time unpopular, a mob, incited by the arts of his opponents, attacked him on a certain occasion, as he was passing through the streets of Rome, without his usual attendants, and were proceeding to personal violence; when a mechanic of the lowest class, walking

by, demanded "What is the business?" "Business enough," said one of the crowd, "and a very bad business; our Pope, the head of Christ's church, and God's vice-gerent upon earth, is turned conjuror, and deals with the wicked one;" "Depend on it," answered the enquirer, "you are mistaken; if he had been a conjuror, they would never have chosen him Pope."

Convinced by this effectual, but sarcastic species of extemporaneous logic, the people dispersed; and Sylvester passed on without further molestation, to the vatican.

A needy parasite once presented to him a family pedigree, in which he fancied he had proved the Pope's descent from the antient kings of Argos; Sylvester returned the manuscript to the writer, with a small reward, observing to him, that his genealogy was a severe reflection on some of his remote ancestors, who must some one or other of them, have done something very much amiss, to be reduced so low;

low; as the last three or four generations had been labourers and husbandmen.

HAIR POWDER, addition to the article under that title, in the eighty-first page of a former volume.

The editor hath received a mild reprehension from a friendly quarter, for speaking, in terms nearly approaching to approbation, of throwing annually into the sea, thirty thousand quarters of corn; and he readily agrees with his kind correspondent, that it wou'd be far preferable to expend the sum, which so much wheat would cost, in giving marriage portions to young women; by which, and other laudable methods of encouraging population, agriculture would be equally promoted, and the grain in question, instead of being *wickedly* and *wastefully* cast into the sea, would afford subsistence to thousands.

Thus far, I thought it right to notice the expostulations of one, to whom this work has been frequently indebted; but I beg leave to remind him,

that I only put the case, to illustrate the reasoning, on which the system I endeavoured to establish, was founded, and that when I mentioned the act of throwing corn into the sea, I called it immoral, and highly culpable.

If I were asked, which, of two individuals, was the most useful member of society, he, who receiving his dividends on twenty thousand pounds in the three per cent consols. regularly purchased, every half year, more stock, without spending one six-pence of the interest, or, he who every year laid out the whole of it in corn, *merely to cast it into the sea*; I should give my opinion, without hesitation, in favor of the latter.

HA R R I N G T O N, B A R N A B A S, a licentious poet, of Appleby, in Westmoreland, concerning whom, very little is known, and author of a strange farrago of lewd humour and disorderly metre, which he published, under the title of "Drunken Barnaby's Journal." The first impression is without date

or

or place mentioned: I have seen an edition in 12^{mo}. with cuts, sell at an auction for a guinea.

The book is Latin in one page, and the opposite one the same in English, *both in rhyme*; but it is impossible for any reader, of a decent or a correct taste, to peruse it with comfort or satisfaction; the Latin is far superior to the English; the author, who is said to have been a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, exhibits occasionally, flashes of learning, wit, facetiousness, and pleasantry, but lamentably debased by the alloys I have before mentioned.

A passage from his book had the honour to be quoted by an honourable member, who often mingles humour with political violence, in a debate on an Act, for the more effectual observance of the Christian sabbath:

“ To Banb'ry came I, O
prophane one,
Where I saw a puritane
one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on
Sunday.”

Many parts of the world have a legend, or a piece of local history attached to them, placed sufficiently far back, to exercise faith, and elude detection; most travellers to the north have smiled over their tea, at the Wansford-bridge story, of which Mr. Harrington, I know not how correctly, makes himself the original hero; the passage on this subject, affords a fair specimen of his poetry, his *latinity*, his rhyme, and his metre.

Veni Wansford-briggs, im-
manem

Vidi amnem, alnum, a-
num;

Amnem latum, anum lau-
tam,

Comptam, cultam, castam,
cautam.

Inde prato per-amæni

Dormiens temulente fœ-
ni;

Rivus furgit et me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit.

“ Quorsum ? ” clamant;
“ Nuper erro

A Wansford-briggs in An-
gliterra.”

Thence to Wansford briggs,
a river

And a wife, will live for
ever.

River

River broad, an old wife
jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from
folly.

On a haycock, sleeping
foundly,

The river 'rose and took
me roundly

Down the current: people
cry'd,

As down the stream I sleep-
ing hy'd:

“Where away, good fir?
from Greenland?”

“No, from Wansford-
briggs in England.”

Mr. Harrington, with good parts, respectable acquirements, and a strong turn for satirical humour, appears to have been one of those *most disinterested of all characters*, who, provided they can set the table in a roar, and provide merriment for the gay, the thoughtless, and the vicious, are wholly regardless of their own fortunes and prospects; who take no thought for the morrow, and bring cares on themselves, in their efforts to drown the cares of others.

A life thus mis-spent, and powers thus perverted, led to the usual termination;

after the education and probabilities of a gentleman, he lapsed into low distress, and pecuniary difficulty; ending his days, as an associate with those, whose talk is only of oxen; and the man of learning and wit, was obliterated, in the debasing occupation of a horse-jockey; an occupation, which it is extremely difficult to exercise with integrity, satisfaction, or repute.

H EATHEN MYTHOLOGY. It was the complaint of a late writer, that classical learning, and the perpetual use, and contemplation of the fabulous objects of antiquity, had taken entire possession of the imaginations and memories, not only of our artists, painters, poets, and statuaries, but of the majority of our English divines; that from our theatres and academies, our parks, fountains, public buildings, and pleasure grounds, the gods of Greece and Rome, had at last crept into our pulpits: this conduct in christians he pronounced as absurd, as if the antients had

had adorned their temples, with the statues of Moses and Aaron.

In answer to this author, whose zeal heated his fancy, and sometimes warped his judgment, it hath been replied, that a fondness for virtù, and an attachment to the precious remains of antient superstition, is wholly a matter of taste, and cannot possibly have any tendency to pervert us from the worship of the true God; that a connoisseur may contemplate the Venus de Medicis, or Apollo Belvidere, with admiration and exquisite pleasure, without allowing to either, the attributes or worship of a deity.

With equal propriety he might have apprehended, that the fashion for Chinese ornament, zig-zag, bells, and dragons, so prevalent a few years since, and so eccentrically recommended by the late Sir William Chambers, would have made us converts to Chinese idolatry; yet no such consequence ensued; and, among the numerous admirers of gothic and arabesque architecture, it would be difficult to produce an

instance, of one whose christian principles sunk, in proportion, as his buildings arose; and although Strawberry-hill, late the residence of Horace Walpole, (for such I shall ever call him) is totally of that construction, I believe no one ever suspected its pleasant proprietor of being a Mussulman.

Yet notwithstanding these and other sensible strictures, and bishop Watson's admirable raillery of Gibbon, for his attachment to "the elegant mythology of the Greeks," the present age has witnessed a serious and elaborate defence of Paganism, by a writer of considerable learning, who, with every appearance of anxious sincerity, laments the downfall of Jupiter, Mercury, and Apollo, and devoutly attempts, by every means in his power, to persuade mankind to restore the gods of antiquity, to their altars, their worship, and their temples.

On this subject, a writer of a very different class, thus gives utterance to the effervescence of an exasperated spirit. "In the present times, alas, THE TREE OF

LIFE,

LIFE, is hissed at, as the food of visionary enthusiasts, and THE TREE OF DEATH, in other words, the tree of knowledge of good and evil, has the eyes, hands, and hearts of priests and people: this tree to which we are indebted for death and corruption, is now looked up to, as the tree of light, and is well watered with every foul and muddy stream, that can be drawn to it.

“ That gospel, once so lovely for simplicity and truth, can please no longer, ’till it hath received the polish and ornament of classic literature: Cicero, Aristotle, Euclid, Longinus, and Quintilian, have taken forceable possession of the pulpit and reading desk; and what follows? we exhibit the atheism of Aristotle, the pride and diffimulation of Cicero, and the refined, as well as the more gross vices of Greece and Rome, in their last stage of depravity.

“ In all this glory of learning, a GOSPEL CHRISTIAN is rarely to be found; nor ought we to wonder, if we are so absurd as to expect that wit, rhetoric,

and all the pride of human reason, can increase the effect of, or are at all necessary towards inculcating THE PLAIN DOCTRINE OF CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED; a doctrine, which it is impossible but for the wilfully blind and perverse to misunderstand, as laid down in the holy scriptures, which unequivocally declare, ‘ that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.’

“ What gross ignorance, and extravagant presumption, to expect that Greek and Roman schools, can teach us to put off Adam, and put on Christ; to suppose that Pagan poets and orators will in any way assist us, in attaining or endeavouring to imitate the mildness, humility, and purity of Christ?

“ It is from mistakes like these, we have so many CICERONIAN GOSPELERS, so few gospel penitents; instead of being contrite, submissive, and penitent, like the publican, who went up to the temple to pray, and who could only exclaim, ‘ God be merciful to me, a sinner;’ we have high bred men of

letters, whom you may hear, sermon after sermon, stalking in heroics, without supposing or guessing, unless previously informed by their text, that you were listening to a minister of the Christian religion, affecting only the character of polished literati; *flying on the unfeathered wings of high sounding words, or transported on the enormous sublime of a Milton.*

“ We may fancy that by such means, we shall reach heaven, but, with all our pains, the brick and mortar of human wisdom, produces only that tower of Babel, SELF-EXALTATION, which, instead of assisting us to reach the throne of grace, only leads to confusion, divine wrath, and dismay.

“ The strength of parts, the glitter of genius, the flights of imagination, the parade of learning, are the master builders of pride, which is ever busy in erecting her temple, in the heart of man.

“ The superciliousness of human wisdom, towering above, though pretending to explain scripture truths, is the old serpent,

again attempting to seduce the offspring of that Eve whom he once so cruelly betrayed.

“ If CLASSIC-GOSPELERS, LINGUIST-CRITICS, SCRIPTURE-LOGICIANS, SALVATION-ORATORS, and GRAMMATISTS, in Greek and Roman phrases, idioms, tropes, and figures, can prove that they are the LITTLE CHILDREN, to whom the kingdom of God is expressly said to belong; I then will allow, that the modern nabob, who is labouring, scheming, broiling and fighting for every thing he can scramble after, to be the very man, who laboureth for the meat which perisheth not.”

This will be thought by most moderate men, going too far; as on other subjects, both parties err, by rushing into extremes; yet I cannot withhold the praise of well-timed admonition, from the following address of a Scotch synod, which caught my eye, five and twenty years ago.

“ The synod, in consequence of a suggestion from their committee, caution ministers against affectation in their style, language,

guage, and pronounciation, and against all attempts at modernizing the plain, but convincing simplicity of gospel truths; left in endeavouring to accommodate the *manner* of their preaching, they should proceed to accommodate the *matter* also, to the taste of a corrupt and carnal generation.

“ And as mending the morals, and convincing the understanding, is, or ought to be the first object, with every faithful servant of God, they further warn their brethren, against all obscurities and improprieties of speech, technical and philosophical, and against all learned terms and phrases, not commonly understood.”

HENLEY, JOHN, a native of Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, where he officiated several years as curate, and conducted a grammar school; but feeling, or fancying, that a genius like his, ought not to be cramped in so obscure a situation; “ having been long convinced, that many gross errors, and impos-

tures, prevailed in the various institutions and establishments of mankind, and being ambitious of restoring antient eloquence;” but as his enemies assert, to avoid the scandal and embarrassments of illicit love, he repaired to the metropolis; and for a short time, performed clerical functions, in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, with a prospect of succeeding to the lectureship of the parish, which soon became vacant.

Several candidates offering for this situation, a warm contest ensued; and after Mr. Henley’s probation sermon, which he thought would ensure him an easy victory; we may judge of the disappointment of this disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero, when he was told by a person, deputed from the congregation, “ that they had nothing to object against his language or his doctrine, but that he threw himself about too much in the pulpit, and that another person was chosen.”

Losing his temper, as well as his election, he rushed into an adjoining room, where

where the principal parishioners were assembled, and thus addressed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous passion: "Blockheads, are you qualified to decide on the degree of action, necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the most renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you, that the great, almost the only requisite, for a public speaker, was action, action, action; but I despise and defy you; provoco ad populum, the public shall decide between us." With these words he quitted the place for ever; but in order "to shame the fools," printed his discourse.

Thus disappointed in his hopes of preferment, in the regular routine of his profession, he became, if the expression is allowable, a quack divine, a character, for which he was eminently qualified; possessing a strong voice, fluent language, an imposing, magisterial air, theatrical gesture, and a countenance, which no violation of propriety, reproach, or

self-correction, was ever known to embarrass or decompose.

If the tribunal, to which Henley thus confidently appealed, had been blessed with judgment, and corrected by taste, the determination would have been decisively against the vestry critics; for, according to the theory of counting men, like cattle, *by the head*, the majority was in his favour.

On the spur of the occasion, and indignant at rejection, he immediately advertized, that he should hold forth publicly, two days in the week, and hired for this purpose, a large room, in or near Newport-market, which he called the Oratory; but previous to the commencement of his "Academical Discourses," he chose to consult Whiston, by letter, in which he desired to know, whether he should incur any legal penalties, by officiating as a Separatist from the church of England.

The Unitarian did not encourage Henley's project; and a correspondence took place, which ending in virulence and ill-language,

guage, occasioned the subject of our present article, a few years after, to send the following laconic note, to his adversary.

To Mr. William Whiston:

TAKE notice, that I give you warning, not to enter my room, at Newport-market, at your peril.

J. HENLEY.

As tickets of admission, for those who *subscribed to his lectures*, medals were issued, with the rising sun for a device, and a motto, expressive of the man, as well as the motives by which he was impelled; "Inveniam viam aut faciam:" which might be thus translated; if bread is denied me in one path, I will try to find it in another: he also published, what may be termed a syllabus of his lectures, containing a long list of the various subjects he meant to handle, religious and political, in which it was easy to see, that he had selected whatever he thought likely to excite public curiosity.

By these, and other means, particularly by his singular advertisements, which

were generally accompanied by some sarcastic stanza on public men and public measures, he generally filled his room; sometimes one of his *old Bloomsbury friends* caught the speaker's eye; on such occasions, Henley could not suppress the ebullitions of vanity and resentment; he would suddenly arrest his discourse, and address the unfortunate interloper, in words to the following effect: "You see, sir, all the world is not exactly of your opinion; there are, you perceive, *a few sensible people*, who think me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken."

His abashed and confounded adversaries, thus attacked, (in a public company, a most awkward species of distress) were glad to retire; and in some instances were pushed out of the room:

On the sabbath day, he generally read part of the liturgy of the church of England, and sometimes used extempore prayer.

That the efforts of the oratory might be assisted by its handmaid, the press, Mr. Henley soon commenced

ced author; the subjects he chose, prove that he entertained no mean opinion of his own abilities: To render some of his pamphlets more impressive, or more attractive, he published them on a black letter type; the following were the titles of some of a few of his publications.

The Origin of Evil.

The Means of forming a correct Taste.

A comparative View of Antient and Modern Languages.

Thoughts on the Scriptural Narrative of a Confusion of Tongues.

A Defence of Christianity.

He was also supposed to contribute to the Hyp-dotor, a periodic paper, published at that time, and is said to have received from Sir Robert Walpole, a present of a hundred pounds, as a reward for a production of Henley's, which appeared in that paper; he was also author of a pamphlet, with the following title: "Samuel sleeping in the Wilderness;" occasioned by his obtruding himself into a religious controversy on baptism.

As his popularity increased, the place where he amused, or instructed his friends, was found not sufficiently capacious, and he procured a larger and more commodious receptacle, near a Catholic chapel, I believe in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn fields.

In a fit of humorous caprice, or in the hope of enticing some of the frequenters of that place of worship, to visit him, he called his new room, in some of his advertisements, the Little Catholic Chapel; if any of the Popish persuasion accidentally attended his lecture, after mass, he was studious of paying them particular attention and respect, and would, in some way or other, introduce a recommendation of universal philanthropy and religious toleration.

On one of these occasions, he uttered the following apostrophe; "after all this outcry about the devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, who and what is this bugbear, this monster, this Pope, whom we so much dread? He is only a man like ourselves; the ecclesiastical sovereign of Rome,

Rome, the father and head of the Catholic church;" when the lecture concluded, he was seen to advance towards a leading man among the Catholics, and shaking him heartily by the hand, welcomed him in the following words; "God bless you, I love you all, I love you all; we are all Christians alike, from the same stock, divided only by a few *non-essentials*."

Whether this mode of proceeding was dictated by the liberal spirit of philosophical indifference, by Christian charity, by any latent Papistical propensity, or for the mere purpose of inviting customers of all persuasions to his shop, may be easily determined, by considering the character of Henley; he is said to have adopted the same *fraternal* language to the Baptists and Independents, who received his advances with coldness and suspicion.

Having acquired, or assumed the name of ORATOR HENLEY, it became the fashion, in certain circles, to hear his lectures; he attracted the notice, and excited the resentment of Mr. Pope, who has lashed him

severely, in his *Dunciad*; much of the poet's satire is well applied, and appropriate; except where he describes as a zany, and a talker of nonsense; this, certainly is not a correct or just description of Henley, who was impudent, insolent, and conceited, a vain-glorious boaster, determined at all events, and at all risques, to excite the attention of the public; but he exhibited at times, a quaint shrewdness, a farcical humour, and occasionally, a depth of reflection, far beyond the reach of a fool; he was rather, what the Methodists once called, their great episcopal assailant, "a theological and political buffoon."

A compleat series of his singular advertisements, mottos, medals, and pamphlets, with a panegyric on him, in the form of a life, by Welstead, is in the possession of an indefatigable collector, and is thought highly valuable, by the connoisseurs in that species of research. If I am not very much mistaken, in my opinion of the health of the possessor of this literary treasure, who is himself a

most venerable piece of antiquity, it will at no very distant period, be submitted to the hammer of Mr. Christie.

By coarse irony, vulgar raillery, and a certain humourous quaintness of expression, he often raised the laugh against opponents, superior to him in learning and argument; in this respect, he frequently reminds me of a political writer of the present time, famous in his way, Mr. Thomas Paine; in the unbounded licentiousness with which he scattered the arrows of ridicule, and censure, without respect of persons, at Jew and Gentile, bond and free, Henley also resembled the Anglo-gallic citizen, who *advocates* the Rights of Man; like him too, the ORATOR incurred the displeasure of government, and was several days in the custody of a king's messenger.

On this occasion, Lord Chesterfield, then secretary of state, amused himself, and his associates in office, by sporting with the hopes and fears, of our restorer of antient eloquence; during his examination before

the privy council, he asked leave to be seated, on account of a real or pretended rheumatism, and occasioning considerable merriment, by his eccentric answers, was observed to join heartily and loudly in the laugh he had himself excited.

The noble lord having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of the country, at the moment, a rebellion raged in the kingdom, he replied; "I thought there was no harm, my lord, in *cracking* a joke on a red herring;" alluding to the worthy primate of that name, who had proposed, or actually commenced arming and araying the clergy.

A number of disrespectful and unwarrantable expressions, he had applied to persons high in office, and to their conduct, being repeated to him, his only reply, was; "My lords, I *must* live." "I see no reason at all for that, Mr. Henley," said Lord Chesterfield; the council seemed pleased at the retort, and Henley immediately answered, "that is a good thing, but unfortunately

unately it has been said before."

After being reprimanded for his improper conduct, he was in a few days dismissed as an impudent, but entertaining fellow.

The following was circulated by Henley, as an advertisement, or by way of hand-bill, in October, 1726.

"Having been threatened by various letters, that if I do not drop the oratory, a minute account of my life, and character shall be published; I take this method of informing those who propose undertaking it, that they must be speedy, or their market will be spoiled, as I am writing it myself.

J. HENLEY."

It has been mentioned, that the orator was involved in a paper war, with Mr. Whiston; I conclude the present article, with an extract from a letter addressed to him, by Henley, as a specimen of the style and manner of writing, adopted by this restorer of antient eloquence.

But I think it a piece of justice, due to truth, as well as the memory of the Cambridge professor, to

observe, that it is impossible to reconcile the charges of dissimulation, brought by Henley against his adversary, with the important sacrifices Whiston made, and indeed the tenor of his whole life, in which his principles and professions were almost perpetually at war with his interest; the orator, in one instance contradicts himself, for he accuses his antagonist, of hypocrisy and obstinacy: most of the accusations alledged by Henley, against Whiston, might, with the greatest truth and propriety, have been brought against himself.

To Mr. W. Whiston:

Sir,

You have no right to catechize me, concerning the causes of my leaving Melton; I took that step contrary to the wishes of the whole neighbourhood; and the numerous letters of recommendation, I brought with me to town, sufficiently clear me from your scandalous insinuations.

You are invidious, malicious, partial, and uncharitable; I suspect you as much

much as you do St. Athanasius ; your passions blind your judgment, your language is scurrilous ; it deserves, and if you persist in repeating it, shall have, an answer from another sort of weapon than the pen.

I am sincere and serious in my religious professions, but I consider yours as a jest, who communicate and worship with a church, which you call idolatrous : I quitted my appointments in the country, which brought in a sure income, for certain labour, and uncertain gains ; you talk idly of my being a news-writer for Government, it is an employment I never solicited.

I taught speaking and action, at my school in Leicestershire, long before I had seen a London theatre ; and *those who are judges*, know that my action is as different from the dramatic, as a play-house is from a church.

Your misapplication of various texts from the Psalms, is a strong proof of your ignorance or your dishonesty ; the Psalms are poetical compositions, for the most part devotional ;

no man in his sober senses, ever thought they were regarded as laws by the jews ; but, allowing your own statement of facts, David, though an adulterer, prayed ; and Hosea, *who took two wives of whoredom*, preached.

What you call discipline in religion, is so far from being primitive, that it is contrary to the gospel, and if I mistake not, nearly approaches to high treason.

You accuse me of vanity, who are yourself the most vain, arrogant, pretending, ill-bred man, alive, and the greatest dissembler ; you lost your place at Cambridge, by obstinacy and pride ; your threatenings and yourself I despise ; if you go on in your villainy against me, I'll make you smart for it.

You will repent of your vile, unchristian, and *ungenteel* usage of me ; you will wish that you had not been so absurd a wretch ; and shall find to your cost, that my spirit rises superior to your efforts, and that
MY FORTUNE WILL CRUSH
ALL OPPOSITION.

J. HENLEY.

HENRY

HENRY the EIGHTH, king of England, a man of bad taste, as well as a tyrant.

“ I have other letters of Henry to Anna Bullen,” says a late editor, of an ancient English historian, “ but their obscenity, renders my publishing them improper.”

That any man should be so indecorously absurd, as to sully the mind of a woman, he meant to make the friend and companion of his life, that he should attempt to render muddy and turbid, that stream which he designed for his future beverage, would seem strange and incredible, did we not daily see husbands mistaking indecency for wit, and putting their wives out of countenance, by fallies of lewdness.

These epistolary eccentricities of Henry, may perhaps account for the familiarity, with which his queen is said to have addressed the grooms of her chamber, and probably laid the foundation for a charge of unfaithfulness, produced or created by the monster, against an unhap-

py woman, when he had determined to destroy her.

HIGHWAYMAN, an anecdote of, founded on fact.

A clergyman on his way from London, to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and as the road had been long notorious, for frequent robberies, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy, stamped on his countenance, against which he seemed to be ineffectually struggling, interested the old gentleman in his favor. They conversed on various subjects, and soon dissipated that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered as the characteristic mark of an Englishman. Politics, the weather, and the danger of travelling near London, at night, with other extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance, were successively the subject

subjects of their conversation.

“ I am surprized,” said the ecclesiastic, “ that any reasonable being, should expose himself to the infamy and destruction, which sooner or later, always follows the desperate adventures of a highwayman; and my astonishment at the infatuation increases, when I recollect several instances of wanderers in this dangerous path, who were men of sound intellect, and previous to the fatal act, of sober life, and conversation; they must have known that in this our christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives, to seek for, and assist real distress, in every form.”

“ I agree to the truth of your description, *generally speaking*,” replied the traveller, “ the princely revenues, and bulky magnificence of our various public hospitals, the vast subscription, on every occasion of general calamity, or individual distress, the

thousands, and tens of thousands, fed, cloathed, and instructed; the Gallic fugitives, and the shoals of exiles, from every part of the continent, confirm the justice of your panegyric, on English benevolence, and British hospitality; but there is a species of suffering, which shrinking from public notice, and brooding in silence over its sorrows, often escapes the benignant, but rapid glance, of modern charity.

“ There are spirits, sir,” continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment, with ferocious pride, and tortured sensibility; “ there are spirits, which would rather perish by inches, than attempt to awaken the generosity, or expose themselves to the neglect or contempt of the giddy unthinking part of mankind;—spirits, sir, which would not hesitate a moment, in flying for refuge to instant death, in order to evade the arrows of misfortune, and conclude *their own* miseries, but who cannot see a wife, a child, or a parent, bereft of the necessaries of life, without resolving,

solving, at any risque, to alleviate their difficulties.

“ There *is* a species of distress, which does not always strike the wealthy, which they cannot often find out, and which prudent men when they *do* see it, only laugh at, and revile; they tell the sufferer, that he is poor and miserable, only because he deserves to be so; that while he has legs to support him, and arms able to work, he has no right to expect relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy, to bestow on imaginary poverty, refined indolence, and culpable affectation, the meed due only to irremediable calamity, and indigent infirmity.

“ Your appearance, sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favor, and I am resolved, without fear, or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never meant should have passed my lips; it will account, for that anxiety, and dejection, which cannot have escaped your observation.

“ I am a wretched being,

of that class, which as I have just said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced by a union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation, of the means of subsistence; I cannot dig, I am ashamed to beg, but this is the least part of my affliction, as one desperate, I do not say justifiable step, would at once remove me from the evils I endure; but the pangs of want are aggravated by the bitter reflection, that a beloved wife, an aged parent, and three lovely children, are involved in the same ruin.

“ Too proud to appeal to the humanity, I resolved to work upon the fears of mankind, and I have for some time, supported my family by force of arms; I confess without scruple, that to procure a purse at all events, is the business of my present journey;” “ be not alarmed, sir, at the avowal,” cried the stranger, observing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, “ be not alarmed, I would cut off my right hand, rather than abuse the confidence

confidence you have placed in me. It is on individuals of a very different description, that I mean to raise contributions; on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who parting with a little loose cash, are deprived of only a minute portion of that superfluity, which they would otherwise dissipate in folly, or vice."

The divine, somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak.

"I cannot, by any means be prevailed on, to agree to your positions, nor can I as a minister of the gospel, refrain from warning you, against the fatal conclusions you draw from them; such is the discriminating sense, such the enlightened philanthropic spirit, and such the persevering benevolence of the times, that I am convinced there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp-sighted optics of English humanity.

"Not content with con-

applicants, it is one of the most prominent features of the present day, to form societies for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery: no grievance properly explained, and well authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed; remove all possibility of imposition, and to know calamity in England, is to remove it.

"But allowing for arguments sake, that the case was otherwise; on what principle of religion, or right reason, are you authorized, rash, and mistaken man, to desert the post, in which Providence placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, forgetting duty, interest, friendship, and every social tie, insolently to rush into the presence of your Creator, your hands reeking with your own blood, and murder, most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheeks, in defiance of divine precepts, and in direct violation of that principle, which he hath so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast." The good

good man would have proceeded, but his companion seeing, as the moonlight shone through the parting clouds, a post chaise ascending the hill, thus interrupted him.

“To know calamity, is to relieve it, if I rightly understood you, is one of your positions;” “it is:” “an opportunity for putting to the test, the truth of your assertion, now offers itself,” said the stranger, “the carriage which is coming, is in fact, what I have several hours been expecting. The owner of is a rich man, and, if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him: I will without exaggeration or reserve, explain my situation to him; according to your honorable, but in my opinion romantic and unfounded doctrine, I will endeavour to prevail on his reason, to acknowledge the justice of my claims, and try to interest his feelings, to relieve my distresses.”

The trier of this dangerous, and unlawful experiment, immediately turned his horse, and descen-

ding the hill, in a few minutes met the gentleman's carriage. Requesting the driver to stop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and in gentle tone of voice, thus addressed the person who was in it. “Sir, the urgency of my wants, must be an apology for this abrupt application; myself, a wife, and an infant family, are in want of support, our customary resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me?”

The gentleman considering what he said, as the common-place cant of mendicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London, are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, sometimes against the wailings of real misery, yet not able wholly to suppress those feelings, which so impressive an address had awakened, twisted all his loose silver in a paper, gave it to the petitioner, and ordered the post boy to drive on.

“This trifle, I am sorry

to say," replied the illicit collector, "is by no means adequate to the pressure I feel, it will not provide for my family a week: a fifty pound bank note, which will not be missed in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, who lives in another kingdom. If you can prevail on yourself, to afford me this timely assistance, I will give you my name and address, to a place where you will see positive proof, that your benevolence has not been imposed on, and I may possibly recover by diligence, and good friends, my customary place in society."

"You are troublesome, ungrateful, and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated, "can you suppose I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice? Can you expect me to give so serious a sum, to a man, whose face I never saw before, and probably shall never see again; I will do no such thing, you are mistaken in your man; post boy, I insist on it, that you drive on directly."

"Let him do it at his peril," cried the robber, raising his voice, and presenting a double barrell'd pistol, "stir not an inch; before we part I must have your money, or your life. There is in your portman-teau, that which will relieve all my wants; deliver me instantly the key; your pocket book, which I see you have dropped to the bottom of the chaise, must, with its contents, be also surrendered. Driver, alight directly, and if you have any regard for your safety, stand steadily at the heads of your horses, throw aside your whip, turn your back to the carriage, and unless you wish for a slug through your head, take not the least notice of any thing that is doing."

The key of the portman-teau was produced, the cord and straps divided with a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvas bags, were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman. Having amply supplied his pecuniary wants, the marauder did not neglect to take the necessary means for insuring his own safety; cutting

ting pieces from the cord, which had secured the baggage, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and the post boy, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, re-mounted, and quickly rejoined the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction; declared himself confirmed in his system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, was in a few minutes out of his sight.

The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart, on the circumstances of the evening; the stranger obstinately persisting in a theory so opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending violence by argument, disordered his feelings, and kept him awake more than half the night. Rising early, he walked to the seat of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, to whom he related the adventure of the preceding night.

They resolved, assisted

by a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the ecclesiastic immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain.

It was not long, before what they dreaded and expected, came to pass; in a few posts they received a letter from their friend in London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank notes in the pocket book, the robber had been detected, taken into custody, and conveyed to prison.

So vigorous indeed were the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the Judges of Assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension, that an indictment was prepared, the bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time the clergyman was able to reach town. He hurried into court, anxious to be convinced that the prisoner at the bar, was the companion of his nocturnal journey, in whose fate, he felt himself so strongly interested.

Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd, he instantly recognized him; and to add to the sorrow he felt, a verdict of guilty, in consequence of evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against him, at the moment of entering. The worthy priest was not able to suppress, or conceal his emotions, at beholding a young man, of a pleasing person and manners, and of a good understanding, who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life, by adhering to a system, radically preposterous, and unwarrantable; rushing from the afflicting scene, he relieved himself by a shower of tears: the criminal soon after, suffered an ignominious death.

But the worthy clergyman, did not let his feelings, make him forget his duty; he considered virtue as something more than a well-founded period, or an harmonious flow of words; recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, a widow, and chil-

dren, he hastened to them, and became a parent to the fatherless, promoting, and largely contributing, to a subscription in their favor.

In exercising this kind office, he procured further information concerning the unhappy man; he found that he was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune, by frugality, and perseverance; but instigated by the vanity, or folly of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment to the infatuation of the times; HE GAVE HIS ELDEST SON, A GENTEEL, AND EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, THAT PERNICIOUS WEAKNESS IN LARGE FAMILIES, OF SMALL FORTUNE; he taught him to despise that humble, but honest art, which had raised his family from indigence; the fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch, in the formation of which, human industry, is divided into so many separate, and distinct branches, while the putting the whole together,

ther, and superintending its movements, constitutes another reputable employment.

The young man, was thus disqualified for treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him by the paths of duty, and regularity, to health of body, peace of mind, and competency; he became that wretchedest of all beings, an accomplished gentleman, without fortune, and without possessing any professional knowledge, intellectual or maternal dexterity, which would enable him to procure one; a class of men, to whom the gaming tables, the road, or the — afford a common last resource. He had been taught to spend, and actually had spent thousands, but had not been initiated in the more necessary art of earning his dinner.

But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property, which at his father's death, ought to have been equally divided between himself, his brothers and sister.

The miserable parent, felt when it was too late, the effects of his mistake, and injudicious partiality; in the decline of life, he was deprived of those little indulgences, those sweet reliefs of age and pain, to which honest industry, is fairly entitled.

This fatal error, of which I believe every person who peruses this page, can produce numerous instances, embittered the old man's declining days, with unavailing repentance, and hurried his wretched son, into a disgraceful death in this world, and everlasting perdition, in that which is to come.

HILL, JOHN, an apothecary, in St. Martin's lane, a physician of that class, who prepare and recommend their own medicines; a botanic and periodic writer, not without abilities; but tempted by overweening vanity and a flippant pen, to treat his literary cotemporaries with pertness, insolence and contempt, though they were in most instances, his superiors in capacity and acquirement.

Self.

Self-conceited men have been frequently compared to a prize-fighter, ascending a stage, with some part of his body or limbs, notoriously and conspicuously injured or weakened, to which every antagonist will not fail directing his blows. Yet Dr. Hill, with many *tender places* about him, with no great stock of learning, and with qualifications, not of the first class, was the AT ALL of his day, players, poets, philosophers, physicians, antiquarians, critics, commentators, free thinkers, and divines, were alternately selected by him, as objects of satire, ridicule, misrepresentation, or invective.

There was scarcely a department of literature, in which, at some period of his life, he had not tried his strength; from a guinea quarto, on God and Nature, written professedly against the philosophy of Bolingbroke, a ponderous Naval History, and his stupendous Vegetable System, in twenty six volumes, folio, down to a pamphlet on Betty Canning; a *Wipe* at the Royal Society, who had shut their doors against

him, or an *Eighteen-penny Touch*, at Valerian, Snuff-taking, Balsam of Honey, Sage, and Polypody of the Oak; such intervals, as these pursuits did not occupy, were employed in his medical practice; in places of public amusement, all of which he regularly visited; and in his office of Inspector, a title, under which he conducted a periodic publication, for several years.

The poet, Smart, confessedly a man of genius, which so often leads, and in his case, actually did lead, to the confines of insanity; Churchill, a satirist, possessing a strong mind, but debased by party malice and sensuality; Garrick, the first of actors, and the pleasiest of men; and Woodward, a good-natured, lively, inoffensive player, were alternately attacked by our literary drawcanfir; but whether his weapon was deficient in keenness, his hand in strength, or that truth and justice were wanting, the blows aimed at his adversaries, too often recoiled on himself, and frequently to his utter confusion and disgrace.

It

It is not easy, at this time, to determine, which party in these skirmishes, gave the first offence; Hill appears to have been ready on most occasions, to irritate others by ill usage, and to have resented it warmly himself; on such occasions, he is said not to have been very abstemious in the use of scandal, falsehood, and foul language.

He who possesses a turn for humour or buffoonery, a strong arm, a slipper tongue, a good voice, and expressive countenance, or any other personal or intellectual advantage, will not, generally speaking, sit down silent and inactive, while impudence, folly and absurdity, are stalking forth on the stilts of self-importance, to raise contributions on the public, and seize the rewards due to real genius.

In answer to the general resentment, which his assurance and preposterous affectation excited, the reply which Hill has been frequently heard to make, is strongly expressive of the excessive vanity of the man. "The dull rogues are envious of the very flattering

reception, which merit, like mine, injures from a generous and discerning public; the ill-natured fools cannot bear to see me enjoy a splendid equipage, a town and country house; the acquaintance, approbation, and patronage of the first characters in church and state; they cannot endure, that I should monopolize and enjoy the smiles of all that is beautiful, witty, and elegant, in the beau monde."

Such language would naturally provoke the indignation and contempt of the rational and sober part of mankind, but the doctor possessed acuteness enough to know, that it was the only method to succeed with the million; they heard the name of Sir John Hill, for he was latterly so distinguished by the king of Sweden, as a compliment to his botanic eminence, or a return for a present of his Vegetable System, splendidly bound; they often heard his name mentioned, and saw occasionally in print, the wonderful effects of his Effence of Water Dock, his Balsam of Honey, and other medicines, properly blazoned.

Not

Not in the habit of thinking or determining for themselves, they took it for granted, that he must, of course, be the surprizing man he described himself; they received his declarations with implicit confidence, and swallowed his preparations with avidity.

By these means, and a brisk trade with the booksellers, his income, at a certain period, must have been respectable, as he appeared in public with the general accompaniments of genteel life; and if my memory is correct, decorated with some ribbon, or insignia of the order, bestowed upon him; the suggestions of his numerous enemies, that he had obtained this distinction, in some surreptitious or uncreditable manner, is not supported by any authentic proof.

He lived in St. James's-street, and his house and garden at Bayswater, were calculated to impress a favourable opinion of his medical and botanical researches; he was patronized by the Earl of Bute, and supposed, at a certain time, to receive occasional-

ly, a pecuniary supply from the treasury; a mistake, originating, I conceive, from his being employed by the minister, as a botanist, rather than a politician. But as editor and conductor of the Inspector, he displayed himself most advantageously, at least in his own opinion.

Without any originality of thought, novelty of research, or critical acuteness, but with a considerable portion of supercilious quaintness, he laid before the public, in this vehicle, his sentiments on any subject which occupied general attention; the character of his Inspectors, as literary compositions, is pert vivacity; but they too often disgust by vanity, or sicken by the parlarver of insipidity.

His guinea quarto, with which he used to boast he had demolished *poor Lord Bolingbroke*, pleased the clergy; yet his mode of arguing is deficient in closeness and precision, and his usual self-sufficiency pervades every page.

In the imposture of Betty Canning, Dr. Hill successfully opposed the current
of

of popular opinion, and was applauded by the discerning few, who had escaped that strange infatuation; one of his opponents in that controversy, was Henry Fielding, the goodness of whose heart, made him in this instance, the dupe of female artifice and cunning.

The Inspector, in giving an account of a disturbance in the theatre, in which he experienced personal violence, had occasion to mention the name of Woodward the comedian, adding by way of ill-natured comment, that a player was the meanest of all characters; he forgot, or did not wish others to remember, that he had himself been a candidate for theatrical fame, in the various parts of Harlequin, Oroonoko, Blandford, Constant, Lothario, and the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, “in all of which, said one of Hill’s assailants, you grossly failed, *except the last*; though your associate, in some of the characters, the lovely Peggy Woffington, might have called the powers of any man, *who really possessed any*, into action.”

VOL. IV,

Woodward; I suspect, stimulated and assisted by certain literary enemies of Hill, and provoked by his flippant egotism, and malignancy, attacked him in a spirited pamphlet, which recalled many unpropitious passages of his life to public notice: the following imitation of the style, manner, and spirit of the Inspector was also given, which, as a specimen or fac simile of that periodic publication, may be considered as a literary curiosity.

“Epictetus somewhere says, that a man of wit should rise early in a morning, and Aristotle confirms this opinion. I do not pretend to learning, and yet if I do pretend to that character, the public has given me sufficient foundation for the pretence. I rose the other morning, and rang my bell, my valet presently appeared, and I ordered him to buckle my shoes. It is fit the reader should know that I have lately purchased a new pair of buckles; it is fit he should know I bought them of Mr. Deard; I do not, I need not say, that Deard has since informed me, he has sold several dozen

dozen pair of the same; the desire of imitating a man, whose taste is fashionable, is natural, is common, I will add it is decent.

“ When I was dressed, I stepped into my chariot, and bid my footman order my coachman to drive me to the Bedford; here I diverted myself till dinner, with some of the first wits of the age.

“ At seven I retired from Champaigne, and toasting Lady *****, to a box at Drury-lane; I don't name the lady, I will not name her; the world without my naming her will guess; I am not ashamed they should, the lady is not ashamed.

“ Between dozing and chatting to three or four women of fashion, I whiled away the idle hours till ten; idleness is the privilege of business; few know this, and fewer know the reason of it; but I know both, though I will tell neither.

“ At a route I finished the evening, where brag and fortune deprived me of fifty guineas; I lost them with unconcern; I have fifty more at home. At one I returned to my own house, in my own cha-

riot, drawn by my own horses, driven by my own coachman, attended by my own footman; such circumstances in some histories are immaterial, in mine they are otherwise. The public desires to know every particular of my life; they have obliged me, and shall be obliged; they are my readers, I am their humble servant.

“ One servant knocked at my door, a second opened it, and a third lighted me up stairs; above, I found the charming Amanda; under that name I shall disguise a woman of the highest quality; for there is an indelicacy in discovering too much; there being in man an inconceivable delight in displaying the amiably decent, the elegantly lovely, as in those pictures of Venus, where there is something undisclosed to the eye: something which I will not express, this something engages the sagacious and discerning faculties of the mind, in the most agreeable pursuit.

“ At breakfast, my valet brought me cards of invitation to dinners, suppers, riots, routes; and drums.”

A quo-

A quotation from Martial, under the lion, whose mouth was converted into a receptacle for conveying intelligence to the letter-box, was thus flippantly criticised by Dr. Hill; "Is it not strange, that Addison and Steele, my predecessors, men of such genius, taste, and classical knowledge, could be capable of putting bad latin under my lion; but I shall give them *a wipe* for it next week." "That latin which you pronounce bad, and intend to wipe, is a quotation from a Roman poet," said a bystander. The lines were these,

Servantur magnis istis cervicibus ungues,

Non nisi delecta pascitur ille fera.

The sin of Dr. Hill, my readers need scarce be told, was insufferable vanity, and a reason may perhaps be pleaded in excuse for him, in common with many others, who have been the artificers of their own fortune; from obscurity, poverty, and insignificance, he had raised himself to competence and ease; he had to a certain degree, mixed in gay circles, and

under certain reserves, associated with the elegant, the witty, and the polite; he was patronized by the prime minister of his own country, and honourably distinguished by the sovereign prince of another; he had in short effected that purpose for which millions are daily toiling for in vain; he who was able to perform all this, could not but consider himself as a man of superior capacity, judgment, and dexterity.

HIPPOCRATES; it is said to be an aphorism of this learned man, that if a pregnant woman be bled, she will miscarry.

Γυνη εν γαστρι εχουσα φλεβοτομωθεισα εκτριτωχει.

The quick-sighted dexterity of the present times, departs from a rule, which at a period when the arts and sciences were fettered by systems, and governed by great names, is said to have cost thousands of women their lives.

Galen narrowly escaped being stoned to death, for bleeding his patients 'till they fainted; yet a medical friend informs me, that modern practice in pleurisies,

and in the country, proves, that there are cases in which it is not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary.

HOT-WELLS ANECDOTE.

A consumptive patient, on whom *sentence had been passed*, one of the many thousands who fall a sacrifice to that cruel disease; after exhausting the patience of his physician, and the gally pots of his apothecary, was hurried away to Bristol, according to the customary routine, which succeeds perhaps once, in a million of instances.

The unfortunate gentleman of whom I am speaking, would not suffer lodgings to be taken for him, previous to his arrival, but after sitting an hour or two, to recover, from the fatigues of his journey, walking out with his mother, and two sisters, found apartments he liked, and had conditionally engaged them.

As the party descended from the first floor, the ladies remarked, that the situation was pleasant, the house and furniture in good

condition; "the balustrade, and the wall on the staircase," said the sick man's mother, "are the only exceptions to the praise I was bestowing."

"Your observation is just, ma'am" replied Mrs. *****, but I have had them repaired so often, that I am tired with the trouble, expence, and dirt; the mischief you see, is occasioned by conveying COFFINS up and down stairs; this circumstance occurs so often, and the undertaker's men are so careless, that I really thought it labour in vain to have it repaired, when perhaps I might have it to do again in another fortnight."

The trembling valetudinarian hurried out of doors, and could not be prevailed on to enter them again; in less than a month he was carried down stairs himself.

I cannot quit the subject, without a word on consumptions; wit, beauty, and accomplishment, are daily and hourly torn from our arms, whilst medical art, and human sagacity, confess their impotence with

with a sigh; for after all the efforts of the college, and the pompous misrepresentations of impudent empiricisin, emptying the pockets, and exasperating the disease of the miserable victim, in spite of the splendid parade of quackery, there is no well authenticated instance of that disease, which we call a consumption, being cured, where it was clearly and incontestibly proved to be such, by scientific, and disinterested persons.

I will not deny that coughs, that colds, hectic heats, and many alarming complaints, *resembling* a decline, have been, and may be alleviated, perhaps removed; but a confirmed pthisis or atrophy, in its earlier or later stages, has in my opinion never been cured.

If a release from life, in this form, is to be my lot, as medical friends tell me is not very improbable, I am resolved on the plan I will pursue, as long as I have reason to guide, and strength to enforce my resolutions.

While any probability of relief remains, from duty and a necessary attention to

the calls of friendship and affection, I will try every resource which experience, judgment, and qualified professors can point out; but once convinced that my disease is a consumption, I will fly from quackery as a pest, and from the apothecary as an unnecessary appendage; and not possessing a sufficient fortune to carry a ship-load of friends with me to Lisbon, I would submit with all possible content to the circumstances of my situation, and moderately indulging in whatever food my stomach would take, pass the short remains of life in the bosom of my family.

For death in any form, is far preferable to being dismissed to cough a man's heart out in a solitary gravel pit, or to being exhausted by a journey to Clifton, with ghastly undertakers thrusting their cards of *funerals performed*, into the post-chaise; apothecaries anticipating nitre powders, spermacæti drafts, silk hat-bands, and long bills; and carpenters' apprentices taking measure of a skeleton as he walks the street, and *wondering the gentleman remains so long*.

HUMAN

HUMAN INGENUITY; there is now living at Dursley, in the county of Gloucester, Wm. Hopkins, who may be styled, without exaggeration, an untaught genius.

With no other education than being taught to read and write very indifferently, he was apprenticed when a lad, to a miller, and a few years since surprized his master, by saying he thought he could make a fiddle; he was laughed at, and told he might try.

With all the impediments of bad materials, and worse tools, he persevered 'till he succeeded, he fixed the strings, tuned it, and taught himself to play.

Gratified by the notice he attracted, and the praise he received, he proceeded to construct a barrel organ, which, by a mechanism of his own contrivance, and wholly unassisted, he connected with the mill, so that whenever the latter worked, his instrument played. Observing that the business of roasting by means of jacks was troublesome and awkward, he rendered the motion of the mill-wheels subservient to this

purpose also, telling his master, they should now have roast meat and music together.

He not long after built an organ for the new chapel at Dursley, which is much admired for the fullness and melody of its tones, and has been pronounced equal to any sold by the best makers, except that it is finished externally, without elegance or ornament.

Much hath been ingeniously said of the seeds of excellence, and a pre-disposition to certain arts being planted in the human breast, independent of education or culture; yet, though there must be originally fire in a flint, before we can elicit or draw it forth; it may slumber in the filicious particles, millions of years, 'till it comes in collision with steel; and I am disposed to think that Wm. Hopkins, the self-taught subject of the present article, would not have burst into such sudden excellence, had not the occupation somewhat collaterally connected with his pre-disposition, touched the right string; had he been buried in the noisome suffocation

focation of foot, as a chimney-sweeper, or been doomed to the discipline of a drill-serjeant; it is probable he would have been pronounced, and perhaps have actually been rendered a thick-headed dog for the rest of his life.

This short notice is introduced for the purpose of catching the eye of *one of his neighbours*; and in the hope that he will patronize and reward him.

ILL-TIMED MERRIMENT.

The custom of introducing humorous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, softened, or sublimed, by scenes of woe, hath afforded matter of frequent controversy to dramatic critics.

In favor of this established custom, it hath been said, that five long acts, is a portion of time sufficiently long, to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects, that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial distress; that it is cruel to send home an audience, with all the melan-

choly impressions of a deep tragedy, on their minds.

Those of an opposite opinion, have observed, that it is degrading and untrue, to describe the human species, as incapable of receiving gratification, only from comic scenes; that there is a *luxury in woe*, independent of its purifying the bosom, and suppressing the more ignoble passions; that to endeavour by an almost instantaneous succession of ludicrous mummery, to efface the impressions of interesting incident, of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous sentiment, is a species of depravity, as it is sporting with, or rendering callous the sympathies of our nature, those most powerful of all incentives to good actions; and that it is repugnant to correct taste, as well as moral utility.

This violation of every law of gentle and gradual contrasts, has been felt and complained of, by most frequenters of a theatre; and there are authentic facts, recorded of persons retiring from a well-written, and a well-acted tragedy,

dy, to repentance and me-
lioration.

I will not stop to laugh
with Mr. Sheridan's Critic,
at his hoping to render the
theatre a substitute for the
penal statutes, Newgate,
and the Old Bailey, by
rendering vice, *exquisitely*
ridiculous; but he who con-
tributes in any way, to de-
lay the execution of honest
resolutions, or who is in-
strumental in bringing into
disrepute, even the appear-
ance of virtue, I cannot
but consider as *exquisitely*
wicked.

An epilogue hath been
produced by a pen now
paralysed by Hymen or
party-politics, superior in
pathos; practical tendency,
and useful deduction, to
any I ever read; it was o-
riginally spoken by Mrs.
Yates, after the perfor-
mance of Semiramis; a
tragedy, translated from
the French, by a military
man, to whom, I have in a
former volume given the
epithet Cœrulean.

Dishevell'd still like Asia's
bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride
the tragic scene?

No, beautiful mourners!
from whose down-cast
eyes,

The muse has drawn her
noblest sacrifice

Whose gentle bosoms, pi-
ty's altars—bear

The chrystal incense of
each falling tear!

There lives the poet's praise!
no critic art

Can match the comment of
a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak
the fable o'er

Which mute attention had
approv'd before;

Tho' ruder spirits love th'
accustomed jest,

Which chafes sorrow from
the vulgar breast;

Still hearts refin'd their sad-
den'd tint retain—

The sigh is pleasure and
the jest is pain;

Scarce have they smiles to
honor grace or wit,

Tho' Roscius spoke the
verse himself had writ!

Thus thro' the time when
vernal fruits receive

The grateful show'rs that
hang on April's eve;

Tho' every coarser stem of
forest birth

Throws with the morning
beam it's dews to earth;

Ne'er

Ne'er does the gentle rose
 revive so soon,
 But, bath'd in nature's tears,
 it droops 'till noon.
 O cou'd the muse one sim-
 ple moral teach,
 From scenes like these,
 which all who heard
 might reach!
 —Thou child of sympathy,
 —whoe'er thou art,
 Who with Assyria's queen
 has wept thy part;
 Go search where keener
 woes demand relief,
 Go—while thy heart yet
 beats with fancy'd grief;
 Thy breast still conscious
 of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling-
 'ring in thy eye;
 Go, and on real mis'ry
 bestow
 The blest effusion of ficti-
 tious woe.
 So shall our muse, supreme
 of all the nine,
 Deserve indeed the title of
 divine!
 Virtue shall own her fa-
 vor'd from above,
 And pity greet her with a
 sister's love.

IMPROVED RENTS.

I Good sometimes springs
 from evil, and it is one ad-
 vantage, produced by the
 enormous price of wheat,

during a late scarcity, that
 gentlemen have been able,
 at a time when their bur-
 thens from every quarter
 are multiplied, to increase
 their incomes, and to re-
 ceive from the farmer a
 price for their land, pro-
 portionate to the profits of
 his produce; but this like
 other good things, may be
 carried too far, and I mean
 the present article as A SO-
 LEMN APPEAL TO GENTLE-
 MEN OF LANDED PROPER-
 TY.

Having, since my last
 publication, been called to
 distant and various parts of
 the kingdom, and having
 for a good part of the time,
 mixed with land-holders,
 stewards, country-gentle-
 men, farmers, and survey-
 ors, I endeavoured to ga-
 ther information on the
 subject of this article;
 though I had little else to
 do but listen, my task was
 not without difficulties;
 long stories neither collate-
 rally, nor remotely con-
 nected with the subject in
 question; to translate pro-
 vincial dialects, and phra-
 ses to the full as strange
 to my ear, as Gascon
 French; and large allow-
 ances to make for the sus-
 picious

picious cant of selfish timidity, the misrepresentations of fraud, and the prejudices of ignorance.

In all the districts I have visited, it had happened that the old leases, had for the most part expired, at or soon after the year of scarcity, and had, as was natural to expect, been considerably *improved*, as was the surveyor's term; the majority to double, and some to treble, the amount of their former rents.

The result of the enquiries I have made, and the opinions I have asked, from all parties, is, THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, IN THE PARTS OF THE COUNTRY I HAVE VISITED, THAT FARMERS CAN CONTINUE TO PAY THEIR RENT. I agree that at the price corn bore, at a certain time, no rent could be high, but if it continues at the average price of the two last years, there must be a general bankruptcy among the renters of land, through the kingdom.

Perhaps it will be asked, how is the gentleman to stand his ground, at the present advanced price, of

the general articles of consumption, if his hands are to be tied up from profiting of the only means of increasing his income, which his situation and circumstances afford. Is the opulent land occupier to purchase estates, while the great and respectable body of country gentlemen, live retired in penurious obscurity?

It is far from the wish of any one, to prevent the proprietors of estates, from making the most of them, at seasons, when their tenants are reaping golden harvests;—What then is to be done?

Adopt the wise and safe practice of receiving corn-rents, as is the custom of many ecclesiastics, and colleges, and lately made use of by the editor of this collection, in letting a little paternal farm, the rent of which, almost pays the interest of his sisters fortune.

“ You tell me,” I said to the tenant, “ that you are ready to take a new lease, at a reasonable advance, as you are an honest pains-taking man, and are not ambitious of making
ing

ing your daughters fine ladies, or qualifying your son for Newmarket, I certainly give you the preference, but no settled precise sum of money, shall be mentioned as the annual rent.

“ Fifty years ago, my grandfather let this estate at a rent, which in those days, bought — quarters of wheat, and for the future you must pay as much money annually, as will purchase the same quantity, be the price what it may; the time of the year when this is to be fixed, must be settled by proper judges.”

Though tillers of the ground, are in general not fond of novelty, after asking time to consider, and a few objections, he gave a tardy consent, not being willing to quit a spot, where he had grown rich, as well as grey.

INDEX, a necessary appendage, to almost every book.

Various have been the complaints of the learned, of bad indexes, or of a total want of them to many books; the most copious one I have met with, is to

an edition of Martial, published by Joseph Lang-Argentinæ, 12mo. 1595, it excels in number of pages, the original body of the work.

JEW, an honest one, and on an occasion, in which so many Christians, as well as Hebrews, deviate from truth without scruple; I refer to certain abominable scenes of perjury and fraud, displayed at the commencement of every term; the circumstance of which I am prepared to speak, happened while Lord Mansfield presided in the court of King's Bench.

“ Are you worth eighteen hundred pounds, after all your debts are paid ?” was the question, and I believe the customary question in such cases: “ Eighteen hundred pounds,” replied the Jew “ is indeed a great sum of money, and to speak the truth, I am not worth half so much, nor will I undertake to justify for it; but as the attorney has given me a twenty pound bank note, what am I to do with it. ?”

The venerable chief justice, pleased and surprized

at the circumstance, said, "You are an honest Jew, I advise you to keep the money."

The old man folding up the bank note, deliberately placed it in his pocket-book, and retired, amidst the applauses of the whole court.

The little regard which Jews have been supposed to pay to oaths, hath been attributed by some to the following passage in the Talmud: "He who has a mind that any vow, promise, or oath, he may make, should be invalid, and of no effect, let him rise early on the last day of the year, and pronounce the following words, turning his face towards Jerusalem; "whatever vows, promises, or oaths I enter into, during the ensuing year, may they be of no effect."

JULIAN CALENDAR. This necessary reform took place and received its name, from commencing under the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar, but was planned and recommended by Sosigenes, an Egyptian mathematician, forty-five years before the Christian æra.

It is mentioned in this place with a design, which I have endeavoured to make the paramount spirit of my collection; THAT NO MAN SHALL ENJOY THE PROFIT OR REPUTE OF THAT, WHICH HATH BEEN EVIDENTLY PRODUCED BY THE INGENUITY AND LABOR OF ANOTHER.

JULIA, or the Italian Lover, a tragedy, by Mr. Jephson.

In addition to what I have said of this splendid drama, under the article Gordier, in a former volume, it hath been remarked as a singular circumstance, that the ingenious author, if I mistake not, originally a captain in the army, a bon-vivant, I mean a rational one, and the most convivial man at Dublin Castle, should, with the exception of a work, which I will spare him the mention of, and which I understand he wishes to be suppressed and forgotten, that such a man should have wholly turned his mind to tragedy, and with all his talents for merriment, not have once publickly invoked Thalia, who in private

vate life appears to be lavish of her favors to him.

KEMBLE'S BAJAZET.

The performances of this correct actor, have been frequently noticed in this collection; it is the business of this short article to congratulate him, on his excellent, and with respect to the common practice, his *new* mode of personating the captive sultan.

Mr. Kemble, though deficient by nature, as I have formerly observed, in tone, fullness, and if I may be allowed the term, in volume of voice, and although wanting fleshiness of muscle, to exhibit the swelling ardor of the insolent tyrant, yet his conception, expression, and tread, were spirited, satisfactory, and perfect.

He has rendered rational and interesting the performance of a character, rendered by an erroneous and long established practice, ridiculous and contemptible; in the hands of a master, the fallen but inflexible Bajazet, becomes respectable, we feel for the king, we sympathize with

the father, we pity, but as was too often the case, when represented by other actors, we no longer despise him.

LAPSE OF LANGUAGES, whether from improvement or corruption.

To describe without vocal and auricular assistance, the exact sound, mode of pronunciation, and accent, with which the words of any language were pronounced two thousand years ago, is almost impossible; a dictionary formed on the eccentric plan of Dr. Johnson's friend, Elphinstone, who translated the mottos of the Rambler, would to a certain degree, afford this information to distant posterity.

The following fragment of Nævius, an author I believe known only by fragments, who wrote a history of the first ages of Rome, in Iambic measure, has been mentioned as a case in point; it commenced with the following words:

Quei terrai latiai hemo-
nes tuserunt
Vires frudesque Poini-
cas, fabor — —

These

These words occurring, insulated from any text or comment, might pass for the language of Otaheite or Pefew; yet they merely announce in the latin of that day, the design of the poet, to treat of those men of Latium, who successfully resisted the power, and counteracted the frauds of Carthage.

Qui, terræ Latix, homines tuderunt
Vires fraudesque Punicas labor.

Of this writer it was observed, in confirmation of what I advanced in a former volume, that in describing the Punic war, he neither had the candour to acknowledge the real merits of the enemy, nor the magnanimity to make allowance for their failures.

If such are the lapses of language; the time may arrive, when the correct sweetness of Pope, the wit of Congreve, and the impressive morality of Dr. Johnson, will require a glossary to understand them!!

LAW of the TWELVE TABLES; by these it was permitted to cut the

body of an insolvent debt- or into pieces, which were to be divided between his creditors.

“ I should prefer such a mode of paying my debts”, said a literary veteran, under confinement, “ to being pent up in this abode of filth and iniquity, without probability of release, without hope, and without comfort.”

He was a few months after liberated by the hand of death, he paid the debt of nature.

LEEDS, SAMUEL, one of the physicians to the London Hospital, an appointment from which he was compelled to retire.

This transaction, with other circumstances, which preceded and followed it, at a period not very remote, I believe little more than twenty years ago, produced a violent paper war, and involved a worthy character in obloquy and reproach; but the proceeding would not have been considered as at all interesting, at the present time, nor would it have been mentioned in this place, but for the furious and unwarrantable

rantable attack, of an anonymous correspondent, on the editor of this collection.

The reason given by my rude and exasperated assailant, for the coarse invective, he has thought proper to pour forth upon me, is a short passage in Dr. Armstrong's article, at the beginning of my first volume; the reader will probably feel surprised (as I do) at the slightness of the provocation.

A friend suggests, that the smallest spark is sufficient to kindle a blaze in *certain temperaments*; but I am inclined to attribute the outrage in question, to a disposition of *a very different description*, a disposition which hoarding up the long treasured stores of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, watches a fit opportunity, for discharging these, 'odia in longum recondita,' as they are styled by the first of historians.

In the short and hasty sketch I gave of Dr. Armstrong, having had occasion to ask, if there was a medical, or any other man, who had not sometimes trip-

ped? I added, "THE GOOD, THE EXEMPLARY FOTHERGILL, IN HIS TRANSACTION WITH SAMUEL LEEDS, DEPARTED FROM HIS USUAL EQUITY AND LIBERALITY."

For this mild, well-founded, and, I trust, not uncharitable reprehension, I am called a reviler of departed merit, and the traducer of a most excellent character.

Thus stigmatized, and thus accused, an apology seems scarcely necessary for introducing a narrative, which to the public may appear no longer interesting, and which would not be so to me, but for the purpose of self-defence, against a calumny, and foul-mouthed abuse.

Samuel, or as he was pronounced by a learned college, Doctor Samuel Leeds, stimulated by strong inclination, and a peculiar propensity or predisposition to certain pursuits, which impels so many honorable interlopers, to o'erleap the bounds of customary routine, and attain eminence in various professions, became at an advanced period of his life, a
 medical

medical student, and endeavouring to compensate, by labor and application, for his want of a classical education, received an Edinburgh diploma.

Encouraged by successful practice, and flattered by kind friends, he offered himself as a candidate, for the office of physician to one of the principal hospitals of the metropolis, and after the usual toils of solicitation, and bustle of competition, was at last elected.

He who succeeds in any object of pursuit, whatever it be, has, generally speaking, taken possession of a prize, to which others were aspiring, or stands in the way of many, who are travelling the same road.

Every one therefore, who from perverseness, malignity, or thwarted interest, direct or collateral, was the enemy of Leeds, watched his conduct with a scrutinizing unfavourable eye; and where is the man whose life will bear the constant microscopic inspection of a rigid censor? Where is he whose actions will stand the test of incessant eagle-eyed investigation?

These good-natured fri-

ends, which none of us are without, were not able to find any thing objectionable in the medical practice of the newly-elected physician; the hospital books, and the patients of Leeds, having been repeatedly and carefully examined for this very laudable and amiable purpose; the average of deaths and recoveries of those under his care, compared with the general mortality of the patients of others, afforded ample proof that his medical treatment was not less successful than that of his medical associates.

But the enquirers quickly and easily discovered that his prescriptions were grossly erroneous, in technical precision, grammar, and orthography; points, in which a physician, a gentleman, or indeed any one above the condition of a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water, should blush at being deficient.

His ignorance in quæ genus, and the art of spelling was diligently circulated, and loudly proclaimed: reports and surmises were also added, that certain irregularities had taken place, and that several necessary

cessary forms had been dispensed with, on his obtaining a degree in Scotland; particularly, that his inaugural dissertation, a specimen of ability, which candidates for degrees are generally required to produce, had been written for him in latin; this charge Leeds did not pretend to deny, but insisted that he had first written it in English.

To demolish him completely, that part (no inconsiderable one) of the public, who wisely or prudently never think or judge for themselves, *but watch the sign to hate*, from some leading character; these rational deciders on the fame and fortunes of us all, soon heard that Dr. Fothergill, a man generally and deservedly approved, had pronounced, at his own table, a strong and emphatic sentence against the unfortunate physician: "HE OBTAINED HIS DEGREE IN A SURREPTITIOUS MANNER, TAKE CARE THAT HE DOES NO MISCHIEF;" were Dr. Fothergill's words.

Whatever the merits of Leeds might be, and a friend who knew him well assures

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me, his medical qualifications, though a poor scholar, were fully adequate to the majority of those who practise; he was not able to stand against an attack from so eminent and respectable an individual; he quitted his post at the hospital, and almost immediately lost his practise, which for a plain man of moderate wishes, had begun to be lucrative.

Wounded in spirit, irreparably injured in reputation, and deprived of the means of honourable subsistence, the ruined man lodged a complaint against Dr. Fothergill, before the Quakers, a fraternity, of which they both were members.

The society, on this occasion, did not lose sight of that characteristic sagacity, and worldly prudence, which in all their transactions, they so singularly unite with unaccommodating fanaticism; aware of the elevated ground on which he stood, and of the general popularity of Dr. Fothergill, as well as his unbending independant spirit, they conceived, and as it afterwards proved, conceived rightly, that he would be extremely

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extremely unwilling to make the necessary concessions which these respectable secretaries require of *all friends*, in cases of defamation, and which, if not duly submitted to, are followed by a SOLEMN CENSURE; a step for the most part resorted to, and with reluctance, only in cases of unbridled profligacy, and obstinate audacity, dreaded and deprecated by every person solicitous to preserve a good name, and if possible, avoided by the Quakers at large, as somewhat uncreditable to their Christian profession.

They were for many reasons anxious not to pass it, on a man of Fothergill's predominating character; it would probably have occasioned the secession of a good Christian, and a highly useful member of society: many private meetings were held on the subject; and at length, some of the principal men were deputed to wait on the doctor, and to converse with him in an amicable way, on the business.

He received them with a sort of reserve, different from his general aspect,

which was remarkably inviting and ingenuous; in the present instance, his manner nearly approached to hauteur, and was either the erect attitude of conscious integrity and good design, or that degree of anger, which sins not, frequently observed, when any thing like undeserved reproach was advanced against him.

They explained in a few words, the nature of their errand, and the general opinion of his conduct towards Leeds, and hinted in a gentle, but distant way, at the concessions expected from him; he replied, "that after turning the matter in his mind, and consulting his friends, he was more and more convinced that there was nothing in the present case, either to apologize for, or repent of; that, as one anxious for the health and safety of others, and as a medical practitioner, who had seen *a little* of men and things, and naturally zealous for the honor of his profession, he could not, with a safe conscience, have spoken otherwise, nor could he reconcile it to himself to recall

call his words;" the doctor concluded with observing, that "if they looked for concession from the man who had acted right, their visit would be vain,"

The persons deputed, confessed themselves ready in this, as in every other instance of his life, to do justice to the *motives* of Dr. Fothergill, but they insisted that the *effects* of his words, on the public mind, however justifiable they might be in point of fact, or however well-meant, were equally prejudicial and destructive, to the fame and fortune of Leeds, as if they had been uttered by his most implacable, and inveterate enemy.

Probably aware, that arguing merely from justice, the ground they took, was not perfectly tenable; they dexterously appealed to the feelings of the worthy physician; they described the forlorn state of the man he had censured; deprived by his words, of reputation and the necessary means of support; they suggested, that he might be urged by poverty, to unlawful practices, or be driven by despair, to some more shock-

ing, and irrecoverable catastrophe; a termination which might render the person, who had been (however innocent in design) the cause of it, unhappy for the rest of his life.

These casuists, who are in general so able, at least in their own opinion, to distinguish the genuine, from the lying spirit, in other words, to discriminate between folly, and good sense, these dextrous casuists had touched the right string, that string, which how obdurate soever our pride, or insuperable our prejudices and aversions, the human heart is so formed, as to vibrate in unison with it.

Perceiving that the doctor's resentments were somewhat mitigated, and that his countenance gradually assumed its customary benignity, they proceeded to assure him, that they considered the words he spoke, as the natural effusion of an honest spirit, wishing to guard mankind against the injuries of *supposed* ignorance; they laid an emphasis on the word *supposed*, because, however inferior in *profane* learning, Dr.

Leeds might be to his professional cotemporaries, they were firmly of opinion, an opinion confirmed by a variety of evidence, that in a requisite knowledge of medical science, he was by no means deficient; but had been found eminently useful.

They concluded with giving their opinion, that as his words had been followed with all the mischievous consequences of ill design, from which they nevertheless wholly acquitted him; and as these words proceeded from the lips of one, who was considered as a medical oracle, they declared unanimously, that he ought to make Samuel Leeds amend, adequate to the injury he had received, and proportionate to the pecuniary abilities of Dr. Fothergill.

It was in vain that he claimed a right to exercise that liberty of speech, which he and every individual possessed, of pronouncing on the merits of professional men, as long as they steered clear of licentiousness, scurrility, private malice, and mercenary views; he insisted that the malus

animus, of which they and all who knew him, would readily acquit him, that the malus animus was a necessary ingredient, to convert the words he used, into a criminal action; that if the theory their decision would establish, was once generally adopted, pompous ignorance might stalk through the world, in the garb of professional imposture, to injure and destroy mankind; and no one would attempt to strip off the disguise, through fear of incurring legal penalties.

The persons concerned, *being of a persuasion, not remarkable for departing from that which they have once affirmed,* scrupulously, pertinaciously, and coolly adhered to the sentence they pronounced; and I firmly believe, neither the voice of a tyrant, threatening instant death, nor a thunder-storm bursting over their heads, would have induced them to alter their opinions.

It hath been observed, that the only effectual softeners of the stern fanaticism of quakers, are wealth and elevation; and the good doctor, after many struggles

struggles of the *flesh*, and some internal groanings of the *spirit*, after suppressing, as far as he was able, the revoltings of professional pride, which scorned to yield to inferior attainment; and probably feeling convinced by that internal monitor, which seldom errs, that he had not acted exactly right, the worthy doctor agreed to submit the affair to the decision of arbitrators, to be named in the customary way; and both parties bound themselves by bond, to submit to such award as they should make.

It is at this period of the business, that I think the first tendency to obliquity appears in Dr. Fothergill; he had hitherto fairly given his opinion, and honestly exercised his judgment on a subject, important it is true, and involving in it, the nearest and dearest interests of us all; but to which human institutions and human policy, render it necessary to give considerable latitude; but it was discovered, that on the same day, and only a few hours after he had signed the arbitration bond,

he had retained, by the customary previous fee, an eminent council, to undertake his legal defence, in case the question should come before any of the courts of justice.

I cannot but think, this precautionary measure favoured somewhat of mental reservation, and was unworthy of that exalted, independent, and honorable conduct, which in almost every other instance, Dr. Fothergill observed through life; it indicated something like a secret resolution, not to abide by their determination, if it should happen to be given against him.

The arbitrators, five in number, after many hearings and long deliberation, determined that he should pay to Dr. Leeds, five hundred pounds; they thought this sum no more than a reasonable compensation, for the injury received, declaring at the same time, that they saw no reason to accuse their friend, Fothergill, of malevolence; *he refused to perform that which he had engaged to do.*

His reasons were, that the arbitrators had originally

nally entered on the business, prejudiced in their opinions; that their exculpatory declaration, and the heavy fine which followed, were contradictory, as punishment always implies guilt; and that they had refused to hear a material witness in his favor.

Here rests the whole culpability of Dr. Fothergill, and notwithstanding the elaborate efforts of his assiduous advocate, I think he was much to blame; if his convictions of being right were strong, he ought never to have entered into such an agreement; but *once* engaged, as an honest man, a quaker, and a successful, popular physician, whose chariot was rattling over the pavement, while poor Leeds was crushed and jostled into the kennel, he ought, according to every principle of justice, humanity, and common sense, to have complied with the terms to which he had subscribed; he peremptorily refused; and to use the words for which I have been censured, "he departed from his usual equity and liberality."

Besides their friendship for Leeds, his supporters now felt the additional stimulus of resentment; they accused his antagonist of violated faith, sued him to recover the penalties of the bond, and the matter was carried into the Court of King's Bench.

The question could not have been referred to a more unpropitious quarter for Leeds; Lord Mansfield had known, and highly esteemed Dr. Fothergill, for many years, and say or do what we will, personal attachments will influence our opinions, and give a bias to our judgment.

It was soon observed, that the chief justice had made up his mind, very early in the trial, although his own famous, oft repeated, but untenable position, "that THE GREATER THE TRUTH, THE GREATER THE LIBEL," stared him in the face, and hung like a millstone about his neck; he struggled like a lion in the toils; he tottered on a sharp ridge, with the precipices of inconsistency and partiality closely besetting him on either side; his coun-

countenance and complexion underwent a variety of changes; he was restless on his feat, and his hands exhibited an unceasing motion, a convulsive catching, often remarked when he was agitated, and when all was not right within.

Fortunately for the noble lord, but unluckily for Leeds, a want of formality in the proceedings of the arbitrators, who, after they were convinced that he had been injured by Fothergill, had refused to hear any further witnesses, rescued the judge from all his difficulties, and he nonsuited the plaintiff.

It hath been observed, that this was the only blemish, which curiosity or malignity could discover in Dr. Fothergill, during a long and well-spent life; but although I have freely given my opinion, that he was wrong, it by no means follows, that Leeds was free from blame.

As he felt and indulged a strong inclination to study and practice physic, his neglecting to acquire *and retain* the necessary learning, was a gross mistake; he certainly ought to have

qualified himself to write a prescription, currente calamo, in the customary technical phrase, and in correct Latin; the world has attached contempt to such defects; and the man whom we once despise, we shall soon cease to employ.

Hæ nugæ seria ducant in mala; these little matters have more importance than people, particularly young people, generally imagine; I have known an ill-spelt letter, stop a man's progress in life; in every line and in every occupation, an uncultivated mind will be considered as weakness of intellect.

The same acuteness and diligence, which enabled Leeds to study medicine with success, would surely have carried him through Lilly's Grammar, and the Classics; but from pride or from indolence, or both united, the predominating vices of the present day, or for want of good advisers, he chose to attain his end, without employing the usual and necessary means; he wanted to make a sudden stoop at, suddenly and at once to catch up that, which, generally speaking,

speaking, is only to be acquired by time, patience, and a routine of previous preparation.

LILLY, the astrologer; in addition to his article, in a former volume.

It ought not to be forgot, that Lilly was the early patron of the excellent Dr. Smallridge; and it may be recorded, as a singular fact, that the death of a fanatic astrologer was lamented, in a Latin elegy, by one, who was afterwards an eminent bishop, and an ornament of our Protestant church.

Some modern periodic writer, I forget who, or where, has confounded this consulter of the stars, with Lilly, the author of the Latin Grammar, once taught in most schools, and a good part of which, the editor of this collection can still repeat with pleasure, from a fond association of ideas. The Grammar writer was the first master of St. Paul's school, founded by Dean Collett, anno, 1512, during the reign of Henry the eighth, and received assistance from a cotemp-

rary, in his didactic labors. *As in presenti and Propria quæ maribus*, being the composition of Ritwise, his son-in-law, and usher of the same school: Lilly was a native of Odiham, in Hampshire, and when a young man, travelled as a pilgrim to Jerusalem.

LITERARY CURIOSITY; of this description, is a version of the New Testament, in Latin Hexameters, by John, Bishop of Oxford, printed at London, in 1604, of which a long preliminary prayer to the Almighty, the preface and epistle dedicatory (ad serenissimum et summe heroicum Jacobum Regem Britannia) are in the same language and metre.

Of this laborious, difficult, and unprofitable production, my readers will easily believe I have perused but little; the episcopal poet, must have struggled with considerable efforts, through the first chapter of St. Matthew, which is almost wholly genealogical, and filled with names, neither metrical nor harmonious: I observe that

in one line, he makes the same word a disyllable and trisyllable.

It has frequently been acknowledged in this collection, that few compositions can equal the holy scriptures, and the liturgy for majestic simplicity, and impressive pathos; and I turned to the 37th verse, of the 23d chapter of St. Matthew, to see if the prelate could keep up the interesting sublimity of the following words, which I give, accompanied by their counterpart in *his* version, without a comment.

“ O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chicken under her wings, but ye would not; behold your house is left desolate.

“ Urbs Solyma, O Solyma
 urbs, truculenta morte
 necatrix,
 Sæva prophetarum, lapidans
 ipsos sibi missos;
 Collegisse tuas volui quoties
 ego proles.
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Sic veluti gallina suos sibi
 congregat alis
 Ipsa sub ipsius pullos, et
 non voluisti.”

A paraphrase of the gospel of St. John was written in Greek verse, by Nonnus, in the fifth century; he is said by Suidas, to have lived at Panopolis, in Egypt: the edition before me, is in 8vo. and published by Philip Melancthon, in 1527.

Another literary curiosity, but not in print, is a long copy of English verses, written by Joshua Barnes, to prove that the Iliad and Odyssey, which pass as the work of Homer, were in fact written by Solomon, the son of David; a friend informs me that this precious morceau, is now in the library of Emanuel College.

Joshua could scarcely be serious, and it hath been supposed, that he wrote it merely as a *Jeu d'Esprit*, to amuse his wife, a wealthy widow, who had taken care to secure not only her property, but the disposal of it in her own hands, on her second marriage;
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his motive for this eccentric production, is said to have been, to prevail on the lady to advance him money towards some literary undertaking, in which he was engaged; in this he succeeded, but he should have burnt the verses as soon as he touched the coin.

MALAGRIDA, GABRIEL, a native of Milan, in the latter part of the seventeenth century; a Jesuit, and during the greatest part of his life, a missionary in South America, where he is said to have conducted himself with orthodox zeal, and exemplary propriety; but in the decline of life, forgetting his Christian profession, and prostituting the sacred nature of his office, he was accused of engaging in a conspiracy with the Duke of Aveiro, and other noblemen, and of pronouncing absolution on certain assassins, previous to their nefarious attempt on the life of the king of Portugal, in 1757.

For this union of sacrilege and homicide, for this worst species of treason,

murder, and fanaticism, he had almost escaped punishment, so powerful at that period, and at Lisbon, was the influence of the church.

During a long confinement, and in the imbecility of dotage, vanity, or madness, Malagrida awakened the resentments of the Inquisition, by heresy, which in a moment drew down on his devoted head, the thunders of the Inquisition.

He published a book, which he called "The heroic and wonderful life of the glorious St. Anne, mother of the blessed Virgin Mary; dictated by the same sovereign lady, and written with the assistance, approbation, and concurrence of her most holy Son."

In this curious production, he boldly and unequivocally laid claim to divine inspiration, and cœlestial intercourse; he also was author of another heterodox latin treatise, on the life and reign of Antichrist.

The wretched and infatuated man, being questioned on the subject of these publications, far from denying what had been alleged against him, pertinaciously

nacionously adhered to the assertions in his book; and after recapitulating a great deal of nonfentical or prophane jargon, concerning the subject of his hiltory, *previous to her birth*, which it would be neither interesting nor decent to relate, he solemnly declared, that the Almighty had repeatedly spoke to him with an audible and distinct voice.

A reader of common curiosity, who should enquire for what important purpose the Creator of the universe had departed from his customary mode of proceeding, would hear, with a smile or a sigh, that it was to inform a pupil of St. Ignatius, that the name of St. Anne's husband, was Joachim, by trade, a mason; that she founded a spiritual retreat in Jerusalem, for sixty-three women, of a retired life; that the building in which they lived, was erected by angels; that from this female society, Nicodemus, St. Matthew, and Joseph of Arimathea, had chosen each of them a wife; that the body of Christ was formed from a single drop of blood

from the Virgin Mary's heart, &c. &c.

It was in vain that Malagrida was told of the absurdity, impiety, and indecency of what he said; of the improbability of God's immediately interfering, for purposes so trifling, so inadequate to his attributes and power; the Jesuit remained firm and unmoved, boldly appealing to miracles he had wrought, in confirmation of the truth of his assertions, and positively declaring, that he had delivered many persons from sickness and danger, and that he had *procured heirs* for others.

He further informed the tribunal before whom he was examined, that having been applied to on a certain time, for his intercession, in order to secure the succession of a noble family, they had promised six hundred milreis for our lady of the missions; and that when by virtue of his prayers and supplications, the desired heir had been obtained, the parents would pay only two hundred: in consequence of this non-performance of the agree-

ment, the child in question was seized with sudden sickness, and in danger of dying, on account of the dilatoriness of its relations, in paying the remainder; the same persons again applying to him on the subject, and paying the four hundred milreis, which had been promised, his prayers were repeated, and the infant restored to perfect health.

Considerable pains were taken with the criminal, to prevail on him to recant and purge himself of such unmeaning and abominable heresies; the holy office being very unwilling to proceed to extremities with an active and successful missionary, who had on many occasions proved himself a faithful and humble son of the church; but all reasoning, and all intreaty proving ineffectual, he was sentenced to be burnt, but as a mark of consideration for the order of which he was a member, and of mercy to the individual himself, it was directed that he should previously be strangled; the following label being affixed to the offender as he was conducted to

the place of execution, where he was strangled and consumed to ashes.

ABANDONED IN THE FLESH.

Gabriel Malagrida, native of Milan, for feigned revelations and false prophecies, for lewd actions and heretical opinions, and for asserting, that the three persons of the Trinity were father, son, and grandson.

For various impostures, duplicity, prevarication, impenitence, and hardness of heart.

Such was Malagrida, who, if suffering death in support of what he avowed, be any proof of its truth, afforded this test in its amplest and most unequivocal manner; he died indeed a martyr; but it was the martyrdom of a madman, who, instead of being put to death, should have passed the remainder of his life in the cells of a mad-house.

A gentleman, to whom this collection is on many accounts much indebted, is of a different opinion; he considers the wretch, Malagrida, as a deist, and one of the most artful kind; and that his ridiculous and apparently frantic publications,

tions, were in fact designed as an ironical satire on *all* revelations, and that he meant them to act on the principle of that species of argument, which logicians call *reductio ad absurdum*; my friend supports his opinion with much dexterity, and once designed to have published on the subject, till a near relation said to him, "Supposing you to be able satisfactorily to prove all you wish to prove, what useful purpose to yourself, or others, will be answered, shall you augment public happiness, or diminish one pang of private misery, if not, *cui bono*? the papers were not long after committed to the flames.

By a singular fatality, the name of this wrong-headed zealot has been applied by a malignant writer, notorious for the fabrication of unfounded libels, to a meritorious character of the present day, of exalted rank, and remarked for great political sagacity, as well as considerable literary attainments, and who hath more than once, filled with credit to himself, and glory to the

nation, the first offices of the state.

Although it hath been my error, my fault, or my misfortune, to differ in opinion with this noble lord, I eagerly embrace this opportunity of entering my protest against so preposterous a mis-application; and party politics wholly out of the question, I sincerely wish that more of our patriots would imitate the correct conduct and public spirit of this noble lord, and his worthy son; the foundations of a well poised aristocracy would in that case be laid on the immovable basis of intellectual superiority and personal worth, much evil and much dissatisfaction would be spared; *non gens doleret preffa, rerum et candidior, remearet ordo.*

But who can say to what fate we are hitherto reserved; his lordship may perhaps be designed by Providence, again to rescue, by a well-timed peace, that country, which on a former occasion, profited by those very exertions, which it afterwards so ungratefully censured.

MARGARET,

MARGARET, a natural daughter of the Emperor Charles the fifth, a woman of considerable abilities and vivacity, and governess of the low countries, several years, during the reign of her brother, Philip the third.

Her father, aware of the amorous propensities of her mother, and observing that Margaret was of a robust constitution, a muscular form, and remarkably forward in all female accompaniments, endeavoured to prevent *his* offspring from lapsing into the disgrace of illicit indulgence, by an early marriage.

At the age of twelve, he united her in wedlock with Alexander de Medicis, duke of Florence, whose years almost trebled those of the lady.

She survived her husband, who died without issue; when the emperor, whose scrupulous pride supplied the want of taste, and nearly approached to the correctness of moral rectitude, married her without delay, to Octavius Farnese, nephew to Pope Paul the third, and only fourteen years of age; on this

occasion, she is said to have distantly hinted an objection, to the disparity of years, which Charles, who considered every suggestion, in opposition to *his* will, as dust in the balance, wholly disregarded.

By her second husband, she had several children; and was heard to confess her mistaken objections, adding, "if there must be an inequality of years, that which every year diminished, was the most agreeable."

By her good sense and conciliating manners, she won the affection of the Flemings, who were afterwards grievously oppressed by the duke of Alva: the prince of Parma, who succeeded him, was her son.

Margaret was strongly attached to manly exercises, hunting, shooting and skating, and is said to have been remarkable for three things, not common in women; a beard on her upper lip, riding astride on horseback, and having every year a regular fit of the gout.

MARVEL, ANDREW, a patriot, and what is rare,

rare, a disinterested patriot, during the reign of king Charles the second.

He is said to have regularly dined, during the sitting of Parliament, at an ordinary in the Strand, not far from Northumberland-street; the house has been pointed out to the Editor, and within these last twenty years, was in the same occupation, but is now so no longer.

Being met at the door by a friend, who thought it not exactly the place for a member of the House of Commons to frequent, he expostulated with him on the subject; "I have dined," replied Andrew, on a piece of excellent boiled beef, a roasted pigeon and asparagus, which cost me, including the serving man's gratuity, two shillings and six-pence; and who would sell himself for hire, while he can have so good a dinner for half a crown.

MAURITIUS DE PORTU, alias Flos Mundi, alias Maurice O-Fihely, a learned and pious Franciscan at the latter part of the fifteenth century, a native of Baltimore in Ire-

land, and an ardent admirer of, and commentator on, John Duns Scotus, whom he always called Divine, and Deo Solo impar.

Maurice was the friend of Julian de la Roviére, Bishop of Avignon, and continuing to be his favorite, after he became Pontiff, under the name of Julius the second, was by him appointed Archbishop of Tuam, but died at Galway, in his way to his province.

This prelate was an acute disputant in what was the fashionable learning of that day, a warm friend, and however mistaken on certain points, I believe a man who meant well; his introduction in this place was occasioned by the expression of a Catholic, of zeal unbounded, and considerable learning, often mentioned in this collection; he quoted and praised a book of the Archbishop's, called *Enchiridion Fidei*, in the course of a controversial discussion, and added, "but you dare not mention such men, or such books, in your *Commonplace Book*."

I therefore can give no other

other reason for publishing this meagre article, than the comprehensive one, of Drawcanfir; "all this I do, *because I dare.*"

MIDDLETON AND BOLINGBROKE, thus mentioned by a late eminent writer, and introduced in this place, to gratify the childish vanity of the Editor of this collection; because he had frequently expressed himself to the same purpose, long before the posthumous publication of the author he quotes, was printed.

"Bolingbroke had a strong mind, but was a diffuse writer, and a sorry philosopher; Dr. Middleton possessed deep penetration, and historical accuracy, but wanted resolution; he saw to what his principles would lead, but for evident reasons, did not think proper to draw his conclusions."

MISTAKE in a late writer, who fancies, *he has demolished Revelation.*

He observes, that it is common for the defenders of Christianity, to insist that the rules inculcated

in the scriptures, and the life there enjoined, are best calculated for rendering men happy in *this* life, even if there were no state of future existence.

"I will not take up my readers time," he adds, "by refuting such reasoning, but merely quote the following passage.

"If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men, most miserable."

But these words, uttered by one, with a prospect of speedy martyrdom before his eyes, are, I believe generally considered by our most able divines, as applicable only to the early disciples of Christ, and the first preachers of the gospel; who bore the mockery, taunts, revilings, and injurious treatment of the world, underwent the most grievous torments, and faced death, in its most terrifying forms, thus imitating the example of, and confirming their faith, in a crucified Redeemer.

And if there be no state of general retribution, no world beyond the grave; men burnt alive, sawn asunder, devoured by wild beasts, and suffering in a thousand

thousand ways, may undoubtedly be considered, as of all men most miserable, losing their comforts here, and their reward hereafter.

MONK, GEORGE, an English general, who was highly instrumental in the restoration of King Charles the Second, by whom he was created a duke, and otherwise munificently rewarded; nor can it be denied, that Monk watched with patient vigilance the current of popular opinion; that he seized with dexterity, the decisive moment, when he might safely and effectually act for the royal fugitive; a conduct, by which he prevented those bloody struggles, which must inevitably have taken place, had he declared himself, before the general wish for the king's return, had been intelligibly expressed.

I have been asked, by an ingenious critic, in what respect as a soldier, a patriot, or a statesman, the proceeding of General Monk could justify the harsh and unqualified censure I have bestowed upon him, in a

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former volume; my answer shall be short, and I trust it will be satisfactory.

The error, or rather the crime of Monk, was his delivering up to a man, notorious for his profligacy, depravity, and infidelity, and a total absence of all moral principles, the people of England UNCONDITIONALLY; for it will not admit of a doubt, that the exiled prince, without money or friends, an outlaw and a refugee in a foreign land, would readily and eagerly have agreed to any terms, as the price of restoring him to the throne of his ancestors.

How many serious evils and bloody struggles, would an opposite conduct, on the part of the General, have prevented; had he prudently guarded the constitution by new barriers, and assisted by able advisers, retraced and expressed in clear language, the precise boundaries of regal prerogative.

Considered in this point of view, I remain still of opinion, that the conduct of Monk was culpably negligent, and selfishly time-serving; a charge in which

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I consider

I consider Lord Clarendon, with all his good sense and political moderation, as in a degree, also involved; it was his duty, as a man of honor and a patriot, to have advised his master to do that voluntarily, which Monk might have *insisted* on his doing; I shall continue to be of this opinion, notwithstanding so much has been well said by a late writer, whom I once loved, and now lament; and although he has dignified or caricatured the chancellor, as an historian, with the epithet *STUPENDOUS*.

MOUNTEBANK; a story is related of one, who exhibited on a stage at Hammer Smith, in the reign of King George the First; having collected an audience, he addressed them in the following words.

“Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering, in what manner I can best shew my regard for my brother townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the

parish; it will, I own, be a heavy expence, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality, who is not really and truly a parishioner.”

The multitude pressed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this generous man.

“I know you are not so sordid,” continued the orator, “and so mercenary, as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes, cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker.

“I perceive what it is that delights you; the discovering in one whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend, you ever had in your lives; money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet, to indulge in liquor and other excesses,

to

to the destruction of their health and understanding.

“ In order therefore to prevent what I meant for benefit, being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsmen, (*dipping his hand into the green velvet bag*) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaister, which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol, if applied on the patient's going to bed; I pledge my reputation, that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand before morning.

“ But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plaisters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder; it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest medical men that ever lived; Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus; if you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may,

without fear, rush into the thickest of the battle, and defy broad-sword, pike, or bayonet.

“ All I say, is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder.

“ Give yourself no sort of uneasiness, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief; then get to bed and to sleep *as soon as you can*, desiring in the mean time, the weapon which did the injury to be well rubbed nine times, with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it, you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

“ Of the pills, I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them; but as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you, that they procure husbands for single

women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion." (*I will not fatigue my readers, by continuing his display of the virtues of his medicines; it was too long, too elaborate, and too minute to be repeated in this place.*)

"The selling price for these matchless remedies," said the doctor, "has been six shillings for time immemorial, but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practice physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay travelling charges, and servants' wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money, according to my original promise."

"Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without; the favourite of fortune will be entitled to a superb and elegant piece of massy plate." (*This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.*)

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence, but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man, at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition, for how could one, who acted so much like a gentleman, be supposed to want to *take them in*; his ostentatious parlarver had diffused a magic ray over his powder of post, his rosin, and his jalap, for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harrangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his *brother townsmen* of their shillings, and emptying the green velvet bag of the *six shilling packets*; while his

his assistants diverted the anxieties, and allayed the impatience of the people, by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford, or Kenfington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were *permitted* to contribute their shillings without any ill-natured questions being asked concerning the place of their residence; the business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize, possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist owned, at an inn, in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the neat profit of his afternoon was five and twenty guineas.

“At a moment too,” says a cynic, who is fond of catching at every opportunity for establishing an impious theory, “at a moment,” says the snarler, “when a miserable subordinate member of the profession, in full view of the mountebank, and toiling at his *triple oar*, had booked only ten shillings, of which seven and six-pence

came under the description of debts irrecoverably bad; perhaps a worthy character, qualified by parts and attainments, for the task he undertook, and who had sunk his little fortune, in furnishing himself with the means of instruction.”

I agree that the description of the satirist *may* be correct, but I will not allow him to pronounce, on the fate of the two characters, or as he is so very fond of doing, to arraign the wisdom and justice of Providence; nor indeed can he do it with justice, 'till both the individuals are traced to the end of their journey through life.

Authorized by general experience, and the logic of probabilities, the impudent and fraudulent quack, dissipating his substance, as such animals frequently do, in riot and profusion, it is no very rash or uncharitable presumption, to say, that his last scene was at the gallows.

The professional man, who beheld with a tranquil eye, fools casting down their pearls at the feet of a rogue; after treading the regular

regular and satisfactory path of duty and useful occupation, probably past his last moments, in the calm confidence of hope; looking up with thankfulness to the Almighty, for the blessings of health, competence and content, and for enabling him to exert his faculties, in that rank of life, in which Providence had placed him,

NEWCASTLE, the old Duke of, prime minister in a former reign, and thus flippantly mentioned by the late Bishop Newton, in a moment of party petulance, or in the irritation of delayed hope: "his grace has been so long used to shuffle and cut the cards, that he always knows how to deal all the honors into his own hands."

If the prelate meant to insinuate or to assert, that the prime minister was particularly and characteristically selfish, and guided only by motives of interest, he is egregiously mistaken, and grossly misrepresents the man he censures.

The Duke of Newcastle, if posterity, and many of

his cotemporaries, are permitted to decide on the question, was a very different man; his zeal for the house of Hanover, and his profuse liberality in promoting its cause, had considerably impaired his fortune; I rather consider this nobleman, as a dupe to some of his political associates, who after they had attained places and honors, by *his* assistance and popularity, treacherously turned their backs on the man, to whom they were so much indebted.

This is a very different character from that which the bishop describes, and if the duke should chance to meet him in that world beyond the grave, he might very fairly expostulate with him, on the injustice he had done him, and conclude with observing; "this charge comes with a very ill grace from you, my lord, who during a long life, watched every possible opportunity of getting forward in the church, and were generally remarked for always taking good care of number one."

NEW

NEW TAXES. It hath been proposed by a facetious writer, as part of the ways and means for the ensuing year, to raise a revenue on personal singularities, and indecorous customs.

The following are only a few of the number he submits to the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; five guinea certificates, by which a man should be licensed to say rude things to the ladies; to tell long stories; to fall asleep after dinner; to disturb the company by loud talking; to dispute and wrangle about trifles; to take snuff before the cloth is removed; indulgences, which once conformed by custom, it is almost out of a man's power to resign, and as superfluous luxuries, certainly fair objects of taxation.

But the subject deserves consideration for more important purposes than a joke; and I earnestly intreat my young readers of both sexes, more especially those, who, not possessing an hereditary independence, have to *fight* their way through life; I earnestly

intreat them to rise early, and at once in arms against these petty enemies, if they find them creeping on them; at first the conquest will be easy, but if suffered to grow into inveterate habits, the odious reptiles swell to elephants, and never can be subdued; they increase with our growth, and often gain strength in proportion, as the faculties and frame become feeble.

The Editor of this collection, at the present moment, knows and pities men of vigorous intellect, good hearts, and high accomplishment, who, from the accidental or infatuating indulgence of some of these apparently unimportant trifles, and the benumbing impotence of their powers or their inclinations to resist them, are rendered miserable for life, and are driven into morose seclusion, or doomed to associate, during the remainder of their days, with mercenary companions, or illiterate vulgarity, which they encourage, hate, and despise; hæ nugæ seriaducunt in mala.

NICHOLAS

NICHOLAS ANTHONY, a native of Lorraine, in the seventeenth century, strictly educated in the Catholic faith, but discovering, even in his youth, a strong dislike to the church of Rome, he seized an early opportunity of publickly disavowing its tenets; and hastening to Geneva, finished his education in that seminary of Calvinism.

Directing his attention principally to a perusal of the Old Testament, and making no secret that he found difficulties, insurmountable to human reason, in the New, he gradually imbibed the principles of Judaism, and at length openly professed it; endeavouring to make converts of his parents and relations.

Repairing to Metz, he entered the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and demanded of the Jews, admission into their society, professing not only a readiness, but a strong desire to submit himself to the ceremonies, enjoined by the Mosaic dispensation: the Israelites were pleased when they found a learned man

embracing their opinions, but mingling worldly prudence with their zéal, and having been taught wisdom by affliction, they advised him to apply to the Rabbi of Venice or Amsterdam, from whom he received a civil refusal.

In order to procure present subsistence, he became for a short time preceptor to the family of a gentleman, to whom he had communicated the uncomfortable state of his mind, as well as his finances; pitying his case, he admitted him into his house, on condition that he should not communicate his religious scepticism to his sons, and that he should conform externally to the general opinions of the country in which he lived. On this occasion, Nicholas confessed to a friend, that he had a long and hard struggle between the pride of an independent spirit, and the urgency of want, but appetite prevailed, and he agreed to what he called an ignominious compromise.

Yielding to the intreaties of his patron, who hoped that he had seen and departed from his errors, he wrote

Wrote to Geneva for a certificate of his conduct and studies, and was appointed by the Synod of Gex, to a small parish in that district, where he filled with decency and quietness, the office he had been prevailed on to assume, for two years.

Some of the principal parishioners at length remarked, that their minister never mentioned the name of Jesus Christ in his prayers, or his sermons; that his texts were always taken from the bible, and that he explained passages which most Christians have applied to the coming of the Messiah, in a different sense: perceiving the seeds of dissatisfaction and discontent among his hearers, it brought on a lowness of spirits, to which he was constitutionally subject, and gradually affecting his health, a fever came on, which appears to have impaired his intellects; giving vent to feelings, probably exasperated by long suppression, he poured forth the most horrid blasphemies against the Christian religion, and the Saviour of the world.

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He fixed a day for publickly defending his tenets against the neighbouring ministers, to whom he unreservedly avowed his abhorrence of the faith they professed, in bitter and indecorous language: as a proof of his fervor, his sincerity, or his madness, he offered to burn off his right hand, provided his opponents would do the same; they declined this species of fiery-ordeal, but endeavoured by argument and persuasion, to reclaim him from his errors; their efforts only increased his obstinacy and frantic extravagance.

As the gentlemen employed to bring Anthony Nicholas to reason, appear to have been sober and moderate men, I am surprized that they did not make use of a straight waistcoat, and the coercion of a mad-house; he was to all intents and purposes, a desperate and infuriate maniac.

The following evening, he rushed naked into the streets, where he passed the night, prostrating himself to the God of Israel, but pouring forth on Christ and
F f his

his followers, a foul stream of impious invective.

Medical aid was at length procured for him, and as the violence of his delirium abated, he was less rancorous, but still firmly attached to the law of Moses, and equally unchristian in his declarations, notwithstanding all the pains taken by several eminent divines, who visited him in prison; the magistrates having ordered him to be taken into custody, as soon as the state of his health permitted: after repeated but ineffectual interrogatories, intreaties, and persuasions, he was at length strangled pursuant to a sentence of the council, and his body burnt to ashes in 1632.

A late eminent infidel, not long before his death, and at his own table, spoke of the religious apostacy of the subject of this article, in a strain of triumphant satisfaction, accompanied with nods, smirks, and a something between a sarcasm and a jest, in a way *peculiarly his own*, which those who knew him can easily recollect, but which it is not easy to describe. A gentleman present, who

had been often provoked by his hinting doubts, and hesitating dislikes, thus addressed him; "Shall I never hear you give an open, generous, downright opinion? why will you be eternally endeavouring to sap our holy fortress, by hint, inuendo, joke, suggestion, and implication? why will you not adopt an open, manly opposition, and confess your disbelief at once? in this respect, Anthony excels you; he honestly avowed his opinions: however I congratulate you on your auxiliary as a madman, yet *he* had not so wholly lost his senses, as to abandon *both* dispensations."

OFFICE OF A PREACHER.

Of the several advantages, which attend this mode of instructing mankind, it hath been thought no inconsiderable one, that however deficient the orator may be in argument, or however inferior in capacity to his congregation, it is not customary, or expedient, for any of the persons present, to get up and answer the minister: yet an instance occurred, during

During the usurpation of Cromwell, in which this liberty was candidly allowed, and usefully exerted.

Sir Henry Vane, that singular compound of state craft, and enthusiasm, preached and prayed twice a week, in a large drawing room, in his own house, to numerous congregations; having on a certain occasion, chosen for his text, that emphatic passage, in the twelfth chapter of Daniel; "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and contempt." he attempted to allegorize the words, and to prove, they meant that many doctrines which had been long forgotten, should, before the end of the world, be revived, but that they would ultimately be eradicated, and doomed to shame, by the power of truth:

It happened, that the excellent Mr. Robert Boyle, had that day been tempted by curiosity to attend, and was naturally shocked at so preposterous and mischievous a misrepresentation of a text, which most

christians consider as one of the strongest evidences in favor of the resurrection, in the Old Testament: the moment Sir Henry had finished his discourse, this worthy character, rising from his seat, thus addressed him, before all his hearers.

"Understanding, sir, that it is customary in this place, for any person who is dissatisfied with what he hears, to state his objections, I feel it my duty, as a believer in revelation, and of the intimate connection between the Old and New Testament, not to suffer the meaning of the words of your text, to evaporate into unappropriate and forced allegory. If you deny the words in question, to be an express prophecy of the resurrection of the dead, I join issue with you, and am ready to prove it, as well by the meaning of them in their original language, as from the united opinions of the best Christian and Jewish expositors."

Sir Henry, surprized at his illustrious visitor, somewhat qualified and retracted his assertions, declared

he did not, by any means, design to shake the doctrine of a future resurrection; Mr. Boyle professed himself satisfied, and the meeting broke up.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, a learned woman, born at Mantua, in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Having very early in life shewn a distaste for female occupations, and childish amusements, and as she advanced in years, indulging her passion for books, and cultivating her understanding, at the age of sixteen, she spoke, and wrote the Latin, Greek, and Italian languages, with facility and grammatic correctness.

Her extraordinary acquirements, her mildness, and her modesty, without which, learning, particularly in a woman, is insufferable, attracted the notice of the father of Anne, of the illustrious house of Este, and she was invited to Ferrara, where she passed several years at court, as the friend and companion of that amiable princefs,

Although a subject of the Pope, and strictly educated in the Catholic faith; the first subject to which Olympia directed her attention, when she began to act and to think for herself, was the disputed points of religion, which at that period agitated Europe; with all the prejudices of a Popish education, and the strong ties of blood and affection, preponderating in her mind, she warmly embraced, and zealously propagated the opinions of Luther.

Her beauty and good sense, awakened the desires, and won the esteem of a student, at the university of Ferrara; she became his wife, and to the regret of her friends and family, accompanied her husband into Germany, where he settled and practised as a physician.

But the civil wars, which a few years after desolated the district, in which the young couple resided, interrupted their nuptial felicity; their house was plundered, the whole of their property destroyed, and after experiencing considerable hardships and dangers,

gers, they fled to Heidelberg. Their merits and misfortunes secured them an asylum in this city, where the physician, a man of learning, and professional skill, was appointed a medical professor by the Elector Palatine.

They were again in a situation, which though far from splendor and superfluity, placed domestic comfort, tranquillity, literary leisure, and content, within their reach; but the terror and fatigue of a long journey, on foot, and through a country the seat of war, had made an injurious impression on the spirits and frame of Olympia; a rapid decline, that cruel selector of the fairest of God's works, came on, and after sufferings, which rendered death an object of hope, rather than of fear, she expired in the arms of her disconsolate husband, who soon followed his much-loved wife to the grave.

Such of her letters, and literary remains, as had escaped the ravages of war, were collected by the partiality of friends, and published in duodecimo, at Basse,

in 1580, by the learned Cælius Curio, with a warm panegyric in the form of a dedication, addressed to Elizabeth, Queen of England, "and the first of women."

The contents of this little volume are various, in Latin, Greek, and Italian, the principal and most interesting part, is that which contains the letters written by and to Olympia; the following, expressive of the bent of her mind to books, appear among the verses.

— — — — — rapiat sua
quemque voluptas

Sic ego — — — — mu-
liebria liqui, Staminaque
et radios,

————— primisque
juvenilibus annis;

Et placere mihi in faxum
florida præta,

Hæc mihi gloria, hæc mi-
hi lætitia.

Averse to female tasks and
female sport,

The muse, the fountain,
and the grove I court,

In song and dance some
pass the joyous night;

Books are my glory, my
supreme delight.

The

The sentiment of the following, is consonant to sound theory, and confirmed by every day's experience; and may be considered as an explanatory comment on the sneer of a late writer, on the words of scripture, when he talked of "the *innocent* adultery of the eye."

Quæ virgo est, nisi mente
quoque et corpore virgo,
Hæc laudem millam virginitatis habet.

She who abstains from the
mere carnal part,
But lewdly thinks, is sure
a w—— at heart.

Olympia was very solicitous to have the different publications, in favor of the reformation, translated into Italian, and circulated in her native country; this she called attacking the enemy of pure religion on his own ground; she repeatedly recommended it to her learned acquaintance, but offended her Italian friends.

Considering a departure from the idolatry of Rome as of the first importance, she addressed a well-written letter on the subject, to her patroness, the Princess

Anne, to whom she appears to have been warmly attached, and which appears in her book; also an excellent expostulation with a minister of the gospel, whose life and conversation she thought not sufficiently correct, for the religion he professed.

The following is part of a Latin letter, addressed to her sister, describing her sufferings and misfortunes, which, in compliance with a mandate from a quarter I cannot resist, I give in English:

"A kind Providence hath hitherto preserved our lives; were I to enter into a minute relation of the perils we have encountered, and the calamities we have endured, I must write a book instead of a letter.

"For fourteen months we were closely besieged, stunned with the thunder of artillery, which was incessant night and day; a breach being at length made in the walls, the enemy rushed in, set fire to the city, and all was plunder, death, and conflagration.

"In the general confusion, my husband was conducting me to the cathedral,

dral, in which great numbers had taken refuge ; but a private soldier, wholly unknown to us, advised us at all risques to quit the place, or we should be buried in its ruins ; it was fortunate that we took his advice, as the greater part of those who entered the church, perished.

“ We were met by a party of the besiegers, and stripped of the little we had ; an under petticoat, barely sufficient to cover me, was the whole of my wardrobe that remained ; providentially they permitted the companion of my miseries, to attend me, after detaining him a short time : scarcely venturing to look back at the habitations of our friends, in flames, we reached the camp of the Palatines, who kindly received us ; the daughter of a German prince administered to my comforts with her own hands.

“ We were furnished with cloaths and money, and continued our journey to Heidelberg ; at this place the Elector Palatine afforded us every solace in his power, and bestowed on my husband, of all men

the most tender and affectionate, a public appointment ; I need not describe the wretched state of the country, when I say it is the seat of war, it comprehends every thing shocking and dismal ; I also understand, that the *faithful* in England are grievously oppressed and tormented, (*probably under the scourge of Philip and Mary.*)

In another letter, addressed to Cœlius Curio, her future Editor, she thus speaks of the state of her health :

“ In answer to your anxious and kind question, whether I am better ? I am under the necessity of informing you, that no hopes of recovery remain ; medicine affords no relief, and death approaches by such rapid strides, that I think it more than probable, that this will be the last letter you will ever receive from me.

“ My strength and spirits fail ; I have neither appetite nor relish for food ; a burning fever, a cough, which ceases not night or day, and acute pain, have for some time deprived me of the refreshment of sleep.

“ To

“ To you, and those worthy characters, from whom I have experienced so much kindness and friendship, the only return I can make, is a grateful heart; the few papers which could be snatched from the flames, I now send.”

The death of Olympia, which took place a few days after, is thus mentioned by her unhappy husband.

“ Supported by religion and philosophy, I bore the misfortunes of my country, the destruction of my property, and the place of my birth, with calm submission; for Olympia, the darling and treasure of my heart, was still in my possession; but alas, it is the will of heaven, that my dearest wife should be torn from my arms; she who soothed all my pains, and enabled me to bear up under all my calamities.

“ This amiable and excellent woman departed with the cheerfulness of an angel, called from scenes of misery and distraction, to realms of everlasting bliss; the only cloud which seem'd to darken the bright-

ness of her prospects; was the pain I should feel in losing her; but I was enabled, by the state of my feelings, to assure her, that I hoped and believed I should, under the divine mercy, very shortly join her company.

“ Such indeed was the gentleness and suavity of her manners and disposition, such her learning and such her humility, that the more I reflect on her inestimable worth, the more difficult I find it, to reconcile myself to the loss I have sustained; a loss which can never be replaced; and which has inflicted a wound on my heart, never to be remedied but by death.”

OPPOSITION WIT.

In political controversies and State disputes, it hath been frequently observed, that the minority exhibit more eloquence, wit and point, than the ministerial side, how much soever the latter may have the advantage in truth and justice; that a man may be ready at a lampoon, a paragraph, an epigram, or a political pamphlet, who would

would make but a sorry figure at the treasury, the custom-house, or excise.

This observation is said to have been confirmed and exemplified in the person of Lord Lyttleton, the historian of Henry the second, and the worthy father of an unhappy young man, who is the subject of an article in a former volume of this collection; he filled several exalted stations, and for a short time was chancellor of the exchequer, during the reign of King George the second; the integrity of his heart, the goodness of his intentions, and his literary acquirements, it was impossible to doubt; but in parliamentary debates and replies, in conducting what has been called the king's business, in the House of Commons, he is described by a contemporary, as having been hurried, perplexed, unsatisfactory, and by no means to have answered the wishes and expectations of his friends.

His studies in the closet, the habits of a learned life, and his historical pursuits, had in some measure disqualified him for the busi-

ness and bustle of active life; he soon retired from a post, which he could not fill with satisfaction to his associates, and comfort to himself; other reasons were also whispered, that his conscience was not sufficiently pliant *for a servant of all work*.

In one of those absorbing reveries, to which I owe many of the troubles, and some of the greatest felicities of my life, I have sometimes contrasted the character of this exemplary and highly endowed nobleman, with that of a certain subordinate, confidential, and fortunate friend of Mr. Pitt's.

As a man of skill in his particular department, of minute diligence, and incessant application, he is confessedly unequalled; having raised himself from humble life, by the force of personal merit, he is allowed by all parties to have rendered, and still to render his country essential services, for which he is amply rewarded; yet this lucky individual, to whom we are so much indebted, in fancy, imagination, and classic erudition, is very

little superior to the tables and chairs of his office.

But in our present situation, I do not think a more unpropitious circumstance could take place, than his seceding from the employments he fills; even if a Fox, a Sheridan, a Courtney, a Tierney, or even a Burke, (were he still living) should be his immediate successors; *Il n'est pas de cette Etoffe qu'on en est fait*: the eminent literary character, the sporter of bon mots, the humorist and the orator, is not what we at present want; the instruments now requisite, are plain good sense, undeluded by fancy, and content to tread the beaten path of official duty, and regular performance; men satisfied with the humble merit of usefulness, but by no means wishing to shine.

With respect to the stubbornness of moral and religious principles of persons employed by Government, it hath been insisted on by a late writer, *that they must not be too nice*; that if they carry with them into place, that scrupulous tenderness of conscience, which we so much venerate

and applaud in private life, it will be impossible for public business to be carried on.

A case in point hath been produced; a gentleman, whom it is impossible to name without praising him, Sir Charles Middleton; certain papers having been presented to him for signing, the worthy baronet, in a moment of inexpedient, but honest reluctance, declined doing it, adding, "that he considered himself as responsible in another world, for his conduct in this:"—the country lost a meritorious and faithful servant, while some corrupt and dissipated tool, would probably have signed these or any other papers, without refusal, quietly pocketed his salary, and sat down infamous and contented.

The following lines were addressed to a young patriot, and a famous anti-ministerial member, fifty years ago; it may be necessary to advise the reader, that the last word of the last line but one, must not be pronounced in the usual manner, unless they wish to spoil the rhyme.

While

While Peery (a nickname)--
 While Peery sustains all
 the weighty affairs,
 Of party and faction, and
 Pulteney's affairs,
 He often exclaims, " In
 any one age,
 Did ministers ever such
 blockheads engage
 Their deeds to defend, sure
 no one can doubt,
 That the fools are all in,
 and the wits are all out.
 Prithee listen good Peery,
 for tho' we admit,
 Your knack at a rhyme,
 and the turn of your
 wit,
 What then, my young pa-
 triot, my learned logi-
 cian,
 A bookworm, at best is a
 poor politician ;
 You wags with your pens
 so ready and witty,
 Are often mere cyphers,
 in an up-stairs commit-
 tee ;
 And then what a fight in a
 speech of Eclat,
 To see a great genius peep-
 ing into his hat.

OVID, a Roman poet,
 of a luxuriant and
 creative imagination, but
 deficient in correctness,
 strength, and judgment ; a
 writer pitied and loved,

but not admired by the
 Editor of this collection.

It hath been remarked,
 by a late critic, that Ovid
 relates the Rape of Proser-
 pine, in only two lines,
 but occupies sixteen in de-
 scribing the flowers she
 had been gathering:

A similar tendency to
 Linnæan accuracy and co-
 pioufness of picturesque
 description, is observable
 in two modern popular
 writers, whose productions
 I have perused with plea-
 sure ; yet this pleasure hath
 been sometimes diminish-
 ed, by calling away the at-
 tention of the reader, du-
 ring an interesting junct-
 ure, to describe the flow-
 ers and herbs which deco-
 rated the bank, on which
 the heroine reclined ; or to
 enumerate the various spe-
 cies of trees, and the deep
 huts of the mafs of foliage,
 which presented itself to
 the eyes of the hero, as
 he sighed and gazed from
 the battlements, or the
 grated windows of a Gothic
 castle.

PALLIATIVES FOR
 SORROW.

A gentleman well known
 in polite circles, having
 lost

lost a child, on whom he passionately doated, felt himself sinking into that most wretched of all states; which intent only on its own sufferings, devotes itself to unavailing grief, in spite of all the efforts of friendship or affection; and lost to the pleasures and business of life, flies to solitude and silence, to enjoy the luxury of woe.

Roused by the reproaches of a *severe friend*, animated by a strong sense of duty, and having been long convinced, that he who diffuses the greatest portion of happiness among others, will infallibly be the happiest man himself; he resolved to unite social satisfaction with benevolent occupation, and immediately converted a noble and magnificent mansion, into a receptacle for the sick, the infirm, the aged, and the afflicted.

By the aid of proper, but secret emissaries, he found a number of worthy individuals, who had long and ineffectually struggled with misfortune and the world, to whom his house and his table afforded a comfortable asylum; he

became governor and director of his own hospital; and at the end of ten years, declared himself a happier man, than he had ever been in his life.

In a letter of Grotius to Thuanus, he endeavours to reconcile that excellent historian, to the loss of a deceased friend, by telling him, that in the present distracted state of Europe, when so many nations are cutting each others throats, and the *great nation* is banishing the most valuable portion of her citizens; death, which delivers a man from such evils, ought to be accounted a blessing; yet this argument of the defender of Christianity, might be pleaded with equal propriety by a suicide.

Asmodeus, in the *Diabole Boiteux*, had long seceded from society, imprisoned by magic art, in the narrow confines of a bottle, from which he was set at liberty by an unexpected visitor.

It has been demanded, whether, in the present circumstances of Europe, a man in a similar situation, would wish to be uncorked:

ed: I confess I should wish to remain *bottled* for a century; to see, when I waked from my trance, the effects of what is now passing on the future morals, happiness, and intellectual powers of man.

The old and new school are at issue, and I should like to hear the verdict; it cannot properly be given, 'till the present generation hath passed away.

PARISH OFFICERS.

I have been accused of too much severity towards this useful body of men; to whom, as long as they act conscientiously and faithfully, the public are very much obliged.

I only repeated a well known, and well authenticated fact: the following charges are copied from old accounts, and private memorandums of a deceased epicure, who I fear had, in his day, been deeply involved in the iniquities of office.

A dinner for a charity school, on a procession day, consisting only of legs of mutton, plumb pudding, & table beer—*fifty pounds*.

Shells, a common kind of coffin, made of the roughest and cheapest materials, delivered in one year, for the use of the parish—*three hundred pounds*.

For bell ropes, during the same period—*one hundred and ten pounds*; those who know any thing of ringing, insist, that six sets will last a year, for any church, with the usual rejoicing days; these, at five guineas a set, cannot be estimated at more than thirty guineas.

A flag for the steeple—*two and twenty guineas*; afterwards proved to be bought at a shop for forty shillings.

To hunting after the reputed father of a bastard child, who could not be found, and on an occasion, where it was proved that the officers did not go out of the bills of mortality—*forty-three pounds*.

I have copious materials for enlarging the article, but what I have produced, sufficiently proves that these parochial peculators were not content with a moderate profit; and justifies a learned judge for asking, during

during a late trial, whether the defendant, who had become suddenly and unaccountably rich, was in the habit of serving *parish offices*: the answer given was, that he furnished the poor-house with flour, cloth, candles, soap, mouse-traps, and small beer.

We must not however, condemn the mass, among whom are many worthy characters, for the crimes of a few rascals; and my design in again introducing the subject in this collection, is, to request of justices, that they would put on their spectacles, and read parish accounts before they pass them, and not be in too great a hurry for their dinners.

PARISIAN MANNERS.

It was often said, and I believe strongly expected by certain sanguine hailers of the French revolution, that this auspicious event would produce a salutary change in the morals and private life, as well as the political institutions of that lively and versatile people; that as republicans, they would exhibit to the world

an edifying spectacle of incorrupted and *unestablished* religious faith, disinterested patriotism, and correct conduct; which would silence the calumnies of their opponents, and refute by the influence of personal worth, every argument in favor of monarchy, or even a mixed form of government.

But fortunately, or unfortunately for mankind and themselves, the event has proved unfavourable to the prophetic visions of these second Daniels; religion dares not shew even her *unmitred* head in the country, and the train of what have been called republican virtues, truth, simplicity and moderation, are as much strangers at the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Luxembourg; as during the most profligate æra of the former government; we contemplate the worst features of the old despotism, vainly masked in grimace, vanity, bombast, and affectation; without the venial follies, and graceful bagatelles of aristocracy.

Their councils betray the mad ambition, and evidently aim at the universal monarchy

narchy of the most corrupt of their regal tyrants, without his splendor and generosity; while they have been over-running the greater part of Europe, they have proved themselves unable to conquer worse enemies, in their own bosoms, the base passions of the heart, envy, rapaciousness, lust, and pride.

Having first revolted against their sovereign, for the *profest* purpose of increasing human liberty; the moment they had established themselves securely in their seats, they have tongue-tied every individual in their land, destroyed all liberty of that press, with which they battered down the monarchy; and every person who has ventured to differ in opinion with the powers that are, hath been murdered, or transported with ship-loads of miserable associates, to a pestilential and noxious climate.

Nor is a view of their private lives more flattering to democratic perfection; in vicious extravagance, dissipation, riot, spectacle, and dance, they outstrip *every reign*, which has preceded the directorial;

they exhibit the debauchery without the gallantry, the corruption without the diplomatic acuteness, the worthlessness, without the gaiety of the court of Louis the fourteenth.

Their streets and public walks are crowded as much as ever, with needy desperate adventurers, prostitutes, fops, and demireps; thirty-six places of amusement, under the various names of theatres, concerts, ball-rooms, equestrian exercises, tea-gardens, &c. &c. &c. and gaming houses, which it is impossible to number, daily and nightly open their doors.

In these convenient recesses for folly or for crime, democratic turbulence relaxes from the toils of business or of war; the jacobine here lolls with savage listlessness, where but a few years since, the *marquis* and his *chere ami* laughed and chattered nonsense with easy vivacity: *mutato nomine et modo, eadem fabula narratur.*

So fascinating have been the descriptions of this circæan styce, that several emigrés, who in their bitterest moments, still insisted that
France

France is, and ever has been, the first country in the world; have actually encountered the perils of death, to taste the *dear* delights, and view the wonders of Paris; two well known characters, in spite of all dissuasion, would go, and have perished in the laudable, patriotic, and rational expedition, a third has returned.

He considers and boasts of it as the glory and most honorable effort of his life; "Fashion," says this courageous traveller "fashion at Paris being relieved from the uniform coupure (cut) of court-example, invention, and imagination, take an unbounded scope; studied negligence of dress is the great characteristic of a modern republican beau; but all countries, ages, and climates are ransacked to give variety; attraction, and a voluptuous air to the women; whatever conduces to these purposes, is diligently studied, and eagerly assumed by matrons and virgins, if any such are to be found," outraging at once, he might have added, decorum and good taste, by meretricious nudity.

"The connoisseurs in female attire have banished the chemise, as an enemy to exact symmetry; and have supplied (to an English woman) this almost indispensable article of dress, by a jupon of taffety, which, minutely adapting itself to the shape of the body, identifies every spot, and marks each particular excellence.

"Stockings and shoes are supplied by silk pantaloons with toes; to these the classical sock is attached, which being merely a sole, admits of taste, variety, and ornament, in the mode of fixing it on.

"On entering the theatre in the Rue Fedeau, the coup d'œil is interesting, thousands of snow-white necks and arms, uncovered, not merely to the elbow, but (a la naissance de l'épaule) to the very shoulder blade, suspended from the balconies, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and costly trinkets; head-dresses bearing the price of many victories; plumes, magnificently waving, and diadems, to which the fiercest republicans are eager to bow down.

"By viewing an arm, the
the

the enamoured spectator is enabled to judge of other beauties, and as they stand in battle array, in the front of the boxes, linen being banished; every lineament, smell, and recess is accurately defined; "It is impossible," says this luxurious describer, who forgot that the guillotine was over his head, "it is impossible to resist the enchanting spectacle, every eye is fixed, and every thought absorbed, the senses are ravished, and the concert wholly neglected, while the young men are endeavouring to decide, to whom the prize of superior beauty, to whom the golden apple shall be given; whether to Mademoiselle Longe, or to Madame Tallien."

"I cannot pass through the long galleries of the Palais Royal," said an emigré, *of a different description*, whose name has been since struck out of the proscribed list, by virtue of his wife's pretty face; "I never go through the galleries, without recollecting, that a spot, where the loves and graces once presided, is now the signal-house for atrocious crimes and abominable

frauds; it is here that the stock-jobbers devour national wealth.

"These audacious robbers parade about in large parties, and are easily distinguished, by their sleekness and their impudence: they insult honest men; and it is in vain that they are repeatedly separated by the patrols; like globules of quicksilver, for a time divided, they quickly coalesce into groupes.

"The subaltern marauders, in the Rue Vivienne, execute the projects of these their masters, with punctuality and address; and dissipate the last resources of a victorious, but beggared country, among gamblers and prostitutes: their dress is uniform and whimsical; a bonnet made of black hair, of a close and elastic texture, with a fox's tail over the head; greasy hair, dirty boots, and loose coats.

"Women are often called in, to sign and seal a bargain; the glass door, which you see at the end of the dark gallery, leads to an apartment, which affords accommodation for stock-jobbing, political intrigue,

trigue, and gros sensuality.

“ Stop but for a moment, look into this little shop, there are two muscular, comely lads, with scarce the down on their chins; they are planted, one on each side of an old demirep, instructing her in the proper method of dressing her flaxen wig; they have just slipped it over her matted locks, which resemble those of Medusa.

“ Remark the singular variety of the stock in trade: dolls and bolognas, ehignons and cold ham, pomade a la rose and sautages; garters, hoops, lavender water, sealing wax, obscene prints and luscious novels: it is impossible to consider it in any other light, than as a house of assignation; now and then a miserable royalist, who has escaped the domiciliary visitors, glides before the window, scarcely venturing to cast an eye at the forbidden fruit, of all kinds, which the interior recesses contain; you may easily distinguish him by the length of his face, and the shabbiness of his coat.

“ At six o'clock, when the business of the day is concluded, the door where you see two tricoloured lamps, exhales with the odours of foieps and ragouts; the avenues to the great saloon are crowded; a prodigious table is covered with the dainties of the season; the room is lighted with girandoles, chandeliers, and branches decorated with mirrors and diamond-cut glass; contractors who a few years since were attorney clerks, and stock-jobbers, stepping out of the self-same coaches; behind which, a few months since, they officiated as lacquies, take their seats, and fatten on the public spoils.

“ Goblets of *strong beer*, or glasses of brandy, are drunk after each mouthful, and scoundrels gormandize on dishes, of which they would be puzzled to spell, or pronounce the name; wine and the desert are dispatched with haste, but not without great execution; the hour for adjourning to the gaming table arrives, the bill is called for, and the reckoning of each

each individual for his dinner only, amounts to more than the day's pay of a field officer.

“Such is republican morality; so flagitious and infecting are the nuisances, tolerated in the very heart of *THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD*; can one wonder, in such a school, or rather in such a hot-house for the passions, that the seeds of lust, gambling, profusion, and licentious dissipation, ripen into early vegetation, and that the rising generation, before they come into public life, are already vicious and corrupt.

“In getting rid of regal and ecclesiastic tyranny, we have subjected ourselves to the ignominious despotism of baseness and low profligacy. Paris is crowded with squalid groups of abandoned and foul-mouthed children, outraging the name of God, by uncounted oaths, and shocking blasphemies, bellowing forth the most beastly expressions; good taste, decency, religion, and an observance of the duties of private life, are banished for ever from among us.”

H h 2

PASSION, an instance, in which it met with a timely and salutary check; —see Peter the Great.

PEDRO DE LA GASCA, a Spaniard of dignified intrepidity, and incorruptible integrity, sent, as viceroy of Mexico, to punish the plunderers and murderers of the miserable Peruvians.

It is far from the intention of the Editor of this collection, to palliate or defend their conduct, so frequently delineated and execrated by historians and poets; yet, these ingenious writers, misled by a generous and venial bias, have egregiously erred in their descriptions of the mild virtues, simple manners, and general happiness of the South-Americans, when invaded by the more civilized Marauders of Europe.

The inhabitants of that vast continent, though following at a humble distance, the improvements, were tainted by many of the worst crimes of polished life; they were alternately a prey to their own

inordinate

inordinate passions, to the lust of their Incas, and the superstitious despotism of their priests; and at the moment of Pizarro's landing, the country was desolated by civil war.

These facts, indisputably confirmed by cotemporary evidence, do not at all diminish the guilt of their oppressors, who with respect to the justice of their motives, had the same right to their spoils, as a house-breaker, to the contents of my writing case, or a highwayman to the purse of a traveller; their producing the pompous nonsense issued from the Vatican, by the frantic maniac of his day, is adding the insult of solemn mockery, to injury and outrage.

Yet, the circumstance may teach us a useful lesson, to receive with cautious doubt the florid assertions of *certain writers*, possessing more fancy than judgment, who under the impression of particular opinions, bend and distort every fact, in order to elucidate or confirm a favorite theory.

In pointing a moral, or turning a tale, it must be

confessed, that a reader's feelings will be more powerfully interested, when he contemplates a harmless, uncorrupted people, hunted down like wild beasts; and that his indignation against their destroyers, will be proportionately increased, when he reflects on the unresisting innocence of the unhappy sufferers; such are the dreams of fiction, and romance; the harsh voice of rigid unaccommodating truth, which ought to be the historian's only guide, is not sufficiently musical and sonorous, to satisfy the glowing wishes of poetry and imagination.

But we must not forget Don Pedro, the subject of our present article; armed with absolute power, abundantly supplied with ships, men and arms, and carrying with him, the kind wishes of every honest man in Spain; he found on his arrival, the Spanish forces divided into two parties, exasperated against each other, and equally detested by the natives.

The task he had undertaken required a considerable portion of courage,
and

and dexterity; to moderate the excesses of the soldiers, without estranging their affections; to punish the enormities of Gonzales Pizarro, who no longer restrained by the deep policy, and cool temper of his deceased brother Francisco, and having attached a powerful body to him, by the strong ties of unbounded indulgence, and common guilt, evidently aspired to supreme power, independent of the Spanish monarchy.

Aware of the difficulties of his situation, and of the danger of commencing hostilities with the Spanish general, in an unfriendly country, and so many thousand leagues from home, the Viceroy resolved to try all expedients, before he resorted to *the last argument of kings*.

An occasion favorable to his purpose, soon presented itself; Pizarro and his party had been exercising every species of cruelty and violation, on the miserable natives, in the hope of discovering the tomb of Viracocha, the founder of the Dynasty of the Incas.

This prince, who united

the characters of a great general, and a prophet, had foretold, a short time before his death, that certain invincible warriors, would, at a certain period, arrive from a strange country beyond the ocean, and subvert the Peruvian empire; a prediction, which like others of a familiar tendency, probably hastened its own accomplishment.

Under such impressions, and believing *himself*, what he had foretold to *others*, a point in which he differed from some of our *modern* prophets; the Mexican monarch, deposited in the tomb where he was to be interred, and in a remote spot, known only to the priests of the sun, immense treasures; which, on the alarm of an invading enemy, or after an unsuccessful battle, the reigning emperor, with his concubines, his children, and a few faithful adherents, might convey to some far distant region, beyond the reach or the rapacity of their enemies.

Such was the national legend, perhaps invented by vanity, encouraged by superstition, and eagerly credited

dited by avarice, the secret was preserved, by the fidelity of the priests, or like other secrets, by there never in reality having existed one. In the tomb of Viracocha, which was afterwards discovered by accident, no treasure, except its costly ornaments, was found; but the shocking cruelties inflicted on this occasion, by Gonzales Pizarro, excited the pity of many of his soldiers, they revolted at his merciless proceedings, and began to doubt, if it was lawful to obey a monster who violated every law of God and man.

Don Pedro saw and seized the precious, the golden moment, of apt opportunity; by means of a deserter, he conveyed offers of pardon to the discontented party, and having gained their confidence by a prudent mixture of mildness and firmness, they joined his standard; finding the rebel general deaf to all amicable proposals, and that he mistook a wish to avoid bloodshed for pusillanimity; with augmented forces, and rigid dis-

cipline, he resolved to march against him.

It was on the ninth day of April, in the fifteen hundred and thirty eighth year of the Christian æra, and at the early dawn of a summer's morn, that the two armies met on the extensive plain of Xaquixa Guana.

Firm in long tried courage, and conscious that death or victory was their only alternative, the rebels endured the attack unbroken and undismayed, and the royal army, after a bloody, undecisive conflict, during the greater part of the day, were convinced that other means than the sword, must be had recourse to for subduing Pizarro.

Taking advantage of an interval, which took place, in consequence of fatigue, the heat of a burning climate, or that natural and laudable compunction which natives of the same soil feel, or ought to feel, at destroying each other; Don Pedro, advancing in front, thus addressed the contending armies.

“ Friends and fellow-coun-

countrymen, alas, that I should live to see this day; was it for this, that you quitted your wives and children, and braved the dangers of a tempestuous ocean, to perish by each others hands, on a hostile shore? Is it thus that you observe the faith, pledged to our august sovereign? Is it thus that you fulfill the duty you owe to your country; a duty paramount to all others, in the breast of every honest Spaniard?

“ Let the sword be instantly sheathed, and in circumstances which demand all the helps of mutual affection, and the closest union, let us exhibit no other contest, than the amicable and laudable struggle of trying who shall perform the most praise-worthy service to God and the king.

“ There is only one obstacle, to impede your immediately embracing each other, which I see by your looks, every man of you is already longing to do; this obstacle is the cruel, the perfidious Pizarro, who in the hope of escaping punishment himself, hath attempted to involve *you* in his crimes; but you have

a considerate and gracious king, who makes large allowances for the infirmity of human nature, and the influence of bad example in persons of elevated rank.

“ I am commanded by our royal master to declare, that on the express condition of giving up your leader and seducer, who hath by his conduct, tempted you from your duty, and brought discredit on our national character; I thus solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, and of your fellow soldiers, who accompany me, that those who have been misled by Pizarro, shall not be involved in his punishment; that pardon to all, but that great offender, shall immediately be granted, if you will, without delay, deliver him into the hands of public justice; and join to support with hand and heart, the Spanish standard, which now waves over my head.”

His words were received with silence and attention; the mention of their king, their country, their wives, and their children, touched their tenderest feelings, and awakened the noblest and most

most natural passions of the human heart; but when the Viceroy, raising his arm, pointed to those colours, which had so often conducted them to victory and renown, their military enthusiasm suddenly taking fire, burst into a blaze; seizing Pizarro, they bound him hand and foot, laid him at the feet of Don Pedro; and both armies, rushing into the arms of each other, joined in loud acclamations of "Long live the King of Spain and both the Indios."

The soldiers were solicitous to have Pizarro immediately put to death, but the Viceroy determined that the offender should be proceeded against in the usual and necessary forms of law, before a tribunal, commissioned for the purpose; he was accused of treason, perjury, and extortion; his wanton violation of the tomb of the Inca Vira-Cocha, was mentioned, in aggravation of his crimes, in pity to the feelings of the natives, who regarded the sepulchres of the dead, particularly of a monarch and a prophet, with religious awe and ve-

neration: these, and other atrocious charges, were proved against him, by incontestible evidence; after being permitted to speak in his own defence, he was found guilty, and beheaded.

Most persons who have read, or who have written on the conquest of South America, have remarked, that the Europeans received powerful assistance from the women of the country they invaded: Columbus, on a certain occasion, would have perished for want of food, had he not been received with hospitality, by a female savage; Marina, who acted in the double capacity of mistress and interpreter, to Fernando Cortez, was actively instrumental in the destruction of Mexico, where she first drew her breath; and a remarkable instance of female versatility, in the case of Milto, occurs in a former volume of this collection.

It hath been said in reply, that most of the women, in the instances to which I refer, were of an unhappy class, united to their lovers only by the
gross

gross, unfeeling tie of carnal appetite; that they were the mere instruments of pleasure and convenience, the domestic drudges, rather than the confidential companions of their *masters*; but that ten thousand instances might be produced, from ancient and modern times, of FAITHFUL AND HONORABLE WIVES, who in the trying moments of private adversity or public disaster, have nobly exposed themselves to difficulty, danger, and death.

A philosophic writer, imputes the base conduct of the American females, to their degraded condition, and the humiliating state of Indian manners; observing, that when women are treated as slaves, they will, *like slaves*, be indifferent to a change of *tyrants*.

The praise of truth and ingenuity cannot be denied to his theory; but I am inclined to impute to the strong impressions of fear, many of the obliquities in question; they have been uniformly exhibited, under similar circumstances, at various periods, and in such different states of society. The fate of woman

and of weakness, has ever been determined by the power of the sword; in popular revolutions, and decisive national defeats, property, beauty, wit, learning, accomplishment, art, and science, must all submit to the controul of a conqueror.

Should Providence ever decree, as a punishment for our sins, that Great Britain shall lose its empire over the sea, and that, after a bloody struggle, the throne of our gracious sovereign shall be subverted by the republican despotism of France; the castle of Windsor, and one of our beautiful princesses, would not improbably be selected for the residence and bed of Moreau, or Buonaparte; St. James's palace, Buckingham-house, and those splendid mansions, which decorate London and its environs, would be allotted to French Generals, and Directorial Commissioners; that humble beauty and unassuming tenderness, which is now the only solace of my life, would be torn from my arms, by some hot-headed democratic renegade; and that

that paternal cottage, which now affords a literary retreat for the unceasing anxieties and inquietudes of its restless possessor, would be occupied by a Gallic marauder, or one of his muscular Hibernian auxiliaries.

PETER, and notwithstanding all his faults, PETER THE GREAT, Czar of Muscovy, and Emperor of Russia; who, by a process compared to oil of vitriol acting upon iron, conducted a horde of brutal and ignorant barbarians, to civilization, commercial energy, and renown.

But this extraordinary man, to whom his country owed such important benefits, was subject to paroxysms of passion, which converted the father of his people into a savage and a fury; of this temporary insanity, an instance is recorded, from which he was roused by the presence of mind, and cool intrepidity of one of his subjects.

Having been informed, that the purser of a ship of war, had been guilty of a fraud, in performing the duties of his office, and ne-

ver being able to endure with patience, any thing that diminished the comforts of his seamen, Peter hurried on board, and meeting with the supposed offender, almost the moment he set his foot on the deck, reviled him for the imputed crime, in coarse and acrimonious language.

The warrant-officer thus suddenly and violently attacked, and scarcely able to understand what was said by the Emperor, whose rage nearly choked his utterance, further irritated him, by some accidental and undesigned indecorum, which raising Peter's passion to its utmost pitch, he immediately seized the man in his arms, with a design of hurling him into the sea.

“Your majesty is stronger than I am, and perhaps may be able to force me overboard,” said the purser, catching hold of part of the rigging, “but take notice, and I appeal to all who are present, to observe it; you condemn me unheard, without examination or proof; what will posterity think of such an action?”

“God

“ God forbid I should hurt a single hair of your head, but if you persist in your unjustifiable attempt, I shall certainly pull your majesty into the sea with me, as a drowning man will catch at any thing to save himself; let me intreat of you sir, to let the matter be coolly enquired into, and if I am guilty, let me be punished according to law.”

Arrested and convinced by this animated appeal to his pride, his ambition, and his self-preservation, Peter immediately relaxed his hold, acknowledged that he was wrong, and after due examination, finding that the honest and intrepid purser, had been misrepresented, was thankful for the salutary interruption.

How acute, but how vain would have been his regret, had he succeeded in drowning his faithful servant, before his innocence of the crime had been ascertained.

PETRIFIED CITY IN AFRICA, a tale often told, frequently refuted, and sometimes believed.

To the catalogue of those

who have given credit to this absurdity, may be added the name of Louis the Fourteenth, who ordered one of his Ambassadors to procure the body of a man from this singular city.

It would not have been reasonable or right, to disobey the commands of a generous monarch, and the sum of five hundred pounds was promised to two Janizaries, if they would procure for a royal collector, the object of his wishes.

After a certain time, the crafty mussulmen returning from a pretended journey into the desert, reported, that it was not in their power to convey away, so bulky a weight as the body of a man, without discovery, but that wishing to do every thing in their power for the satisfaction of his most christian majesty, they had with considerable difficulty and risque, brought a petrified boy, and a petrified bun, for which the Envoy without demur, paid the stipulated price, and the *petrifications* were sent to France.

These expensive curiosities were afterwards shewn

to a learned and shrewd traveller, Dr. Shaw, who proved very satisfactorily, that the bun, was an echinus, and the *hard-hearted* boy, no other than a statue of Cupid, on whose shoulders the marks of a quiver, separated by violence, evidently appeared, but which the Janizaries in their mercenary eagerness, or gross ignorance, had taken no pains to efface !!

PHŒNIX, a bird described by Tacitus, and by Pliny, but which in fact never existed.

The description of the naturalist (chap. x.) is in words to this effect, which he quotes as a passage from Manilius, a Roman writer, cotemporary with Marius and Sylla, but no longer extant.

“ The Phœnix is a native of Arabia, sacred to the sun, and which lives to the age of five or six hundred years; when finding the languors of dissolution approaching, it prepares a nest of the slender branches of Cassia, and other aromatic shrubs, on which it expires, and wonderful to

tell, a young bird is produced from the marrow of the bones of its parent.

PITTMAN, HENRY, a Somersetshire surgeon, who served the Duke of Monmouth in his professional capacity, on his disastrous expedition.

Of his conduct on this occasion, a narrative remains, in which Pittman repeatedly declares, that the services he rendered the Duke, were not voluntary, and takes great pains to prove his assertion; yet, in spite of all our precautions, there are crevices and loop-holes, through which truth as well as error will creep.

In the apology for his conduct, a quarto pamphlet, published in 1689, having occasion to mention the duke's undertaking, he calls it *fatal* and *unfortunate*, which to Monmouth and his adherents it undoubtedly was, but to King James, if he had possessed one grain of prudence or good sense, the defeat was auspicious and lucky; nor would the epithets used by Pittman, have been applied

to

to the event, but by a well-wisher to the ill-conducted descent.

After the victory of the king's troops, our surgeon, with a number of his associates, were conducted to prison, tried, and condemned to death, but by good fortune, by pleading compulsion, or rather by the well-timed application of a large sum of money, which Pittman complains, entirely ruined his fortune, his execution was respited, and at last changed to the punishment of transportation to Barbadoes.

From this island, to which so many individuals, in modern times, voluntarily and profitably *transport themselves*, he found means to escape, and returned to England a year after the revolution, to witness the triumphs of his friends, and rejoice at the depression of a common enemy.

With respect to the book published by Pittman, it is neither interesting from the information it contains, nor attractive in the manner by which it is conveyed; it is the loud huzza of a prisoner at large, who, in the bliss of recovered liberty,

joins in the national chorus, to blacken the deeds of their predecessors, and to describe the barbarities of the despicable fugitives, and the infamous Jefferies; he probably thought a likely method of recommending himself to King William and his ministers.

PITY, in women, nearly allied to love, a common and well founded axiom, remarkably exemplified in the present day.

Numbers of our fair country women have married French emigrés, and many instances have occurred, in the knowledge of the Editor, of cases of seduction, of virgins, mothers of families, and buxom abigails, in which the person, temper, and accomplishments of the stranger were uninviting, and where he seemed to have no other recommendation than genuine distress, and fortunes ruined beyond recovery.

POLITICAL OPINIONS and Party Attachments, how very transitory?

Few ages have witnessed more striking instances of revolutions,

revolutions, than the present, not only in kingdoms and institutions, but in men's minds, in their associations, in their theories and their practice.

The following extracts from a late severe address to, and strong remonstrance with an eminent character, were written by a veteran, who once idolized the object of his present hostility, and actually sacrificed, on two trying occasions, his fortune, his health, and his peace of mind, in the service of one, *with whom he would now scarcely venture to trust himself in the same room.*

This literary Drawcansir commences with telling his old associate, "that in the plenitude of a luxurious table, in the arms of faded beauty, and the full-mouthed chorus of a degenerate club, he strangely forgets himself as a patriot and an honest man; that he neglects those duties, and despises those salutary maxims which taught him first to rise.

"To stem the current of early inclination," continues the pamphleteer, "to counteract habitual propensity, and censure an

old friend, is extremely unpleasant; but the moment is now arrived, when to trifle is to be criminal, when not to exert the whole of our powers, whatever they may be, against the common enemy of God and man, is the worst of treason.

"It would be unworthy of a man, who once enjoyed a share in your convivial moments, to catch at an unguarded word, or watch for a warm expression after a third bottle; yet it is impossible for friendship, partiality, or common sense, to deny that your toasts and tavern-speeches are hair-breadth escapes from libel and sedition; that you convert a public dinner into a convention of mal-contentés; for the purpose of provoking irritating discussion, and disseminating inflammatory harangues.

"The company you keep, the opinions you avow, and the system you pursue, however honest your intentions, are hostile to the interests, and derogatory to the honor of your country; and in their effects, more injurious than the

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the avowed enemy, who openly declares war against us.

“ The efforts of the Philistines, those detestable idolators of old, *who defied the living God*, their efforts to vanquish the Herculean Israelite, would never have succeeded, had not a *kind friend*, previously despoiled him of that luxuriant appendage which decorated his brow, which was the source of his strength, and the terror of all his enemies.

“ Such and so trying are the circumstances and situation of this country, that the part you act, cannot be a matter of indifference; thousands who never think for themselves, look up to you for their political creed, which they receive with implicit faith, and propagate with enthusiastic zeal: an individual, gifted like you, I consider, and would treat, as a necromancer, a magician practising unlawful arts, and bewitching the public mind.

“ In this respect you are more to be dreaded than Barras or Buonaparte, and if you will not listen to the voice of duty, I would, on the paramount incontro-

vertible principle, that public safety is the supreme law, I would not hesitate a moment, in subjecting you to a mild species of coercion.

“ I would for a certain time, deprive you of pen, ink, and paper, and all intercourse with a certain description of your friends, should be cut off; you should be detained in that species of captivity, which would not prevent the exercises and amusements necessary for your health; I would confine you as a mistaken, obstinate man, who scorn to yield to the imperious necessity of the times; an impracticable statesman, an inexpedient philosopher, who consider the welfare of your country, as dust in the balance, when placed in competition with an abstract theory, a favourite position, or a personal attachment.

“ No pleasures, compatible with public safety, should be wanting, to soothe your hours of retirement; a spacious house, extensive pleasure grounds, a library, and a botanic conservatory; wine in moderation, music, and your
female

female friend, who on the score of intellect and accomplishment, is herself a host, should alternately alleviate your regrets.

“And when the clouds, which now darken our horizon, shall be happily dissipated, by the activity, wisdom, and prudence of his majesty’s ministers, and the god-like heroism of our fleets and armies; you should be restored to that liberty, of which you do not appear to know the proper value.

“But let us hope that such measures will not be necessary, that you will no longer be led astray by an erring spirit, that you will rouse from your delusive infatuations; and as you have been egregiously mistaken, let your progress in the right path, be proportionately energetic.

“You have been misled, as is not uncommon in life, by men of less ability, but more cunning, than yourself; they ensnare the open generosity of your honest nature, by exaggerated descriptions, and misapplied first principles; by plausible, but impracticable doc-

trines, and deceitful forms of words.

“Retire from associates, uncreditable to your intellect and your taste; retire, while yet your retreat is not cut off, from a vortex, which has whirled into perdition, the first of politicians, and the first of men; take refuge with every moderate and every considerate man, in the strong holds, and behind the safe barriers of a constitution, which offers protection to all.

“And still a patriot, tho’ a courtier grown,
From petty tyrants fly un-
to the throne.”

PPRICE, James, an English Chymist, who in a course of experiments exhibited in the presence of several men of science and reputation, produced a wonderful powder, which if it did not actually turn all it touched to gold, like the fabulous philosopher’s stone, made very near approaches to that miraculous transmutation.

Half a grain of this wonder-working ingredient, which

which was of a deep red color, and weighed by an indifferent person, prevented quicksilver from evaporating, or boiling, though the crucible which contained it, was surrounded by an intense fire, and was itself become red hot: I will not puzzle my readers, nor incur the risk of exposing myself, by describing in technical terms every part of the process; it is sufficient to observe, that Dr. Price directed, but touched nothing, and that at the conclusion of the operation, when the crucible was cooled, and broken, a globule weighing ten grains, of a yellow metal, was found at the bottom, which a skilful artist, after trying it by the common tests, pronounced to be pure gold, for which he would give the highest price, that was generally asked for that precious metal.

A variety of experiments, which it is not necessary to particularize in this place, and of which the principal nobility and gentlemen, in the neighbourhood of Guildford, the doctor's residence, were

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witnesses, established beyond a doubt the fact, that by means of his extraordinary powders, for he produced a white as well as a red one, silver and gold, in the proportion of 28 to 1, and in other instances of 40 to 1, and 60 to 1, was repeatedly produced.

Notwithstanding such unexceptionable evidence, the world still incredulous, and suspecting deception, demanded further experiments; but the sanguine expectations of the friends of Dr. Price were checked and extinguished by the reply he made; "The whole of my materials have been expended, in the experiments I made, and I cannot furnish myself with more, but by a process tedious and operose, whose effects I find have been already injurious to my health, and of which I decline the repetition."

Whether the operator had impaired his fortune, his intellect, or his spirits, I cannot tell, but I understand that he not long after died by his own hands, and his secret to the experimental chymist, so highly interesting, perished with him. The philosopher and statesman,

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man, who may lament the loss of an art, which would apparently have enabled us to pay off the national debt, and to set at defiance, the exhausting circumstances of war, will however cease to repine, and estimate the doctor's secret at its proper value, when they are told, as he confessed to a friend, a few months before his death, that *the materials necessary to produce an ounce of gold, cost seventeen pounds.*

PROJECT OF BOURGFONTAIN; a plan, said to have been concerted at a religious house of that name, in France, in the year 1621, for the purpose of consulting on the means of abolishing Christianity.

The persons mentioned, as having been present at these consultations, were the Abbot of St. Cyran, Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, Robert Arnauld, and others; this fabulous narrative, now almost buried in oblivion, once excited a considerable sensation at Paris; a pamphlet, written to establish its existence, was suppressed by a public

edict, and disgracefully burnt. It is noticed by Pascal, in his *Lettres Provencales*, by Meynier, in the *Facta Jansenii*, and was proved to be wholly a scheme of the Jesuits, to throw an odium on the Jansenists, by Father Clemencet, one of the pious, learned, and indefatigable Benedictine Editors, to whom literature is so much indebted.

My attention was called to this obsolete controversy, by the alarming publication of Professor Robison, who roundly charges the philosophers, sceptics, and *free-masons* of the present day, with a regular and premeditated design of the same kind: I would wish to do justice to the intentions of the learned writer, but like other warm advocates, in support of a favourite opinion, he proves too much.

I agree with him in opinion on many of his data, and subscribe to the truth of *some* of his statements; but in the ardour of zeal, or the fertility of a creative imagination, he attacks monsters, and fights with giants, who exist only in his

his own fancy. I cannot see, nor indeed do I believe, that there has been any associated body, collected by a bond of union, by oath, or by co-operation of design, to undermine the Christian religion, more than there has been in all ages and in all countries, amongst the vicious, the profligate, and the unprincipled.

At every period of civilized society, there have been, and ever will be, bold, bad men, who, finding that the religious systems of their country stood in the way of their own criminal pursuits, have endeavoured to ridicule, reject, and disbelieve the one, rather than set bounds to, or mortify the other.

This principle, rebellious both against reason and revelation, originates from passions, planted for the wisest purposes, in the human breast, and of this CONSPIRACY, so emphatically proclaimed by the professor, every man becomes a member, who prefers illicit indulgence, to honest gratification, and who resists the salutary re-

straints of justice and moderation.

Perhaps this ingenious, but exaggerating writer, will be surprized and concerned, at being himself considered as a CONSPIRATOR AGAINST TRUTH AND COMMON SENSE, as hath actually been the case, when he accuses respectable bodies of men, of being disaffected to religion and order, who are in fact, as warmly attached to Christianity and regal government, as the zealous professor himself; but who do not injure the cause they support, by *rash and ill advised alarms*.

PROSPER, a very ancient Roman Historian, of whose works only fragments now remain.

Yet we may record as a curiosity, that a collection of his literary relicts, was published at Florence in 1676, by Curtianus Ingeramius.

The real author of this splendid and ingenious forgery, was Thomas Fœdrus.

PUBLIC SINGERS and PLAYERS at ROME.

We

We learn from an antient historian, part of the precautionary discipline practised by them; the first I do not exactly understand, and the second is a subject I will not enter on; "plumbam chartam supinus pectore sustinebant, enemate et vomitu purgabant, pomis et cibis *officiosus* abstinere:" this helps to explain a passage I have read in some modern poet.

Black-friars annals him
were pleased to call,
The warden of apothecaries hall;
And when so dignified, he'd
not forbear,
That operation which the
learn'd declare,
Gives a fine voice and
makes the ladies fair.

RELIGIO BESTIANIM, a controversial work, written by the learned Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, the author of nineteen volumes in folio, of works principally on religion, or subjects connected with it, but much of it rendered by the discursive genius, acute versatility, and critical sagacity

of Raynaud, not unpleasant reading.

In this immense edition of his works, which he began, but did not live to see completed, the work whose title stands at the head of this article, is not inserted, either from the holy father acquiring discretion with grey hairs, or from the prudential motives of his posthumous Editor; but if any of my readers possess it, and will venture to trust it in my possession, their delivering it to my publisher, Mr. Kerby, who will give them a receipt for the same, will be esteemed as a considerable favor; and unless I am at a very remote distance from the metropolis, it shall be returned in ten days.

Had not the spirit of Raynaud been broken early in life, by rigid application, and afterwards by the despotism of his order, he might not have written so voluminously, but I think he would have made an eminent satirist, and an excellent general critic; applying powers like his to obscure controversies now almost forgotten, was like
breaking

breaking the windows of a man who had offended one with five guinea pieces, or cutting blocks with a razor.

ROADS. To feel properly the pleasure and comfort of a modern turnpike, we ought to have travelled with our grandfathers, when a journey to London, was the laborious effort of three weeks or a month, and the traveller took a formal leave of all his friends, settled his books, and made his will.

To the projectors and executors of the present safe and speedy communications, between distant parts of the kingdom, we are certainly much indebted, but I fear that in this, as in other instances, an improvement through obstinacy or preposterous caprice, has been converted into a grievance.

In great thoroughfares, high post-roads, and in neighbourhoods rendered wealthy by commercial success, or the diffusion of hereditary wealth, good roads are a fair and justifiable species of luxury; but in sequestered desolate situa-

tions, resorted to neither for pleasure or business, where a post-chaise is not seen once a month, and a gentleman's carriage scarcely ever passes, it is not only absurd, but selfish and oppressive, for any individual overburthened with leisure bile, or delicate feelings, to quarrel with roads and cross roads, where his predecessors and relations, have themselves driven their teams, and to harass his country neighbours with surveyors and indictments, at a heavy expence of time, labor, and money.

To wade in mud to the horses middle, and to risk our necks in rutts which bury the wheels, is neither wished for nor meant; but circumstance and situation ought to be attended to, and as the occupiers of estates for the most part pay every tax, and every out-going, if gentlemen of large fortune will have their lanes and by-ways converted into garden-gravel walks, it is unjust and inhuman, to lay so heavy an impost on their tenants.

I need not remind my readers, that in France the execrable

execrable corvees, or as we should call them highway statutes, were a fruitful source of discontent, and with other causes conspired to wean the affections of a numerous class from their superiors, and I know at the present moment, to individuals, in distant and different parts of the kingdom, in whose characters, as magistrates and country gentlemen, I should be puzzled to find a fault, but who indulging the fashionable, the useful spirit of road-mending, have pursued it with such indiscreet zeal and vigor, that though once extremely popular, they are now generally detested. One of them is afraid to leave his mansion unattended, and the other is fled to the dissipation of a watering place, from the curses and execrations of the farmers.

Each of these gentlemen was the only person in his parish who kept a post-chaise, and finding that rough travelling was not pleasant; at the trifling expence of three or four hundred pounds *out of other people's pockets*, they have procured spacious and ex-

cellent roads, from which one of them fled, before they were compleated, and the other neither visits or enjoys them.

ROSS, ALEXANDER, a learned and copious writer of the seventeenth century, whose name will probably be preserved longer in the following lines of Butler's Hudibras, than by his own works.

“ There was an antient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over;”

If the following list of his works be correct, as I have reason to think it is, a perusal of them was no very easy task.

- 1 De rebus Judaicis.
- 2 An Exposition of the first fourteen Chapters of the Book of Genesis.
- 3 Rasura Tonforis.
- 4 Mel Helic Onium.
- 5 Myftagogus Poeticus.
- 6 Virgilius Evangelizans.
- 7 Christiados Poematis libri xiii.
- 8 Chimæra Pythagorica.
- 9 The new Planet, no Planet.
- 10 Meditations

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| 10 | Meditations on Predes-
tination. | | maining Books of Ge-
nesis. |
| 11 | Medicus Medicatus. | 29 | Meliffomachia. |
| 12 | The Philosophical To-
uchstone. | 30 | Religionis Apotheosis. |
| 13 | The Picture of the
Conscience. | 31 | Paraphrasis Virgiliana. |
| 14 | Colloquia Plantina. | 32 | Virgilius triumphans. |
| 15 | A Translation of the
Christian Divinity of
Wollebius. | 33 | Psychomachia Virgili-
ana. |
| 16 | Gnomologicum Poeti-
cum. | 34 | Epigrammata Romana. |
| 17 | Enchiridion Oratorum. | | The twenty-seventh ar-
ticle displays considerable
learning and information,
and clearly afforded <i>great,</i>
<i>but unacknowledged help,</i> to
an eminent writer, who
<i>flourished</i> a few years since
on the same subject: It is
written according to the
tiresome custom of that
age, in questions and an-
swers. |
| 18 | Ifagoge Grammaticum. | | As connected with the
subject, the bookseller had
published in the same vo-
lume, "The Revelation
of certain notorious Ad-
vancers of Heresy, and an
account of their lives and
ends, with seventeen heads."
I observe among them, Ser-
vetus, and several of the
Anabaptist leaders, who
took possession of the city
of Munster, and exercised,
during their usurpation, so
singular a union of enthu-
siasm, despotism, and sen-
suality. |
| 19 | Arcana Microcosmi. | | |
| 20 | A Caveat for reading
the Alcoran. | | |
| 21 | A Refutation of Dr.
Brown's Vulgar Er-
rors. | | |
| 22 | A Refutation of Lord
Bacon, Doctor Har-
vey, and others. | | |
| 23 | An Epitome of Sir Wal-
ter Raleigh's History. | | |
| 24 | Observations on Sir
Walter Raleigh. | | |
| 25 | The second Part of the
History of the World,
being a continuation
of Sir Walter Ra-
leigh. | | |
| 26 | Leviathan drawn out
with a Hook. | | |
| 27 | A View of all Religions
in the World. | | |
| 28 | Exercises on the re- | | |

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I know not if the artist, from whose drawings the figures were engraved, possessed favourable opportunities, or whether he was successful in *taking a likeness*, but if there was any personal resemblance, these frightful and odious faces, admirably illustrate the system of Mr. Lavater; I think I never beheld more savage and terrific countenances.

The subject of our present article, Alexander Ross, was originally a Scotch divine; but tempted by patronage, or impelled by a change of opinions, quitted Aberdeen, where he officiated as minister, and conformed to the church of England; was appointed chaplain to King Charles the First, and master of the free-school at Southampton, which enjoys at the present time, the benefit of one of his testamentary bequests.

By his literary labours and his school, he became wealthy; and as old age advanced, retiring from public life, passed the remainder of his days in the family of the Henley's, of Hampshire, I believe the

ancestors of the chancellor of that name; to whom (dying in 1654) he bequeathed a large library, and a considerable sum of money, a good part of which, the fortunate legatees found concealed among his books, which the cautious divine, probably thought the safest place of deposit, in those turbulent times; in this respect, he is said to have been imitated by a munificent contributor to the British Museum, lately deceased.

R OYAL CORRESPONDENCE, and an early instance of the ecclesiastic independence of a King of England; the instance referred to, is a latin letter of William the Conqueror, to Pope Gregory the seventh, written in 1076; its authenticity is confirmed by Baluzius, by Du Chesne, and a letter of the Pontiff himself, to which the epistle I recite, was an answer; this literary curiosity is to the following purport.

“To the most excellent Gregory, the pious pastor of the Christian church, William, by the grace of God,

God, King of England, and Duke of Normandy, sendeth greeting.

The legate, Hubert, lately admonished me on the part of your Holiness, that I should do fealty to you and your successors; he also reminded me of certain sums, which the kings who preceded me usually sent to Rome.

To the latter I made no objection, but to the former I will never submit; I always refused, and still am unwilling to do fealty to the Pope, because I neither promised to do it, nor is there any good evidence that my predecessors have done it.

Having been busily employed in France for nearly three years, the Papal dues have been at times neglected, but being by the mercy of divine Providence at length returned to my kingdom, the money which is in the hands of the collectors, shall be remitted by the legate, now departing; what remains shall be sent as opportunity suiteth, by the legates of our trusty Archbishop Lanfranc.

Continue holy Father to pray for us and the safety

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of our kingdom, because we have ever highly regarded the holy See, and you above the rest we sincerely love and revere."

It cannot be denied, that this letter of William the first, is a proof of his good sense and spirit, when we consider the power and influence of the Pope seven hundred years ago, and that Gregory, to whom it is addressed, was remarkable for his arrogance and turbulence.

This Pontiff afterwards exerted his episcopal vigor, towards other crowned heads, with more success; if England was conquered by the Norman, which a certain indignant writer is unwilling to allow, it was conquered by one who resisted the menaces of a spiritual tyrant, whose anathemas at that period, were the dread of Europe.

RUSSIA, late Empress of. The following short but animated sketch of this extraordinary woman, is by a writer, who has often contributed to, and always done honor to this collection.

"The Empress Catherine,

rine, who endeavoured to efface the remembrance of enormous crimes, by strength of character, ought not to quit the scene without notice: great in all her passions, she burst on the master vice of the human heart, ambition, and ALL THE RUSSIAS were not sufficient to quench her thirst for dominion; in this pursuit, restrained by no considerations of humanity, she waded through blood to the throne.

“She may be considered as the last of that order of despots, who consider the whole human race, as only created for the use of sovereigns, and we have every reason to believe, from the universal diffusion of information, from the advanced and progressive state of improvement in legislation, policy, and science, that tyranny must henceforth clothe itself in the garb of meekness.

“If the vices of Catherine were odious, her achievements were brilliant and meritorious; she civilized hordes of barbarians, promoted the useful and elegant arts, and cherished the happiness of the great

body of her people; softening slavery by comfort, she decorated her metropolis with the same zeal and spirit, as a country gentleman would improve his estate.

“Her literary and scientific establishments, her military and naval rewards were magnificent and liberal, and although the splendor of her reign be but a feeble compensation in the eye of philosophy and reason, for outraged nature, few sovereigns have left more copious materials, and few possess such well-founded claims to high panegyric from future poets and historians.”

It is not my design to diminish or augment the tribute of such rational praise, I wish only to observe, that if the philosophers, politicians, theorists, and atheists of France, in their war of words and blows, had met with the firm subtlety of the RUSSIAN AUTOCRATIX, to counteract their felonious arts, the golden sceptre of monarchy, touched by the magic Talisman of metaphysical sedition, would never have been converted into the iron rod of repub-

publican despotism.

The intrepid, the eagle-eyed Catherine, would instantly have seen, and instantly have defeated their insidious purpose: Mirabeau, Tallien, Marat, Roberfpierre, and a long catalogue of guilty men, would have fattened the vultures, or toiled in the mines of Siberia.

The grossness and variety of her amours, have often been censured, and often been exaggerated; in a confidential conversation with one of her own sex, who is the subject of an acrimonious article, in a former volume of this collection, she imputed this criminal obliquity, to constitutional plethora, and extraordinary nervous susceptibility; an excuse, which every woman, of a full habit and a warm imagination, might as fairly plead, and easily prevent by regimen and a low diet: her imperial majesty added another reason, that she could never depend on the sincerity of any friends, counsellors and commanders, 'till she had attached them to her by the gentlest, but most indissoluble of all

ties. We cannot be surprised at the vigor, success, and fidelity of chiefs, who united passion with principle, and love with loyalty.

What would not an army of fifty thousand men, each of them ardently in love with his royal mistress, and not without a hope of *deserving* the imperial handkerchief; what is there, such an army would not accomplish? a military force, animated by the vivifying and congenial principle, and conducted by wisdom, I would not dread encountering with Moreau, Massena, or Buonaparte, though liberty, equality, universal suffrage, and the rights of man, were marching in battle array before them.

SALLUST, addition to. This eloquent historian, so severe on the vices and imperfections of others, but so flagitious himself, was a native of Amiternum, or as it is now called, St. Vitorino, originally a town of the Sabines.

The year of Sallust's birth was marked by two events, the sacking of Athens, and the birth of Cæ-
tullus;

tullus; being chosen tribune of the people, he became the political adversary of Cicero and his client, Milo, and was reproached by the latter, for being detected in an intrigue with a daughter of Sylla; this transaction is supposed to be alluded to by Horace, in his seventh satire; the Sallust, to whom Horace addresses the ode, beginning with *Nullus argento color est avaris*, was nephew to the subject of the present article.

Having been expelled from the senate for various enormities, he was restored by Julius Cæsar, and appointed præfect of Numidia; returned rich from that country, he built a magnificent palace, and laid out extensive gardens on the Quirinal hill; this part of modern Rome still retains his name, and a portion of it is occupied by the church of St. Susannah.

The conspiracy of Catiline, and the Jugurthine war, are the only acknowledged productions of Sallust, now remaining entire; two orations, addressed to Cæsar, frequently attribu-

ted to him, have exercised the pens of the scholiasts and commentators, if not genuine, they do him no discredit; "*Ætatem Augustanam redolent;*" a third, against Cicero, sometimes called Sallust's, is now generally thought the work of Porcius Latro.

Various have been the opinions on the style and merits of Sallust, as an historical writer; by some he hath been extravagantly extolled, while others have as violently censured him, for adopting an obsolete idiom, and obscure phraseology; Asinius Pollio accuses him of a licentious exaggeration of facts, in order to gratify his own humour, interest, or resentment; a charge, if true, the most serious that can be brought against an historian.

Yet we must not hastily condemn a writer, who is praised by Tacitus, an author not very lavish of panegyric, who is pronounced by Martial, the first of Roman historians, and mentioned with respect by St. Austin: the works of Sallust were translated into Greek, by Denobius, a sophist,

Sophist, and the favourite of the Emperor Marcian; and a copious commentary was written on them, by an eminent Grammarian, both of which, the original work has survived.

ST. JOHN, Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, the associate, and afterwards the successful rival of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Having been banished soon after the accession of the Hanover family, for his political obliquities, and attachment to the house of Stewart, this statesman contrived by certain political manoeuvres which have been never clearly understood, to make his peace at St. James's, and his outlawry was reversed.

Not long after, he violently opposed the minister, and a most elaborate panegyric was addressed to him by a well-known poet of that day, in which he attempted to clothe his hero in virtues, which it was well-known Bolingbroke laughed at and despised.

He describes the statesman in his philosophical retirement, praises his turn

for agricultural pursuits, and his fondness of rural sports; tells of his building a palace at Dawley and calling it a farm; says that his eloquence detains the enraptured guest till midnight, that his conversation at table, is the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, and concludes with an abusive apostrophe, against a country and an administration, which had doomed *so great and good a man*, at once the glory and shame of England, to obscurity and repose.

A certain literary friend of the premier, irritated by what he considered as gross misrepresentation, answered the man of verse in a spirited way, assured him it was impossible to recognize St. John, in the disguise in which he had wrapped himself, for the poet had compared him to a God visiting the earth.

“ With whom can such abusive lies prevail?
Or who believes the prostituted tale?

If George is Jove, sure every man must own,
St. John the Titan who assail'd his throne;

But

But baffled in his plan so
 wild and vain,
 Our thund'rer hurl'd him
 to the earth again,
 With mercy heard him
 groaning for reprieve,
 Forgave his wrongs and
 bade the rebel live.
 How ill his practice justifies
 his plea,
 How ill his pardon and his
 crimes agree.
 Abroad, forswearing ev'ry
 trait'rous deed,
 At home, resolving blindly
 to proceed ;
 Renewing all the rancour
 of his mind

— — — — —
 In patriot mask and liber-
 ty's fair guise,
 Bidding fell discord and
 rebellion rise.
 Dawley may triumph in its
 builder's art,
 And stand fit emblem of its
 owner's heart ;
 Tho' low its name, yet pom-
 pous is its frame,
 The words and deeds of
 St. John are the same ;
 Humbled with guilt pre-
 tending to appear,
 With vows repentant mocks
 the public ear ;
 But out of sight all chican-
 ry and cheat

— — — — —
 Again wou'd his duplicity
 display,
 Again be trusted, and again
 betray.
 In pow'r abusing ev'ry fa-
 cred trust ;
 Ungrateful, cruel, treach'-
 rous, and unjust.
 But when dismiss'd impa-
 tient of the sting ;
 A traitor to his Saviour and
 his king ;
 This is the hero whom thy
 verse belies,
 Honest and gen'rous, vir-
 tuous and wise.
 Wou'd history and painting
 lend their aid,
 What horrid deeds, had
 Dawley's walls display'd ?
 What scenes of rapine, lust,
 deceit, wou'd rise ;
 Heroes in exile, and be-
 tray'd allies ;
 In spite of all that god-like
 Marlborough won,
 The Lilly trampled and the
 Gaul undone ;
 In spite of all — — —
 — — —
 The British lion hunted
 from the field,
 And to a prostrate foe com-
 pell'd to yield ;
 These were *thy* glories St.
 John — — —

SINCERITY IN COURTSHIP.

The following anecdote of certain inauspicious nuptials, *I will not* authenticate, lest I should give pain to a worthy man, which in every instance has been carefully avoided in this collection, although the contrary hath been asserted; particularly in an article of a former volume, which described a singular instance of accumulated distress in one family; I know that pain *was* inflicted by the narrative I produced, and I confess that I meant to give pain, but it was to two odious and worthless characters, who had directly or collaterally been the cause of all the misery that was endured; but I must not forget the unlucky wedding, though I have suppressed names, the fact, for several reasons, deserves recording.

A gentleman of fortune and good sense, but somewhat hasty in his temper, had for several years addressed a young woman of his own age and rank, and after the usual delays, had at last prevailed on her to accept his hand; the party

went from church to the house of a near relation, at a few miles distance, and the day, as was customary at that period, passed in merriment and feasting. At a late hour, the bride was conducted to bed, and her impatient lover, scarcely yet a husband, after evading the snares of intoxication, and the contrivances of mischievous fun, hurried to his mistress's bed-chamber.

But the company was in a short time alarmed by an outcry that the gentleman, after remaining a few minutes, had suddenly quitted the room, rushed down stairs, and left the house without uttering a word.

The night, which promised pleasanter things, concluded in bustle and consternation; instead of soft sighs, rapturous kisses, and the gentle violence of hymeneal love, hysteric screams, hartshorn, long faces, burnt feathers, and confusion. Messengers were dispatched in search of the bridegroom, to his own house and other places, in vain.

It was not without great difficulty, and after several months

months had passed, that any explanation of this singular secession could be procured from the lady; after leading questions and distant hints, such as counsel, learned in the law, are sometimes obliged to have recourse to, with reluctant witnesses, it at last *came out*, that her husband had undressed; and having raised part of the covering of the bed, as if in the act of stepping in, had almost immediately replaced them, put on his cloaths, and retired as hath been already related.

He never saw his wife again, and settled on her a separate maintenance, more than was proportionate to the income of his estate, but never could be prevailed on to account for his distressing and indecorous departure; indeed it is difficult to imagine any circumstance which could palliate or warrant such a proceeding.

The world, which on these and many other occasions, is kind enough to guess at, or find out the motives of *all* our actions, determined at once that the lady had crooked legs, was

warped in the back, or in some way halt or misshapen; other reasons still more unpropitious were given, which I will not mention; she lived and died a virgin wife.

The circumstance is introduced in this place, to press a practical consideration of it on young people and their friends, if they wish to secure a prospect of rational happiness in wedlock: courtship, it is true is generally a masquerade, and, to a certain degree, perhaps it is impossible it should be otherwise; few women would receive a lover in their night-caps, or with the distractions of frowns furrowing their brows; and he who aspires to the fame of being a favourite with the ladies, will in general refrain from visiting them, with the steams of a stew, or the nauseous exhalations of a drunken club hanging about him; our best looks as well as our best cloaths are generally reserved for such occasions; still I profess myself a sworn enemy to concealment and disguise, on points, with which health of body, peace of mind, and domestic comfort

fort are intimately blended.

I neither wish or expect female delicacy to be distressed by mortifying confessions and awkward avowals, and as to common impediments, a man should keep his eyes open, and have his senses about him; yet, if I had made an offer of my services to a lady, in whose family *existing circumstances* were unpropitious, I should venerate and almost adore a father, an uncle, or a guardian, who should inform me that the goddess of my idolatry, could only be kept straight by steel and whalebone; that her form was so unsymmetrical, as to disqualify her for fulfilling the first great command; that a very near relation was under the care of Doctor Willis; or that their blood had been unhappily contaminated by scrophula; but to make such unpleasant discoveries, and the first night, must, either to man or woman, be a most irritating circumstance.

Certain sage matrons, to whom I have communicated my opinion, on this and other subjects, generally

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shake their heads, and tell me, that if *my* system was literally and strictly adopted, half the weddings which take place would be prevented, and population suffer; perhaps they are right, but how much individual unhappiness would be prevented; and surely the state of a cheerful old maid, or a dry old batchelor, who takes good care of his nephews, his nieces, and *himself*, is a thousand times more desirable than that of a wretched parent, agonized half his life by the deaths, distortions, and fatuity of his puny offspring.

A lively and a lovely woman, often mentioned in this work, having, in addition to her various thefts, *stolen* a sight of this article, in an unfinished state, insists that certain preliminary questions shall in future be put to all men and women, previous to the marriage-ceremony.

Those to be put to the latter, such as, are your legs straight? Is your shape taper? &c. &c. &c. she leaves to gentlemen to draw up; but among the questions to be put to the *lords of the creation*, she wishes

the

M m

the following to be introduced.

How many horses, and how many grooms have you at Newmarket, and what are your engagements there?

Will you promise, if you meet a *black-legs*, the day you are going to be married, that you will not say to him, in my hearing; "I am very sorry, Dick, I cannot go to **** with you just now; but if you will wait at the folly a little, I shall have done with *this woman* in less than an hour, and will come directly to you?"

If you should make such a slip, and I should be such a *devilish good kind of creature* as to excuse it, will you promise, upon your honor, to be satisfied with getting drunk three times a week?

What is your present female establishment; your previous attachments; it would be *illiberal* to expect you to drop, but may I depend on your not enlarging them?

Have you more than six acknowledged natural children? Those *suppressed* in the Foundling Hospital, and country work-houses, are

of course out of the question?

Will you permit my guardian to have half an hour conversation with you in the presence of the physician, surgeon, apothecary, nurse, and laundress, you have employed for the last five years?

Will you abstain from chewing lemon-peel for one week, and tobacco for the rest of your life?

Can you produce receipts in full from your Oxford and London tradesmen? Are the title-deeds of your estate in your own possession?

Who *suffers for you*, at Bath, and the watering places? Will you submit to pass one evening in a week at home, and without company?

In case of a young family, will you enter into a bond, under considerable penalties, to indulge me in a favorite plan of domestic education, and if not qualified to superintend and direct, will you engage not to place any impediments in my way, but to strengthen my authority by your presence and approbation?

Will you promise, in case
of

of compliance with these various requests, and however encouraged by elevated example, not to break out into passionate exclamations before the servants, such as, THIS DAMNED WOMAN POISONS ALL MY COMFORTS, &c. &c.?

Do you believe there is a God, and that he sent a Redeemer to die for mankind? Do you agree that your family shall devote one day in seven to prayer and thanksgiving, that you will at least once in that day, accompany me and your children to some public place of worship? Will you on the Sabbath-day abstain from routes, card-parties, giving dinners, and long journeys?

If notwithstanding all my precautions, it should be my misfortune to have a vicious, unfeeling husband, and to be at last driven by a mutual union of folly, resentment, and infatuation to Doctors Commons; will you allow it to be some extenuation of my crime; "That I was carried to a country-box, in a remote county, with one of your dearest friends upon earth, and that during the whole time of your stay,

you regularly retired intoxicated, and placed your dearest friend yourself by my side, at midnight, on a sofa; yawning and exclaiming as you went out; "You see, George, men and their wives are the dullest devils in the world, and the worst company; though you were conscious at the same time, that the companion you assigned me to, was the first winner of my virgin heart, but afterwards seduced by mercenary views, and the redeeming his estate from a heavy mortgage, to form an alliance with splendid misery.

If you should be so unfortunate at the gaming-table as to lose not only all your money, but all your credit, will you promise not to take a wild young man of family and fortune to board and lodge in your mansion-house, at an extravagant price, telling him at the same time, with a wink and a significant look at me, that you will find him in every thing?

Will you engage, if ever you condescend to accompany your wife to the play, not to get up at the end of the third act, in a side box, a crowded house, and Mrs. Siddons on the stage, and

say in an audible voice, taking out your watch at the same time, "Well my dear, you'll excuse me, but *I must* step into the lobby, and have a peep at the flesh market, all the world will be there?"

And if you *should* happen to forget this promise, and I by way of answer, say, "pray please yourself, I am vastly well entertained here, I may depend on your coming time enough to see me to the carriage;" will you further promise, not to answer, in a loud voice, so loud as to attract the attention of the whole house; "DAMMEE MA'M, DO YOU MEAN TO INSULT ME?"

But the questions of Madam Beaux Yeux have led me astray, into the land of promise; and I hasten to conclude the article, with a story, which those who oppose my doctrine of unreserved previous communications, tell, by way of laughing me out of my system; it is I believe taken from a work of some celebrity in its way, formerly published by Mr. Joseph Miller, of facetious memory, and has gone

through many editions.

"Before we go to church," said a lover in humble life, to his sweetheart, on the morning of their wedding-day, "I think it but honest to own, that I have occasionally, been too intimate with the sexton's daughters; but I hope it will make no difference between us." "None in the least, love," replied the bride, very coolly, "I admire your candour, and will imitate it; on most of those nights you were toying with the daughter, I was romping with her brother in the next room."

Excusez moi mon emetique, et je vous en excuserai votre lavement, was a proverbial expression, current for time immemorial, in a kingdom, which with all its affectation of refinement and superiority, has exhibited at every period, and still continues to exhibit, a contradictory union of gallantry and meanness, grossness and gaiety, politeness and barbarism.

One of their greatest monarchs is said to have given an audience to his minister on a chaise percée; and the Editor of this collection,

lection, passed a day, at no very distant period, with two modern Gallic republicans, who fancy themselves, and are generally considered, as leading characters at Paris. After long and elaborate harangues on the want, not only of moral rectitude, but good manners, under the old court, one of these immaculate heroes offered offensive and indecorous attentions to the mistress of the house, where he was hospitably entertained; and the other, whose inordinate appetites appear to have taken a direction wholly to eating and drinking, coolly and cautiously selected the prime part of the whole desert, and without a blush, or offering to share with any one, what he had so carefully chosen, voraciously, and with the gestures and music of a hog, devoured the whole, before any one at table, man, woman, or child, had touched or tasted the fruit.

Such are these reformers of public nuisances; such these improvers of the intercourse of private life; such are the conquerors and modellers of the world,

whose precepts and examples are to be preferred to the wisdom of ages, whose chimæras are to subvert those venerable and wholesome institutions, to which we are indebted for our wealth, our national character, our domestic comfort, and our internal peace.

But I thank God we know and see enough of these *Gracchi complaining of sedition*, to guard against them; plundered Europe, awfully instructs us, that the only mode of receiving a Frenchman, is on the point of a bayonet; and that the mouth of a cannon, is the only safe way of treating their sophistry, swindling and hypocritic cant, which has uniformly been to seduce, delude, and deceive those, whom they mean afterwards to murder and rob.

Their treatment of the Swifs, and their base mode of proceeding, when they invaded Egypt, forcibly exemplifies the principles of their system, and have opened the eyes of every man, who is not determined to be blind.

To those who agree in execrating such conduct,
but

but who ask, of what avail is resistance, which has hitherto been wholly ineffectual? I answer, that in our case, it has not; that our victories have been splendid and decisive; that we have not lost one particle of earth, or one nich of space, on the surface of the globe; but on the contrary, have made very considerable acquisitions of both.

We have driven the assassin, the ravisher, the spoiler, the atheist, and the robber from our dwellings; but supposing that we had not, it is surely better to pay an English assafs, two shillings in the pound, than a French scoundrel, the whole twenty; and if we must ultimately sink, which I believe and trust we shall not, as firmly as I believe there is a Creator and Director of the universe; it is surely better and more honourable to die fighting for our wives, our children, our holy religion, and our property, than ignominiously to compromise with an insidious and rapacious foe, who in every country he has conquered,

or made peace with, has acted neither with the spirit, feeling, or moderation of a christian, a philosopher, a gentleman, or even a human creature.

Would any reasonable being desire to live, if the condition attached to it, were, that he should be subject to the cruel caprices of an American savage, or be *fraternally* chained to an Ourang Outang?

SONNETS, addition to an article under that title, in a former volume.

I was not without hopes that public patronage, and general estimation, had diminished the anxieties of Mrs. Smith, a favorite in the walks of plaintive poetry; from the following production of her pen, this does not appear to be the case.

Perhaps, in minds habituated to sorrow, and where the minute hand of time has for a long time pointed to ill-starred hours, it is not easy to shake off melancholy ideas, even when the clouds of adversity are dissipated; in such cases, the poetess often remains sad and

and inconfolable, when the woman is placid and serene.

Yet furely the sentiments and fituation described in the fonnet I am going to produce, fomewhat analagous to paffages in Paradise Loft, and Young's Night Thoughts, are too decifively wretched, and forlorn, to be altogether fictitious.

SONNET,

BY MRS. SMITH.

Swift fly the billowy clouds
along the sky,

Earth feems to shudder
at the storm aghaft

While only beings as for-
lorn as I,

Court the chill horrors
of the howling blaft.

E'en round yon crumbling
walls in fearch of food,

The rav'nous owl fore-
goes his evening flight,
And in his cave within the
deepeft wood,

The fox eludes the tem-
peft of the night.

But to *my* heart congenial
is the gloom,

Which hides me from a
world I wifh to fhun,
And fcenes where ruin faps
the mould'ring tomb,

Suit with the fadnefs of
a wretch undone.

Nor is the deepeft fhade,
the keeneft air,

Black as my fate, or cold
as my defpair.

I cannot but think that the following words of Milton and of Young, were in the mind of the writer, while ſhe compoſed her ſonnet.

— — “ Congenial horrors
hail!

Ye ſuit my temper well;

The day too ſhort for my
diſtreſs, and night,

E'en in the zenith of her
dark domain

Is ſunſhine to the color of
my fate.

SPECTACLE, a ſhock-
ing one.

An inhabitant of Paris, hearing that a certain houſe was to be let, in which he had formerly been told, there was hidden treaſure, reſolved to rent it; and having agreed on the terms with the Proprietor, ſoon after entered on the pre-miſes.

Not being willing to have many ſharers in his expected good fortune, if his

his hopes should be realized, nor to be laughed at, in case of disappointment, he resolved that none but his own family, consisting of himself, his brother, his wife, and a little boy, should be acquainted with his motive for taking the house.

Having cautiously and minutely examined every part *above ground*, without success; they were of opinion, that the object they sought for, must be concealed in the bowels of the earth; and providing themselves with pick-axes and spades, the whole party at day-break, three days after their arrival, descended into the cellar, and commenced their subterraneous labours.

A relation having called and knocked several times at the door, without hearing or seeing any one, and returning in the evening without success, was considerably alarmed; procuring assistance from the neighbours, he forced the door.

On entering the house all was silent, they traversed the rooms, 'till a female accidentally seeing light ap-

pear through a crevice from the cellar, the persons present repaired thither, when strange to tell, they found the whole family dead, and rigidly fixed in the various attitudes produced by the business they were engaged in.

This catastrophe, related by a Doctor Bernard Connor, in a latin medical dissertation, which I have seen, I know not when or where, he supposes must have been produced by intense cold, or mephitic exhalation; his words are an instance of strong painting, and to an artist of a Flemish or Dutch taste, would form a singular picture.

“ Ille, qui ligone terram effoderat, et focus qui pala effossam terram removerat, ambo pedibus stabant, suo quisque operi affixus; uxor, quasi defessa, in scamno, sollicito vultu, sedebat, inclinato in palmam, capite; puerilus, laxatis braccis in margine excavatæ fovee, defixis in terram oculis, alvum exonerabat; omnes in naturali situ, carnæ tanquam statuæ, rigidi, apertis oculis, et quasi vivi, exanimés stabant.”

STATE OF THE QUESTION.

It has been asked, What is the state of the question now at issue, on the great contested points of monarchy and democracy?

My reply is, that I am not qualified, accurately and coolly to state it; but from the collision of opinions, one spark of information, one great and important fact has burst forth and been diffused, which renders it no longer a mere controversial subject, or a matter of speculation; it now comes home to men's bosoms, as a question of taste, a question of feeling, a question of property, a question of life, and is reduced to the following simple axiom, addressed from one of the parties, to the other, frequently wrapped up, it is true, in various forms, different expressions, and new prætexts:

“ YOU HAVE PROPERTY, AND I HAVE NONE; BUT I AM DETERMINED, IF POSSIBLE, TO GAIN POSSESSION OF IT, AT ALL RISKS, AND BY EVERY MEANS IN MY POWER.”

If this my statement be correct, and from ocular,

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as well as auricular demonstration, I have strong reasons for being of opinion, that it is nearly so; what can we say, or what ought we to think of those, who are so sanguine, urgent, busy, and persevering, in bellowing for an increase of popular power, and augmenting the weight, already so dangerously preponderating in the democratic scale. Such reasoners are like *bottle-holders* to an athletic boxer, cheering him, and giving him cordials, when he has already crippled his antagonist; and certain pathetic declamations against increasing the influence of the crown, are like giving a tedious lecture on the danger of galloping, to a traveller pursued by highwaymen: contrary to justice, policy, humanity, and common sense.

“ Is nothing then to be done, to soothe popular discontent?” says an exasperated reformer at my elbow; “ Would you make no concessions?”

In universal suffrage, shorter parliaments, &c. &c. in a word, political power; for that is what they

they all mean, not a single iota; to recede or concede but the breadth of a hair, under our present circumstances, and with men's minds, under their present morbid state of irritability, would infallibly crush us to atoms.

But while I would recommend the most unfeeling obduracy to ministers, as politicians and statesmen, I would endeavour to awaken their sensibilities, as Christians and as men; I would earnestly recommend that, which I hope and believe they have earnestly at heart, to augment the comforts, and diminish the heavy burthens of the people; to retrench all superfluity in public expence, and reduce all enormous salaries; thus would pleasure and duty go hand in hand.

I am fully aware, that I differ widely in opinion on this subject, with men, whom I venerate and love; but situated as we are, and on *such* a subject, friendship and personal attachment must yield to a more sacred duty; I again repeat, that I would not add the

ninety-nine thousandth part of a grain, or an inch, to the prescribed space and momentum of the democratic branch of our constitution; I am fully persuaded, that were the great body of the people set fully at liberty, on the points *they demand*, we should instantly become the most miserable and ignoble of slaves ourselves.

I may be mistaken; but with due reverence, I call the Almighty to witness, that this is my cool, disinterested opinion, that in the present turbulent and perverted state of mens minds, nothing can preserve the reign of law, religion, and tranquillity, but the sword, the cannon, and the musquet, under the direction of fortitude, prudence, moderation, public spirit, and a due regard to public opinion; *res duræ talia cogunt*.

STORY, an improbable one, related as a matter of fact, but I think fabricated by a licentious female writer, more than forty years since, and inserted by her, in an elaborate

rate

rate apology for conduct, which cannot be excused, or decently defended.

The wretched woman's design in introducing it, was to establish a most abominable and untenable theory, which giving to the noblest and most generous of all passions, the denomination generally bestowed on brutal appetite, deducing it solely from the same origin, and describing the sexes, indiscriminately, and without exception, as acted upon by mere animal impulse, in their intercourse with each other, rendered the whole human species her associates in vicious indulgence, and proved *a sort of defence* of her own infamous life.

This mode of arguing, though false and flagitious, was eagerly encouraged by the weak, the wicked, and the sensual, who thought it a *glorious apology*; but it was at the time, successfully attacked by a respectable writer, whose reflections I mean to produce, after reciting the story, in as few words as possible.

In a village near London, lived a surgeon of repute, whose family con-

sisted only of himself, his wife and a daughter; within a few doors, an officer's widow resided, with a little boy, her only child; professional occasions had first produced, and a familiarity of dispositions, pursuits and amusements, had still kept up an intimacy between the parties; the children went to the same school early in life, and as they grew up, a reciprocal attachment was formed, without any verbal declaration on their part, or its being at all noticed by their parents.

At the age of seventeen, the young man, by the interest of his deceased father's friends, received an appointment on board a king's ship; and the day he quitted home, called to take leave of his neighbours; little was said by the young people, but their looks and manner of separating, sufficiently expressed what they felt.

Soon after the young sailor's departure, an alteration was observed in the health and appearance of the young woman; she lost her spirits, her appetite, and sleep; symptoms of a consumption came on, and af-

ter various efforts for her relief, her complaints ended in madness, and she was placed in a receptacle for patients of that description, where she remained six or seven years, apparently in a state of irrecoverable insensibility, 'till the following incident awakened the attention of her unhappy family.

Her mother, who visited her most days, had on one occasion, carried a few sweetmeats, but not being able to prevail on her daughter to taste them, had left them on a table in her room; in a few days after, one of the attendants found the paper in which they were wrapped, under her pillow, with the name of her former school-mate, pricked with a pin on various parts.

Though the cause of her melancholy cannot have escaped the observation of my readers, it had not hitherto occurred to the unhappy father; but when this little incident was related to him, a ray of light burst at once upon his mind; he saw his only child evidently precipitated into a state, far more deplora-

ble than death, by despairing love.

It was hoped that in this, as in other diseases, when the cause was unquestionably ascertained, a remedy might easily be found; but the widow had for several years resided in a remote county, in the north of England, and her son, the ship having been ordered to the East Indies, had not been seen or heard of, for upwards of three years: on further enquiry, the anxious parents, understood, that there was good reason for quickly expecting him to return; and after due consideration, it was determined to take no further step, 'till the young man came home.

In a few weeks, the arrival of the ship was announced, and the youthful sailor repairing, soon after he landed, to the village, where he had passed the most pleasant moments of his life, heard, before he reached the surgeon's, the melancholy event in his family; he hastened to the house of affliction; his visit, so well-timed and unsolicited, his tender enquiries, his generous sympathy

thy and condolence, considerably soothed parental sorrow.

Having been informed, without reserve, of every minute particular respecting the young lady, he professed himself not only ready, but anxious, by every means in his power, to forward the recovery of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he had always loved; insisted on seeing her, and as introductory preparation did not seem necessary, in a case, where hope and fear seemed alike extinguished, they conducted him to her cell.

On opening the door, he started back with horror and surprize; the inanimate object he beheld was the remains of a form and a mind, which had once interested and pleased all who beheld it; of one, whom he had left in the bloom of health, animation, and beauty, with roses on her cheeks, sensibility and good sense beaming from her eyes, the pride of her parents, the enlivener of all her associates; alas, how changed! her countenance pale, squalid and emaciated; her eyes

with fixed insensibility, riveted to the ground; her hair dishevelled, her dress neglected, and reclining on the ground, with her head resting on one of her hands.

The company not appearing at all to attract her attention, the young man, suppressing as far as he was able, those emotions which so sad a reverse naturally produced, ventured to approach her; and gently pressing the unoccupied hand, which lay on her side, she turned her eyes on him, as if they passed over an empty space, and immediately relapsed into torpid listlessness; he then called her by her name, when strange to tell, at the sound of that well known voice, which had so often charmed her ear, her memory and faculties seemed to be suddenly awakened; she changed her attitude, and, after gazing on the object of her affections, in which fear, doubt, and joy were mingled, she sprung from the ground, burst into tears, and rushed into his arms.

A medical gentleman, who had been requested to attend, saw the tears with considerable

considerable satisfaction; they were the first she had shed, during the whole of her indisposition, and were thought a favorable symptom of recovery; the lovers were separated for the present, but as her senses gradually returned, his visits were occasionally repeated, when it was observed that she was anxious to alter her dress; at the end of three months, being pronounced perfectly recovered, she was married to the man of her heart.

The happy father would not suffer them to quit his hospitable roof; and at the end of ten months, she became the mother of a fine boy; it was during the interval of her confinement on this occasion, that her husband was suddenly called to the north, by the dangerous illness, and afterwards detained by the death of his mother; he was absent six weeks, on various family concerns; but flying on the wings of impatience to his wife and child, and travelling the last fifty miles in a night coach, he arrived soon after day-break, at the village where she resided; a

servant at the moment was opening the windows and doors of the house, in which they lived.

In a transport of impatient delight, he hurried up stairs into the bed-chamber of his wife, whom he found in bed asleep, and in the arms of one of her father's assistants; struck dumb with horror and astonishment, he had neither resolution nor inclination to awake the guilty couple, but instantly quitting the house, to which he never returned.

“Such are the circumstances related by an infamous woman, who concludes with remarking, that purity is only a mask to conceal vicious inclinations; that love is no more than a refined phrase for lust. Her narrative is improbable as a fact, and unnatural as a fiction; it is the fabrication of a prostitute, who endeavours to confound pure and tender affection, with sensual appetite.

“It is a base, but vain attempt to degrade man, and through him his Maker; if we are once convinced that we are brutal by

by nature, we shall soon become so by habit; if we once believe that vicious indulgence is common to all, but concealed by the cunning and the prudent; the general fashion will be to hide, rather than suppress wicked inclinations; to preach morality rather than to practise it."

But I appeal without hesitation, to the heads as well as the hearts of the majority of mankind; I confidently ask them, if there is not a passion, which independent of reason, interest, and education, is tender, faithful, constant, and virtuous; as different from gross sensuality, as the military gallantry of General Wolfe, from the mercenary selfishness of a dirty commission broker; or the heroic ardor of Lord Nelson, from the cool prudence of a borough admiral, who knows no battles but those of the bottle; is better acquainted with cookery than fighting, and precisely ascertains the close confines between a regard for his majesty's ships and seamen, and the cowardly retreat of a runaway.

SUBTLETY OF ARGUMENT, or in plain English, obscurity.

Cardan, speaking of this quality, once so highly valued in authors, mentions a writer, Richard or Raymond Suiffeth, (venet. 1520.) whose mode of reasoning not only puzzled and perplexed his cotemporaries, "but will probably surpass the comprehension of all posterity;" if posterity, he might have added, can be prevailed on to peruse his book.

This elaborate writer experienced one inconvenience; as old age came on he is said to have wept, because he could not understand his own works.

An impudent and conceited foreigner, once reproached Sir Isaac Newton to his face, and almost in the last act of his life, because the veteran could not explain to *his* satisfaction, some difficulty in his *Principia*.

"I confess, sir," said the hero to the reptile, "I am ready to confess, that time and infirmity have somewhat impaired my powers; yet this I know, and am assured

fured of by the concurrent testimony of others, that when I wrote the book, my calculations were correct and accurate, and that I was clearly right on the subject; I sincerely wish, when you arrive at my age, that you will not afford occasion for so severe a reproof."

The ruffian retired in confusion; how much should I have enjoy'd kicking him down stairs.

SÜETONIUS. It hath been observed of this writer, by a modern critic, "that his want of decency is shocking, and inexcusable; that his delineations of the vices of the emperors, are odiously accurate, and grossly minute; that impurities which cannot be mentioned without shame, ought never to be recorded."

Yet this abstemious correctness, particularly in a historian, may be carried too far, if

Vice is a monster of so dire a mien,
That to be shunned, it needs but to be seen;
he who calls in powerful

description to the aid of virtue, and even at the risk of disgusting our taste, purifies the heart, is surely a useful advocate.

The reigns of a Nero, a Tiberius, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would have been handed down very inadequately to posterity, had their enormities been censured only in vague epithet, and common-place declamation.

I hope not to incur the guilt of recommending obscene compositions, but the turpia prætereundæ of Cicero, quæ lectores velint, sed quæ mihi non deceat dicere, may be passed over too slightly, for the purposes of moral reproof.

I omitted in the article allotted to Peregrinus, in my third volume, to relate a coarse but strong argument, made use of by the cynic, in reply to some of his cotemporaries, who had censured his neglect of decency, in words and actions; the present subject calling it to my recollection, I will endeavour to relate it without offence.

"When on any occasion of accident, convenience, or necessity," said this
this

this singular character, " I exhibit my shaggy bosom, or yellow thigh, what a violent outcry do you raise against me, as a violator of propriety and decorum: but if a theatrical heroine, a singer, or a dancer, the debaucher of our youth by her lascivious postures, and the terror of married women, on account of her irritating voluptuousness; should *she* display her neck, or even shew *every thing* which *you say* ought to be concealed, how general is the emotion of both old and young, the building shakes with applause, and you praise the prostitute to the sky.

SUNDERLAND, EARL OF, Secretary of State to King James the Second, afterwards to King William, and if we may believe a cotemporary historian, alike unfaithful to both; after encouraging the former in his obstinacy and folly, he deserted him; and while minister to our great deliverer, corresponded with the court of St. Germain's.

This noble lord, who was son-in-law to John the great Duke of Marlbo-

rough, thought it necessary to publish an apology for such conduct; an elaborate piece of casuistry by no means serviceable to his reputation; it amounts to this, that he promoted arbitrary power, with a view of extinguishing it, and turned Papist, to keep out Popery; a mode of acting not to be reconciled to any principle of integrity or greatness of mind.

The defender and practitioner of such duplicity, was trusted by and betrayed all parties, and pursuing his favorite system demonstrated a total absence of political honesty, in order to deter others from it, by shewing how very base it was in himself. According to this rule, a rotten rake is a moral auxiliary, and a ruined black-legs, a dissuasive against gambling.

But should we chuse such characters for our associates? Would any man in his senses trust his money or his daughter in their custody?

A blind story has been told of its having been proposed at a certain time, to compile an impartial history of the revolution in

1688, and that a principal person among the whigs, waited on a well known author, to know if he would undertake it.

As soon as the question was put to the literary man, an eccentric dog in his day, and no man's enemy but his own, he immediately asked, in his usual singular way, accompanied with gesture and grimace, which it was impossible to see with a grave face, What am I to do with Lord Sunderland's character?

The discontented envoy, himself correct and praiseworthy, but intimately connected with the Earl, quitted the room without reply.

TERM TIME, a poetical sketch, so called by a hand, which I wish would more frequently favor the public with its productions.

This outline, though severe, I am sorry to say is drawn from the life, and is a correct description of a most incorrect race of young men, frequent in the present times, of prodigious wants, great expectations, and very small de-

serts, who by puerile caprice, and the folly or vanity of parents, are in an ill-starred moment sent to the university, that rock on which so many adventurers are shipwrecked, in consequence of becoming their own masters, at an age of strong passions, and weak judgment, and sent into *the land of temptation*, without ballast, lead, line, or compass.

Excluded by situation, and the circumstances of a narrow fortune, from the joyous circles of fashion, splendor and luxury, with which they are surrounded; pining, dejected, unwilling or unable to apply, they either *spit sixpences* in solitude, indulge in gross unsentimental sensuality, or to alleviate disappointment and chagrin, rush incontinently to the press, and pour themselves out in effusions of splenetic poetry, and the exaggerating ebullitions of satire.

TERM TIME.

To college once more the
young student repairs,
With a ponderous head
and a pair of light
pockets,

To

To slumber o'er books, for
 which nobody cares,
 'Till his eyes like his
 candles, grow dim in
 their fockets.

Like a vessel becalm'd in
 an indolent ocean,
 At life's busy scenes, he
 raves and he rails ;

While the wind that shou'd
 give the adventurer
 motion,

Gets into his stomach
 instead of his sails.

No mistress to chat to, no
 play to solace,

He in solitude sighs for
 his bottle and punk,

And pants for a *chaste mere-*
tricious embrace,

A Madona to banish the
 gloom of a Monk.

In his flights to Parnassus,
 the same indiscretion,

Attending the hero in all
 his misdeeds ;

With scurrility, satire, lam-
 poon and digression,

A perfect poetical rhap-
 sody breeds.

Of his tutor quite tired,
 and teized with his
 task,

He maddens and raves
 round his desolate ca-
 vern,

'Till he *ticks* for another ob-
 livious flask,

And imports a fresh car-

go of fun from the ta-
 vern.

Then at night stealing out
 in his cap and his
 gown,

Exhausted in fruitless
 pursuits after know-
 ledge,

He roams like a fugitive
 all round the town,

And returns like a bac-
 chanal drunk to his
 college.

Thus immur'd where a con-
 stant inanity reigns,

Which alternately seizes
 his purse and his scull,

When his pocket is empty
 he puzzles his brain,

When one becomes va-
 cant, then the other is
 full.

Yet those who in the ir-
 ritation of disappointment,
 or the anguish of wounded
 feelings for a son, a bro-
 ther, or a friend, ruined
 and missed, mention with
 asperity our universities,
 should recollect, that in
 these seminaries were foste-
 red, the Hebraic erudition
 of a Lowth, the vigorous
 acuteness of a Warburton,
 the argumentative energy
 of Bishop Butler, the ori-
 ental learning of Jones and

White, the polemic acuteness of Porson, the taste of Tom Warton, and the classic genius of Crowe, with a long list of names, which would convert my pages, into a literary directory.

THOMAS AQUINAS, a native of Aquino, in Italy, in the thirteenth century, and a Dominican, eminent for learning and piety; in 1323, being forty-five years after his death, he was canonized as a Roman saint; his remains disinterred, and conveyed to Thoulouse, in Languedoc, with considerable ceremony and splendor.

A modern reader, who should *attempt* to peruse his works, in eighteen maffy volumes folio, would hear with surprize, that productions, a good part of which puzzle, fatigue, and perplex him, rendered the industrious and indefatigable author of them, the idol of his day; indeed, he is more frequently referred to, by the titles of divine scholiast, angelic doctor, and eagle of theology, than by his patronymic appellation.

Yet, before a laborious, good, and sensible man, whose misapplication, but by no means, whose want of talent, is to be lamented, before St. Thomas and his works are consigned to that oblivion, to which they seem rapidly sinking, we ought to recollect, that the times in which, and the persons with whom he lived, had long conspired to corrupt the taste and pervert the good sense of all their writers, by considering and extolling obscurity; their word, if I mistake not, was subtlety, as the criterion of literary excellence; the moral or the theological nut, in their opinion, was of little value, if it did not require the screw of a vice, or the sledge hammer of a Polemic, to demolish the thick shell of learned sophistry and hard words, with which it was encrusted.

If these venerable writers, to whom, as the conduits and depositories of learning, we are VERY MUCH INDEBTED, if they are permitted to see and to know what is now passing in the world, they will look with pity or with contempt, or

the present degenerate race, which cannot approve, and often will not read a book, without the previous helps of a literary way-warden, a critical surveyor of the highways of learning, who must remove all difficulties, level all inequalities, and produce a work, which he who runs may read.

The subject of our present article met with great impediments at an early age; when he attempted to carry into execution the plan he had formed for leading a retired, learned, and religious life: on communicating his design to his parents, they used many arguments to dissuade him; but finding their advice of no avail, are said at last to have had recourse to personal correction, which was alike ineffectual.

But one of the brothers of Thomas, probably judging of *his* feelings by his own propensities, employed a more dangerous weapon, which has confounded the wisdom of sages, and palsied the vigor of heroes.

He instructed
of

loose manners, to apply to the recluse for advice, on the subject of certain religious scruples and heretical doubts, which had arisen in her mind: under this pretext, her visits were frequent, and it was not 'till the young student felt his passions inflamed by gazing on her charms, that suspecting her real character and views, his prudence and self-denial took the alarm.

When the fair seducer found that her personal attractions had made an impression, she threw off all disguise, boldly professed her real intentions, dared him to hesitate a moment between dry books and a pretty woman, and confident of victory, rushed into his arms.

Most men between eighteen and thirty, can judge of the situation in which Aquinas was placed, by so indecorous and trying an attack; but strength of mind as well as body, is said to rise, in proportion to the urgency of the occasions which present themselves; after a momentary pause, a short struggle between religion and passion,
in

in which his form, remarkably muscular, gave him great advantage; he firmly grasped her arms, and leading out this attempter of a crime, never yet imagined, or provided for in the statute book, he gently pushed her forth, secured the door, and returning to silence and darkness, passed the next four and twenty hours in thanksgiving, fasting and prayer.

Let us not withhold our approbation from any system, which shedding so salutary an influence, could thus enable him, in the dawn of rising manhood, to resist the assaults of a vice, which has too often fascinated the senses of the Editor, and bewildered the reason of nine out of ten of his readers.

Although in this instance he proved himself a second Joseph, St. Thomas hath been accused of treating female prostitution with levity, in the following passage, which I will not translate: "Minus malum est mulieribus commiseri, quam in vilia declinare flagitia; hoc facit meretrix in mundo, quod cloaca in Palatio, tolle cloacam et re-

plebis fœtore palatium, tolle meretrices de mundo et replebis ipsum sodomia."

That portion of his volumes, under the title of *Opuscula*, appears to be the best part of his works; in his *Tractatus de Regimine Principum*, are some solid aristocratic arguments.

While turning over, in a cursory way, his eighteen volumes, which would require more strength of body and mind than I possess, to lift up and down from an upper shelf, and read them through, his comments on the following questions caught my eye.

"Whether a servant should obey a wicked master?

Which a man is bound to love best; his parents, his benefactor, or his wife?

Whether a priest should have his head shaved?

Which is the greatest sinner, he who persists in an uninterrupted course of iniquity; or he who has repented, and sins again?

Whether the prayers of the living can render any service to the dead?

Whether

Whether the scripture expression of "the worm which never dies," is to be allegorically or literally understood?"

Henry the Eighth, that strange compound of tyranny and generosity, lust and learned vanity, profusion and rapaciousness, felt, or affected to feel, the highest admiration for the works of Thomas Aquinas, and often quoted him; but in the business of prosecuting his divorce, a passage from the irrefragable doctor, as he used to call him, being produced point blank against the adulterous tyrant, he never opened his volumes, nor mentioned his name again.

The words which cut down King Harry, are these; and when we recollect the age in which he lived, they prove the honesty, vigor, and independence of the Catholic saints: "The laws laid down in the book of Leviticus, concerning the forbidden degrees of marriage, are moral and eternal; and such laws cannot be dispensed with by any authority, but that which

is equal to the authority which enacted it."

THOUGHT, a pretty one, but not original; it occurs in a late collection, and is *supposed* to have been addressed, during the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a partizan of the former, to his mistress, with a present of a white rose.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself
less white,
And turn Lancastrian
there.

Without entering into a minute investigation of the age and author of this ingenious modern fabrication; the weight of internal evidence is strongly against its antiquity; the following lines, written I believe by Waller, on a lady walking in the — were indisputably in the mind of the poet.

The envious flakes which
dropp'd in haste
Upon her breast so fair,
Grieving to find themselves
surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

TIMELY

TIMELY INTERCESSION. Two instances are recorded, in which an effectual appeal was made; in one case, to the fears, and in another, to the religious prejudices of a conqueror, who, in no other passage of their lives, had shewn any propensity to tender feeling, or common humanity.

Yet on these occasions, their extravagant fury was arrested, by the cool expostulation, admirable presence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals whom, in any other point of view, they would have crushed as worms beneath their feet.

The first was soon after the conquest of China, by Zingis, who, enraged by some real or imaginary opposition to his ferocious despotism, issued an order for exterminating, by an indiscriminate massacre, the whole of the miserable natives, men, women, and children.

The murder of millions was already on the threshold of perpetration, when

Yelutchoufay, an honest and intrepid Mandarin, who possessed what honest men frequently despise; and do not always exert, the valuable faculty of adapting himself to the expediency, the circumstances, and the necessities of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity, rushed into the presence of the haughty Khan.

Having acted as his interpreter, and being a favourite; in an erect attitude and elevated voice, he thus addressed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to destroy thy faithful Tartars, as well as the Chinese?" "Should the hair of the head of a single Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will desolate the face of the earth." "Then recall the order thou hast given," said the Mandarin; "for the utter destruction of both nations will be the inevitable consequence of its being carried into execution." "Dost thou mean, by the resistance the Chinese will make?" said the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt; "Know, rash man, that I contemn thy menace, as much

much as I despise their power: they have fled, and will fly before my hardy bands, as sheep from the tyger, or as dust is dissipated by the northern blast." "I entertained no such thought," said the Chinese, "and after hearing what I have to say, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclinations; but of this thou mayest rest assured, that if thy commands be literally executed, pestilence and famine will soon destroy thy troops.

"Who can, or who will inter a hundred million of dead bodies, which if unburied, will infect the air you breathe. Another object, is also worthy of thy consideration; the indiscriminate destruction proposed, will not leave a single artisan, or a single slave, to administer to the comforts, to sharpen the weapons, or to till the ground for their Tartar lords.

"But *should* a few of the miserable natives be spared from the general havoc, by policy or interest, who can protect and insure thee and the companions of thy conquests, from the secret

conspiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poisoned bowl of the survivors; I appeal to thy own sense and feelings, if it is possible for any human creature to serve, with complacency or attachment, the assassins of their parents, their brethren, or their children; it is contrary both to nature and reason: whatever may be their professions, blood for blood, the eruptions of cruelty, and revenge, the most fascinating and most inextinguishable of all our passions, will lurk in the secret recesses of their hearts.

"I therefore pray," concluded the excellent Yelouchoufay, conscious of the impression he had made, and the strong ground on which he stood, "I humbly pray, that the rebellious and the guilty may be severely punished, but that the industrious citizen, the inoffensive rustic, the hardy labourer, their wives and their children, may continue to serve thee unmolested; that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewise." The conqueror listened with attention and obedience, to his

pacific counsel, and instantly recalled the savage mandate he had issued.

The second example of influence happily exerted, was during the prædatory expedition of Nadir Sha, into Hindostan, in the middle of the present century. As soon as the merciless tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be shut, and closely guarded; and it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that no one should enter, or go forth, on pain of death.

The provisions within the walls being inadequate to the daily consumption, famine was speedily the consequence of this severe decree; and the unfeeling monster saw thousands perishing from hunger, or devouring substances, at which nature revolts, without one emotion of pity or regret.

Surrounded by death, in its most hideous and agonizing forms, and with the shrieks and groans of starving wretches assailing his ears, he ordered martial music to be constantly played, and with apparent unconcern, indulged himself

to excess, in the pleasures of the table, aggravating injury by insult; he also ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and an entertainment to be performed for his amusement.

At this musical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a singer, pleased the barbarian so much, that he exclaimed in his transports, he would grant the player any favor he should ask; at the same time confirming his declaration with an oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidst all the assumed gaiety and splendor of an oriental drama, strongly felt for, and warmly sympathized with the sorrows of his countrymen, instantly prostrated himself before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, immediately said: "Command, O king, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader, thus surprized into an act of humanity, paused for a moment, but recollecting the solemn oath he had taken, and uniting superstition with enormity, granted the prayer

prayer of Tucki, with considerable reluctance; and disconcerted in his hateful plans, retired frowning, to the palace.

TAR AND FEATHERS; a mode of punishment, often had recourse to by democratic tyranny, and said, on good authority, to have been practised by a turbulent ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Halberstadt, when in the year 1623, he invaded the territories of the Elector Palatine, if I mistake not, the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and son-in-law to James the First, King of England.

Having plundered and burnt two monasteries, he gave particular directions to his soldiers, to secure the persons of the nuns and friars unhurt, as they rushed from the flaming edifices.

Then ordering them to be stripped naked, their bodies were thoroughly smeared with tar, after which, each individual was tumbled into a feather bed, ripped open and prepared for the purpose.

P p 2

When the terrified inhabitants had been thus *re-clothed*, they were hunted out of the camp, towards the interior parts of the country; the boisterous and inhuman Prelate, in the mean time exclaiming, "Let us see if the shepherd will recognize his own flock."

Tarring and feathering is also mentioned, in a very antient military code, said to be drawn up by Richard Cœur de Lion, previous to setting out on his expedition to the holy land: the reason given by the royal legislator, for adopting so singular a mode of punishment, I believe for the crime of theft, is, that the offender should be landed at the first place they touched at, after his conviction; and, that being thus a marked character, he would be generally known, and universally avoided.

TASTE IN CRITICISM: "He who reads a book, professedly to find fault with it," says a celebrated writer, more remarkable for ironical humour than correct analogy,

"is

“ is like a dog at a public dinner ; he feeds only upon that which the guests throw away.”

Yet, surely it is possible for a critic to receive exquisite pleasure from the beauties of a book, some passages of which he hath previously and severely censured.

A modern, who with considerable literary attainments, unites what is not always possessed by authors, a practical knowledge of the social duties, and the business of human life, pronounced at his own table, an early and unfavorable opinion against a popular work, published more than twenty years ago : he insisted, that in a few years, when the magic influence of elegant language, brilliant metaphor, and measured sentences, was passed away, the majority of general readers would be of his party : I will not say how far his prediction hath been verified.

But in the high tide of fame and popularity, which the book he condemn'd had acquired, he was frequently rallied for so post-

rously and obstinately dissenting from the common opinion ; he rigidly adhered to his own, and on one of these occasions, defended himself, by telling the following story, related by a Spanish writer, of the last century.

Two connoisseurs were asked their opinion of a cask of Zerevilla wine ; after half a dozen glasses, and a score or two of scientific smacks and palatings, they both agreed that it had an excellent body ; but, one of them added, it was a pity it tasted so strongly of rusty iron ; while the other regretted, that the flavour and smell of leather, had in some way or other been communicated to the liquor in question.

The Bacchanalian critics were laughed at for their *whims and fancies*, and the proprietor of the vineyard somewhat irritated, did not again invite them to taste of its produce. On opening the cask, previous to the vintage, a year or two afterwards, for the purpose of cleaning or repair, there appeared to be some foundation for the singular declarations

clarations the amateurs had made; a strap of old leather, fastened to a rusty nail, which had been made use of, to retain the substance which closed the opening, was found at the bottom of the vessel.

UNACCOUNTABLE ATTACHMENTS.

The numerous instances we see of women without beauty, sense, or accomplishment, exercising a wonderful influence over the most capricious rakes, and what is more, securing it during life, hath often excited surprize: the following passage, in a Roman author, who is speaking of Caligula, may serve to throw some light on the subject.

“Cæsoniam neque facie insigni, neque ætate integra, matremque ex alio viro, trium filiarum, sed luxuriæ ac lasciviæ perditæ, et ardentius et constantius amavit, sæpe chlamyde et galea ornatam, militibus ostendebat, amicis nudam.”

“He long and ardently loved Cæsonia, though she possessed neither youth nor beauty, and was the mother of three children, by a for-

mer husband; the constancy of his attachment was attributed to her dress and manners, which were in the highest degree, irritating, and voluptuous; proud of possessing such a prize, he was fond of gazing at her, as she paraded before the soldiers dressed in armour; to his more intimate friends he introduced her *without armour.*”

The tyrant, by a species of self-deception, which in one way or another, we all of us practice, used to insist, that the children she had borne, long before he knew her, were his; to corroborate his assertion, he adduc'd a curious proof, which is no bad specimen of the character and spirit of the man; it was, that they were from early life, so naturally savage, that they expressed this hereditary disposition by scratching, biting, and gnawing the fingers and faces of their little play-fellows and companions.

UNFOUNDED ASSERTION.

“I have it from good authority,” says a late eminent writer, “that under the

the scaffold of judicial murder, (meaning that on which the last King of France was executed,) and while the gaping planks poured down blood on the spectators, the space was purposely let out to dancing dogs."

Some pains have been taken to enquire into this fact, so solemnly and confidently asserted, and for the honor of human nature, it appears from respectable evidence, to be wholly void of foundation; but an exasperated republican, in reply to the shocking imputation, insists, and produces strong historical proofs in support of his assertion, he insists, that this odious and unfeeling indecorum was actually practised by Lewis the Eleventh, King of France, at the execution of the Duke of Nemours, with other circumstances too horrid to relate.

After contemplating ancient and modern times, the historian is obliged to confess, with a sigh, that power and wealth have at all times corrupted the human heart; that in religious and political struggles, we lose

sight of the moral virtues; that Papist and Protestant, Aristocrate and Democrate, Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, Bond and Free, have, in their turns, indulged the most malignant passions of the human heart.

VOLUNTEERS AND PROVINCIAL CORPS.

I would wish to do justice to the motives which stimulated many worthy and public spirited characters, to come forward, at a critical juncture, in the service of their country; I am convinced that their well-timed energy preserved us from external attacks, and internal commotion; in common with every lover of peace and good order, I thus publicly profess my obligations to them.

But these important benefits, like *other blessings*, are not without their alloys, they have in many instances been procured at the expence of sobriety, and domestic duty.

Fathers of families, industrious tradesmen, and young men of regular life
and

and conversation, have imbibed the gay manners, convivial habits, and dissipated taste of military bon vivants; business is neglected, the counting house is converted into an orderly, or rather a *disorderly* room; the ledger must give way to an essay on tactics, or military manœuvres; and if bills are not delivered, drafts discounted, or custom-house entries forgotten, it is considered as a sufficient excuse, that the lieutenant is attending drill, or that it is a grand field day; and affairs of the greatest moment must give way, if they at all interfere with consecrating the colors, a birth day anniversary, or the excesses of a mess dinner.

Such little matters will be laughed at and despised, by men of rank and large fortune; but to persons of an opposite description, many of whom are unhappily seized with a military mania, they are productive of consequences, which but for their fatal and distressing effects, would almost render them ridiculous.

Several instances have occurred within the *very contracted* circle of the Editor's acquaintance, where a declaration of bankruptcy has quickly followed a military promotion of the same person, and been evidently the consequence of it.

I cannot but consider the commanding officers, in every instance, as highly culpable; it is not only criminal, but mean, to encourage and entice men of narrow incomes, to imitate their expensive manners, and dissipate in a regimental dinner, as much as the subaltern probably has for the support of his family a week.

To every service of a military kind, I would attend with alacrity, but when those are performed, we should return to a due performance of the functions of private life, lest while we avoid one evil, we incur by a union of folly and crime, ruin, ridicule and disgrace.

WEDDERBURNE,
ALEXANDER,
an advocate of North Britain,

tain, who, after being educated for, and practising at the bar of that country, quitted it in consequence of certain unprovoked, illiberal, and unjustifiable words, addressed to him by a judge on the bench: resolving not to submit to that which he could not correct, the subject of our present article left the court, to which he never returned, with the following reply; "My lord, you have said that as a judge, which you dare not justify as a gentleman." The surly president, readier to give offence, than to apologize for or defend it, was silent; he felt he had acted wrong, but wanted generosity and strength of mind to acknowledge it; and this personal insult, dishonorable only to the person who was guilty of it, was the first cause of our fortunate lawyer's repairing to London.

On his arrival in England, he enlisted under the banners of opposition, and such was his spirit and zeal, that the minister of the day thought it necessary to secure his services; he was appointed Solicitor-General, on the resigna-

tion or dismissal of Mr. Dunning, amidst the invectives and groans of his party; and in a cause which came on soon after his political tergiversation, received a memorable dressing from his predecessor in office, who, notwithstanding his hoarse guttural utterance and everlasting *hems*, has seldom been equalled as a pleader; nor can the Editor think of or mention him at this distant period, without strong emotions of love, admiration, and regret.

Mr. Wedderburne became not long after the defender, and what required no small share of ingenuity, the successful defender of the first Lord Clive, who is said to have sent him the title-deeds of a freehold estate, for his fee: after repeatedly incurring the censure of versatility for his alternate direktion and support of different parties, he has ultimately steered his vessel into the wished for port, is become Lord Loughborough, and hath succeeded to the highest honours ambition could aim at, or regal patronage bestow.

It is for the purpose of
noticing

noticing and considering the charge of political verfatity, fo often produced againft the Chancellor, that I grace my page with his lordfhip's name; this task I feel myfelf more particularly called on to perform, becaufe *at a certain time*, I bellowed forth moft vociferoufly on the fubject, with more violence and perfonality, than was confiftent with decency or juftice; an error which I now confeff and fincerely repent of, I hope not, like too many repenters, when it is too late; for this and other reafons, I crave my reader's indulgence for a few minutes.

To refift the minifter of the crown whenever he palpably and unneceffarily deviates from rectitude, œconomy, the principles and fpirit of the Englifh conftitution, and if not fucceffful in oppofing, to raife a ufeful alarm on every momentous occafion of national difafter, or administrative ill defign; to keep in referve and occasionally to hold forth to the executive branch, a refource, a great body of intellect, honor, and integrity, when-

ever infolence, obliquity, or ignorance, fhall render a change of the King's fervants neceffary; alternately, impartially, and difinterestedly to defend and define the rights of the fubject and the prerogative of the crown; to be equally inimical to regal and democratic tyranny, the civium ardor prava jubentium, and the vultus instantis tyranni; to be unfulled and intrepid guardians of the public purfe; to fee that the treafures of the country fhall be poured forth only on occafions which imperioufly demand them; but at the fame time, and with the fame unerring principle guiding us, that the public welfare is the fupreme law, to take efpecial care, in the great and tremendous queftions of peace and war, that no unworthy facrifices of future intereft, honor and fecurity, be rashly, timidly, or unguardedly made; that no bafe and ignominious confeffions, conditions, or ftipulations be admitted, merely to purchafe the fhort-lived, precarious, and perifhable meed of tranquillity, which may be diffipated in a moment by infidious pro-

profligacy, and leave us amidst the smoking ruins of our cities, towns, and strong holds; to be cursed and execrated by generations yet unborn: on these and other important occasions, a parliamentary opposition is and may be highly useful and necessary, to the happiness and prosperity of a country.

But if every man, who on a few speculative unimportant points, has occasionally differed in opinion with a minister, is for the remainder of his life to pursue him with unabated malignity and personal rancour; if in spite of expediency, justice, truth, and common sense, and in the mean hope of succeeding to his post, and providing for a train of hungry dependants, he is indiscriminately to oppose every measure of the man who has once been his antagonist, however calamitous the situation of the country, or urgent the call for unanimity, and zealous cooperation; I cannot conceive a more iniquitous perversion of the name and design of a minority.

It is converting popularity, parts and eloquence,

into base instruments of ambition, selfishness, and revenge; the pistol of a footpad, the stiletto of a mercenary assassin; I would prefer without hesitation, the fiat of a Persian Cadi, or the bow-string of a seraglio eunuch, to the guidance of a popular chief, who roused and directed the hopes and fears of the people, without real patriotism, and public spirit.

For these and other reasons, I cannot but consider the noble lord, who is the subject of our present article, and his illustrious associates, as the champions and preservers of their country, who, forgetting old animosities, and at a considerable expence of regret and personal attachment, threw their influence and weight into the regal scale, which would otherwise have kicked the beam.

WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ?

a question often asked, but not always satisfactorily answered; an interrogatory, said to have been put to Mr. Pope, by the author of the *Night Thoughts*, when he was preparing to qualify

qualify himself for being ordained.

In a moment of frolic and fun, the translator of Homer, replied "Thomas Aquinas," Young, in the simplicity of his heart, and not yet a courtier, thought his friend in earnest, immediately purchased the works of the author he recommended, and retiring to his closet, devoted himself wholly to study.

It was soon observed, that the author of the *Night Thoughts* did not appear as usual among his friends; and Pope calling at his lodgings, discovered him wading up to his neck in the subtleties of Aquinas; a hearty laugh took place, and but for this lucky explanation, an interesting poet, and a good parish priest, would have been lost to the world.

Sir Richard Blackmore, when a medical student, made a similar application to Sydenham, who recommended Don Quixote; whether he followed the doctor's advice is not recorded; yet I think if he had perused, felt, and properly tasted that fine vein of solemn ridicule,

so exquisitely sketched by Cervantes, who possesses the rare art of telling the most laughable stories, with features unmoved; it must have prevented Blackmore devoting so much time, and wasting so much ink and paper, to the enchantments of Merlin, to the heroic Arthur, and his puissant knights; it would have saved him from the satirical shafts of Pope, and the injurious, because unmerited, panegyric of Dr. Johnson.

Although so much has been said and sung, to the disparagement of Blackmore, and his muse, if not a good poet, he appears from cotemporary and traditional evidence to have been what is a far more praise-worthy, and important character, a sincere christian, and a good man; a conscientious discharger of the duties of private life; humane, and charitable, with a wife of similar dispositions.

Associating rarely with gay and elegant circles, they passed the last years of life, as most rational beings would wish to pass them, in tranquillity and retirement,

retirement, preparing for the great journey we all must take; the knight had probably found his muse, a pleasant fire-side companion, after his medical fatigues, and as every man is at times inclined to mount a hobby-horse, perhaps an ærial pegasus is the least expensive, and under the guidance of discretion, as little mischievous as any.

Instructions as to the proper method of studying have often been given, and catalogues of books which young men ought to read, have frequently been made; in the present state of literature, it would be highly desirable, to have a list of books which need not, or ought not to be read; such an index expurgatorius, would be useful in forming a modern library, and is indeed become absolutely necessary for the direction of the common class of readers, who are perpetually mistaking compilations for original works, and for want of proper guides, instead of going to the fountain head for information and amusement, sometimes quaff from muddy and sometimes

from unwholesome streams,

A catalogue raisonné nearly answering this description, was once attempted by the late Mr. Patterson, a man to whom modern collectors in this country are under considerable obligations.

If any reader of this collection, who has received half an hour's amusement, or half a grain of instruction from it, is possessed of one of Patterson's catalogues of this description, which he printed many years ago, I wholly forget where or when, at the time he was disposing of some great library, will favor him with a sight of it, directed to be left for him at his publisher's in Bond-street, it will be thankfully received, and shall be carefully returned.

I have somewhere seen proposals for executing a plan of this kind addressed by a society of learned men, in 1734, to that illustrious patron of literature, the Marquis Scipio Maffæi; but a project, which properly executed, would have laid open, and at one view, all the sources of original information,
produced

produced by a strange fatality, a most violent paper war; the various departments of learning, were to have been allotted to different persons according to the nature of their pursuits and qualifications, but for want of union and concord, the whole, except the prospectus of which I speak, which was well drawn, fell to the ground.

“WHAT WORK A WIFE SHOULD DO,” extracted from a book of husbandry, published in the early part of the sixteenth century.

If a man had presumed to hint to the late Mrs. Woolstoncroft, that a married woman who followed these directions, might be as happy in herself, and as useful a member of society, as one formed upon her plan, and exhibited in a certain singular, and very reprehensible book, published since her death; the bare supposition would probably have produced a sneer from the heroine, and a contemptuous frown in the philosopher, who in the memorial he has left of his deceased wife, has palpably

o'erleaped the boundaries of decorum and good sense; perhaps the sceptic who is for discussing and unveiling *every thing*, had in his mind the sentiment of a certain poet, and was of opinion that he was

“ Never so sure our wonder to create,
As when he touch'd the bounds of all we hate.”

But the old fashioned doctrine of domestic duties, and female occupations, must not be forgotten.

“ When first thou awakest in a morning, lift up thy heart and voice in thankfulness to the God who made thee; thus calling to mind thy Maker at thy early rising, thou shalt speed better for it the rest of the day.

“ Having arrayed thyself as becometh a decent housewife, sweep thy house and dress thy dish board, and see that all things be set in due order within and without, that the kine be milked, the calves suckled, and the milk skimmed; then let the young children be taken up, washed right wholsomely all over them in spring water, combed and

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and kirtled, and sit down with thy family to breakfast.

“ Corn and malt must be ordered for the mill, and that thou have thy measure again, mete it to and from the miller, who else will not deal truly with thee; or thy malt will not be dried as it should be.

“ Thou must make butter and cheese according as the weather urgeth, and the cows fill the dishes; the swine must be served morning and evening, not forgetting the poultry; and when the time of year cometh, thou wilt take good heed how thy hens, ducks, and geese, do lay; gather up their eggs diligently, and when they wax *broody*, set them right cunningly, so that neither beast, swine, nor vermin hurt or molest them; all whole-footed fowls thou knowest will sit a month, and all cloven footed fowls, three weeks, except peahens, turkies, cranes, and bustards.

“ I advise thee earnestly to remember well one thing; when in winter time, that the days be short and the evenings long, and thou

fittest by the fire, and haſt ſupped, conſider in thy mind, whether the works that thou and the maidens do, are of advantage equal to the fire and candle, the meat and the drink that they conſume; if not, go to thy bed, ſleep, and be up by time to breakfast before day-light, that thou mayeſt have all the day before thee entire, to thy buſineſs.

“ In the beginning of March it is time for a wife to have an eye to her garden, and to get as many good ſeeds and herbs as ſhe can, for the pot and the platter; in March alſo is the ſeaſon to ſow flax and hemp, it needeth not for me to ſhew how it ſhould be ſown, weeded, pulled, watered, waſhed, dried, beaten, broken, tawed, hackled, ſpun, wounden, warped and wove, for in ſuch matters peradventure, thou art better inſtructed than me; and although a woman cannot wholly and altogether get her living honeſtly by the diſtaff, yet it ſhould always be ready for a paſtime; it ſtoppeth many unemployed gaps, and provideth articles both
for

for bed and board, for which, hard money must otherwise go forth from thy husband's purse; there be spinsters as well as wives, who make it a matter of conscience, never to *buy* sheets, body-cloaths, towels, shirts, smocks, and such like.

“ It is a wives occupation to winnow all manner of corn, and to keep a watchful eye, that the day-labourers and out-dwellers, bring not with them, nor carry forth, nor conceal their pokes (bags) which under a pretence of holding their bottle and scrip, only serve to lower the heap on the barne floor; it is a wives occupation to washe and to wring, or to see well after and be among them, that the soap and fire-wood be not made waste of; to be brisk at harvest, and in time of need, while the coppers are boiling the provision, to help her husband load the waggon or the cart; to go or ride to market, and sell her butter, cheefe, eggs, chicken, geese, and pigs; to purchase all necessary things, and to make a true reckoning and ac-

count thereof to her husband, when she returns.”

To address the above homely directions indiscriminately, to women of all ranks, would be caricaturing advice, and converting wholesome rules, into ironical ridicule; yet, if the majority of our young women of scanty expectations, would not fix their eyes so steadily as for the most part they do, on the more elevated and weakly classes of society, whom they vainly and ruinously attempt to imitate; if in their views, their education, their habits, their dress, and their manners, they could happily be prevailed on to attend more to domestic duty, and less to trifling amusement, and ornamental accomplishment; if they could be convinced that to make a pudding or a shirt, or even their own gowns, is a species of knowledge rather more useful, than dancing a minuet, talking bad French, or spoiling a piano forte; we might in that case hope to see gradually diminished, that shocking and enormous mass of venal beauty and painted disease, which

at

at present overshadows the town, and renders our passing the streets, after a certain hour, distressing to our feelings, hazardous to the morals, and injurious to the health of the rising generation.

Women, indeed, formed on the narrow unphilosophic plan, here aimed at, would probably not reach that criterion of absolute perfection and equality, sought after and expected by Mrs. Woolstoncroft, they perhaps would, in some respects, come under the description of what she calls domestic drudges; surely a more desirable state, than being drudges to infamy and prostitution; women thus educated and thus instructed, would probably revolt, at living as concubines with one man, or at indulging warm wishes for another, the husband of a friend; they would not only submit to stated returns of religious worship *without repugnance*, but would seize with eagerness and pleasure every opportunity of pouring forth their hearts in gratitude and adoration to the Almighty Creator of the Universe; and when

their last hour was come, as reasonable beings, sensible of their frailties and faults, they would naturally cast an anxious eye towards that world unknown; they would neither desire nor deserve the panegyric of a modern philosopher; by quitting a scene of trial, temptation, on which eternal happiness, or eternal misery depended, in cold indifference, or suppressed anxiety.

WHITAKER, JOHN, an orthodox divine of the church of England, rector of a parish in the county of Cornwall, the name of which I find it extremely difficult either to write or to pronounce; and author of a history of Manchester, which ought rather to have been called, occasional remarks on the general state of Britain, under the Romans and Saxons, as it swells far beyond the legitimate bulk of a local history, in size, extensive range, and diversified subject. This learned and animated writer is a strong *mannerist*, if we may be allowed to apply a painter's expression to a literary man;

man; were one of his productions to be copied by a Chattertonian artist, on old parchment, and in the character, phrase, and obsolete expression of other times; were it to be immured in an old chest, or buried in the recesses of Herculaneum, and at a proper season to be produced with the cobwebs, mouldiness, and venerable rust of antiquity, I could instantly discover the Manchester historian, by his deep learning, acute research, etymologic skill, and what is not always united with them, his flowery style and rhetoric flourish, but more than all, by his decisive tone and plausible dexterity, in referring all evidence, direct, collateral, or by implication, to the confirmation of his own system.

In one of his publications, Mr. Whitaker supports with pertinacious ingenuity, the doctrine of a Trinity, in a manner, according to his own account, "equally new and just, confirmed by a train of historic reasoning, com-

prehensive in its scope, and decisive in its efficacy."

Readers, at all in the habit of indulging doubt or enquiry, will naturally wish to know what mode of reasoning or what evidence has enabled the Cornish rector to decide, as it were by mathematical demonstration, a question which hath proved a source of perplexity or bitter altercation to many great and many good men of all ages.

He asserts, that the Trinitarian mystery "derives its origin from the antient Hebrews, who received it from their ancestors, the Patriarchs, and retained it through every period of their history, till the coming of the Messiah."

One of the principal foundations on which he rests his hypothesis, is, that the Almighty, speaking in the first person, in the book of Genesis, makes use of the pronoun and its relative, in the plural number, "WE will make man after OUR OWN image:" yet this proof so satisfactory to its triumphant producer, and imputed by many to the idiom

idiom of an oriental language, has not appeased the anxieties of the scrupulous.

For this and other peculiarities, I have heard him censured, in words applied by him to David Hume, *with a little alteration*; they possessed very different qualities, but had they been compounded by some miraculous or chymical process, into one man, the *tertium quid*, would have been an excellent and faultless writer, each of them possessing in an eminent degree what the other wanted.

“He is too sanguine to be consistent, too fond of a favorite hypothesis to be accurate, too much warped by local predilections to be authentic, too flowery, verbose, and declamatory to be correct;” yet with all his faults, some of which many readers consider as beauties, I am not acquainted with any modern writer who excells Mr. Whitaker, in tracing the obscure etymologies, and elucidating the dark periods of our Anglo-Saxon history; on subjects of scripture criti-

cism, he is elaborate and ingenious; in ecclesiastic research, occasionally diligent and successful, and equalled only by Mr. Badcock; but falls very short of the South Molton critic in concise energy, concentrated copiousness, and argumentative closeness.

WISHART, WILLIAM, an eminent Calvinistic writer, Principal of the college of Edinburgh, and the subject of a pointed sarcasm, or as some think, of an acrimonious misrepresentation of Dr. Johnson; “YOU HAVE WISHART AGAINST REPENTANCE,” which with his usual tone and predominating emphasis, he pronounced in a dispute with Mr. Boswell, on the comparative merits of the English and Scotch divines.

The title of the book alluded to, was, if I mistake not, “The Danger of a Death-bed Repentance,” a pious and energetic work, in which Dr. Wishart considers a religious and well-spent life, as *indispensably* necessary to salvation; that according

according to the express words and plain tenor of the gospel, this necessity is repeatedly insisted on, without *any* reserve or exception. He describes with considerable pathos, the *snare*, into which so many thousands have been deluded, to go on securely and uninterruptedly in a course of sin, and to retrieve all at last by a death-bed repentance.

He insists "that all hope or even possibility of escaping from the wages of sin in another world, by such means, is absolutely excluded, by the nature and design of religion, and the plain declarations of holy writ," that to form the christian character is, and must be a long and gradual work of time, application and struggle, that it must have a beginning, a middle and an end; that a sinner arrested in the full career of thoughtless sensuality, and called to his account, after only a few hours of repentance and remorse, the effect of selfish fear, and by no means the offspring of spontaneous,

habitual propensity; that such a person would in fact be unfit to appear in the presence of his Maker; he would not be qualified to associate with the spirits of just men made perfect.

If we neglect to acquire the necessary dispositions, if we do not endeavour to subdue the base and malignant passions; in a word, if we do not acquire a heavenly temper, change of place will signify nothing, we can be happy no where; we must create a heaven in our own bosoms, before we can expect to enjoy that which is prepared for us.

I will not refuse to the Edinburgh divine, the merit of good design; nor can it be denied, that the positions he wishes to establish, are supported by various passages of scripture; and that the arguments he produces, are admirably calculated to make strong impressions on the human mind, so very apt to be seduced by trifling pursuits and momentary gratifications, from moral and religious duties; yet a sys-

tem somewhat less terrific than that of Calvin, hath been deduced from the words of our Saviour, to the dying malefactor, one of his companions on the cross; also, from the parable of the labourers, who did not repair to their work in the vineyard, until the ninth hour.

To these, another consideration may be added, that it is presumptuous in mortals to pretend to limit the extent of God's mercy, and thus pronounce, as it were, sentence of everlasting damnation on the majority of their fellow creatures, whom humanity, expediency, and common sense, should induce us to leave reposing on the bosom of their God.

We have scripture authority for believing, *that in our Father's house there are many mansions*; and it is neither impious nor irrational to suppose, that there may be gradations of punishment as well as reward.

I cannot quit so momentous and awful a subject, without lamenting that folly

and procrastination, which delays to sickness, old age, infirmity, or to a period which never may arrive, that salutary task, which ought to be the chief pleasure and business of life, in the days of health and stability.

Such conduct is little short of madness, and can only be compared to the sons of Belial, reposing on the silken pavillions of pleasure, while thunders roll and lightnings flash; and rioting in luxurious excess and criminal indulgence, while the sword of divine vengeance, upheld only by a single hair, is suspended over their heads.

WOMAN EATERS, a species of monster lately described, who kill the objects of their fury, by means not easily accomplished, and by which few women are said to have died.

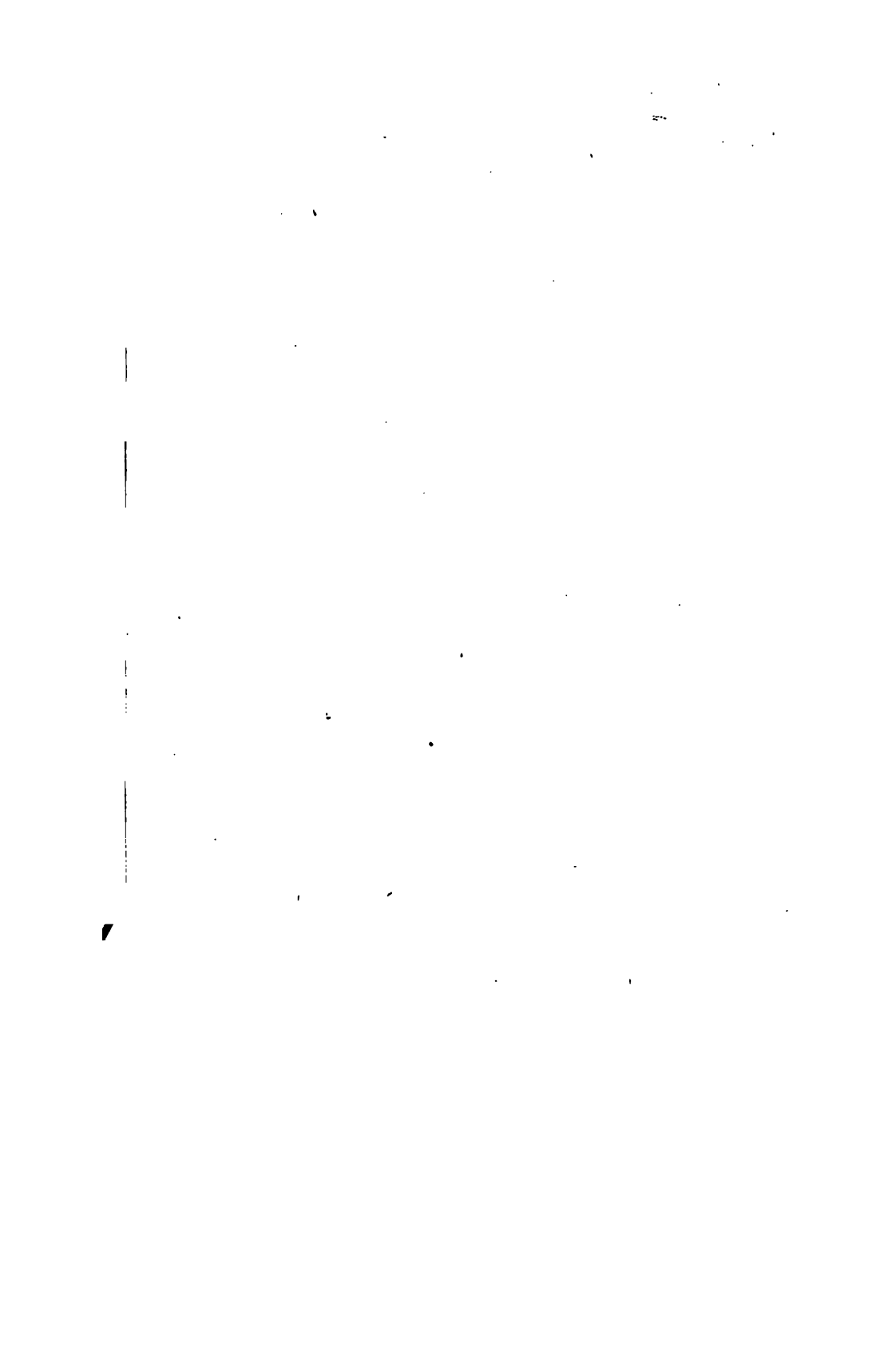
In the course of a late trial, which attracted considerable attention, an instance of this atrocious method of proceeding was brought to light; a witness, who

who was footman to an unfaithful wife, being asked, on what occasion it was that he first observed any improper familiarity, between his mistress, and the friend, I fear the near relation of his master, replied; "Walking at a certain time, in a field adjoining to the house in which my master resided, I happened accidentally to look back, without being aware that any person was behind

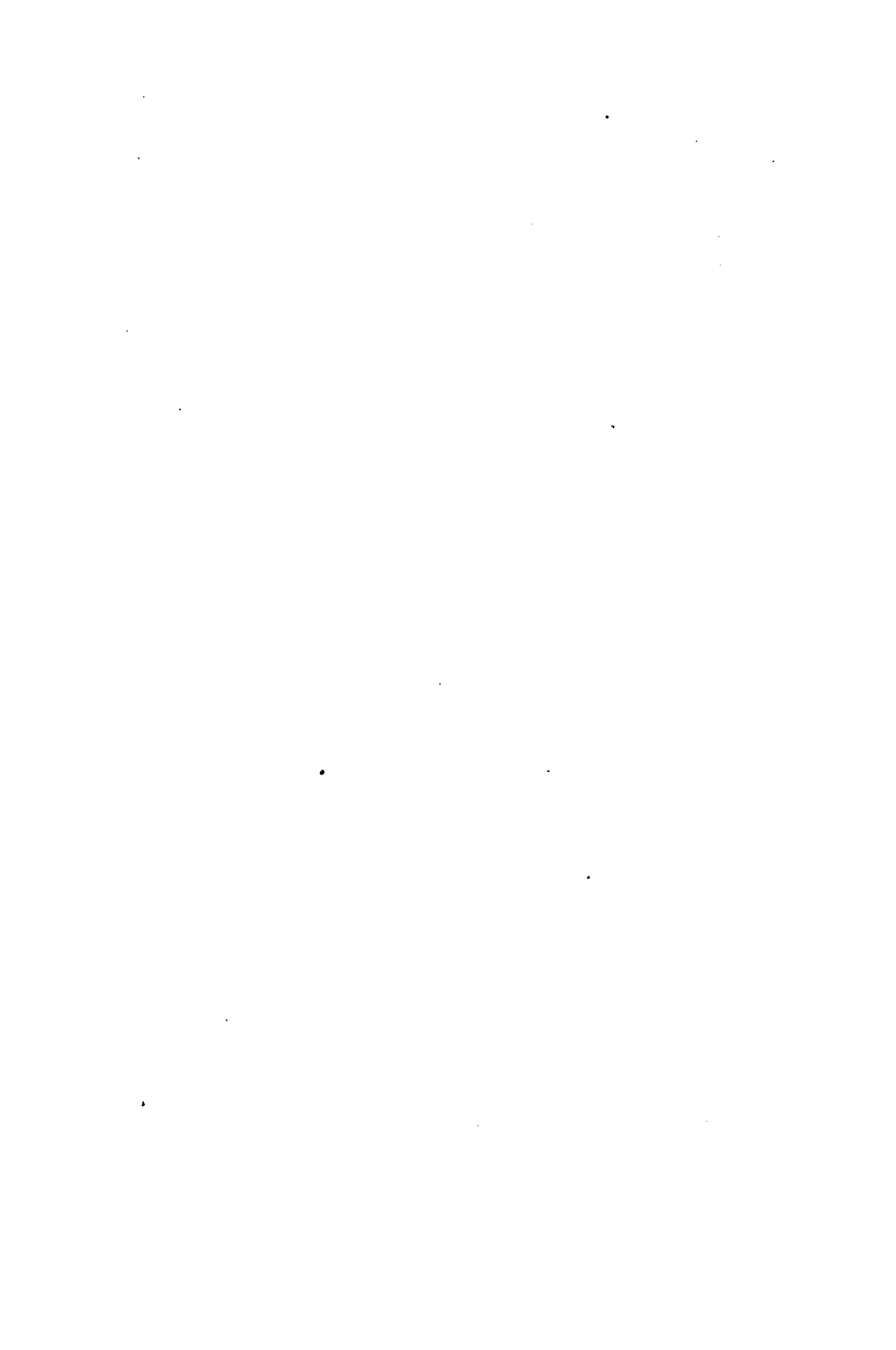
me; when I saw Mr. ***** kissing my mistress, as if he would eat her up."

"Most of us, at one time or other of our lives," observed a barrister, "have suffered from the indulgence of unruly appetites; but when gentlemen proceed to such lengths, as to devour their neighbours' wives, they must not complain, if they are compelled to pay for such luxuries."

Finis.









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